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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Australia  
1788  
1938



# OUR GREATEST Woman PIONEER

Caroline Chisholm's  
Work for  
Early Australian  
Settlers

To mark the 150th anniversary of our foundation, Australian women writers have written a book called "The Peaceful Army," which tells the story of our pioneer women.

And at the head of that heroic band stands Caroline Chisholm — a humanitarian and liberator whom London "Punch" called "a second Moses in bonnet and in shawl."

OF Caroline Chisholm a French historian, Michelet, said: "Her fame will increase from generation to generation."

In the celebration of Australia's 150th anniversary his words are proved to be true. For this milestone in a country's nationhood is also a monument to the work of a woman who made that nationhood possible.

It is no exaggeration to say this, for without the work done by Caroline Chisholm Australia could never have risen from the status of prison camp to that of a nation.

The corrupt state of its society in 1838 when Mrs. Chisholm arrived in New South Wales showed this.

She came with her husband, Captain Chisholm, a member of the Indian Army on sick leave, but she stayed to breathe the spirit of life into the country of her adoption.

To do that she saw that two things were necessary. There must be a continual influx of emigrants of the right sort and a happy home life for the emancipists and emigrants already there.

It was necessary for her to accomplish her second aim before she could in conscience promote the first.

The foundation of the Female Emigrants' Home was the first concrete step in Caroline Chisholm's work.

Into this home she received unprovided girls and women, who had come



MRS. CAROLINE CHISHOLM, pioneer of settlement in Australia, whose great work for early Australia won her a high place in our history.

to Australia hopefully and in the belief that here they would be given all the opportunities for a successful life which were denied them in the England of a hundred years ago.

She tried to make that myth a reality for them.

Her system was to settle married couples on farms near which unmarried men were living.

She would then send a girl to work for the couple—and it generally turned out as she had planned that the girl married one of the men.

## Organised Tours

OFTEN the girls were afraid to set out on these journeys, so Mrs. Chisholm organised tours, and herself accompanied them. It was in this role that "Punch" described her as "A second Moses in bonnet and in shawl."

In this way she traversed hundreds of miles of bush, enduring all the dangers and discomforts that such journeys entailed.

But her fame was abroad, and the people loved and honored her, and were willing to help by every means in their power.

In this connection there is a story worth recording. After one of her errands of mercy she offered to pay the boatman who had rowed her to and from her destination. He refused the money, saying:

"You do not know me, ma'am, but I know you, and may my arm wither from its socket if ever I touch money of yours."

It was discovered that he was the cousin of a girl whom she had befriended.

That Mrs. Chisholm's plans for promoting home life were successful, and that they resulted in the success of her schemes for further emigration, there is her own assurance:

"Girls that I have taken up in the country in such a destitute state that I have been obliged to get a decent dress to put upon them," she wrote, "have come to me again, having every comfort about them and wanting servants."

"They are constantly writing home to get out their friends and relatives."

Like most great and self-sacrificing workers, Caroline Chisholm was not allowed to continue her task without any opposition.

Her first difficulty was to get the authorities to take her seriously.

The Governor (Sir George Gipps) referred to her with irritating tolerance as the "lady laboring under amiable delusions."

Finally public opinion and the obvious good Mrs. Chisholm was doing forced him to give her some assistance.

## Gift of Humor

NOBLE and strong-minded as her life showed her to be, Caroline Chisholm had yet another gift, that of humor.

This considerably lessened the difficulty of her task.

Speaking of finding positions for girls, she added:

"I always find it wearisome work to get pretty girls off."

She told a story of how she had tried to give all the prettiest and most capable girls she had to one woman who would not be satisfied.

At last in desperation she produced a very plain and rather stupid girl whom the woman accepted immediately.

Many of the young men who came to her for help pretended that they had letters of introduction to influential people who would obtain for them high positions.

They liked to pretend they had come as passengers, not emigrants.

"As soon as this class land in Sydney," wrote Mrs. Chisholm, "they go to a draper's shop and purchase two yards and a quarter of black riband; this is put round their necks—sometimes a spy glass is suspended; this is, however, rare."

"A dressing-case key with a silver top is the favorite trinket of these fashionables. I expose this foppery and vanity, as it proves that there is as much vanity in one sex as in another."

## Choosing a Wife

ANOTHER observation of this remarkable woman was:

"I knew that early in the morning is the best time to choose a wife."

I have often remarked that early in the day is the best time to judge a woman's temper; but I wish that to be kept secret."

After six years in Australia, during which to quote a contemporary critic in the "Westminster Review," she "remodelled the whole system of Australian emigration," Mrs. Chisholm returned to England.

But she did not consider that her work was ended.

She had three aims to accomplish—to send out the children of emigrants already in Australia; to send out the families of the emancipists who previously had been refused transportation; and to evolve a new system of emigration.

After the usual difficulties with red tape Mrs. Chisholm obtained support for her plans which proved successful, many whole families being transported to Australia, and under far better conditions than ever before.

Mrs. Chisholm returned to Australia in 1854, and for the next twelve years combated the spirit of indifference to home life which was brought into being again by the life on the gold-fields.

There was no stability to a throne, she said, where cottage homes were not to be found. It was homes that made men love their country.

On her return to England, Mrs. Chisholm was granted, in recognition of her great public work, a pension of £100 a year. She died ten years later on March 27, 1877.

Perhaps it is because she died away from Australia that her name is not commonly cited among the great of this land.

But no one can study Australia's progress towards nationhood, as many will this year, without realising with gratitude how much it meant when Mrs. Caroline Chisholm landed at Sydney Cove just a hundred years ago.

A review of "The Peaceful Army," which tells of the lives of famous pioneer women, appears on the book page.

Let's Talk Of  
Interesting  
People



## Designs Gardens

MISS NERINE CHISHOLM is one of the few women garden designers in Victoria. She studied at the Burnley Horticultural College, and some of Victoria's finest gardens have been designed by her. The relation of garden to house, as regards color and size, she considers of great importance.

In addition to her work as a designer, she prunes rose trees and shrubs, and lectures on gardening history and on the treatment of various types of plants.



## High Praise for Artist

MR. HORACE TRENNERY is one of South Australia's most interesting artists. He studied drawing for many years, but may be termed a self-taught painter.

It has been said by critics that his beautiful seascapes and landscapes are probably best appreciated by artists, and that there is a poetic and lyrical quality in his paintings that is seldom seen in contemporary Australian art.



## Warrant Officer in U.S. Army

MISS OLIVE HOSKINS is reputed to be the only active woman Warrant Officer in the United States Army. She was stationed with the Ninth Corps Area, and recently announced her retirement after 30 years service. Miss Hoskins acquired her Warrant Officer status by an Act of Congress in 1926, when army field clerks were given that status. At various times during the past 10 years she has worked in the Philippine Islands.

## Babs doesn't mind telling!



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A smooth, light powder foundation.  
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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

57.11.27



# A CURTAIN IS RAISED.

*and remote in the South Seas is  
revealed a new continent—  
a new nation*

**I**N the far South, amid vast oceans scarcely ever scarred by the keels of ships from the known world, lies a great island, a continent all wilderness from coast to distant coast.

Europe and Asia have been lived in, travelled over, mapped and re-mapped for countless centuries. In North Africa and even in America great civilisations have arisen, made history, and crumbled into dust...

**B**UT in this land of the South nothing has ever disturbed the primeval peace but the wanderings of meagre, scattered bands of savages.

Dutch and Spaniards have touched its shores at remote intervals. Pirates and rovers have once or twice careened their ships in lonely bays. But the land itself, stretching from the burning Indies to the chill seas that wash the shores of the antarctic, from the fringe of the Spice Islands to the sunset seas of the west, this land remains unmapped, unknown, undreamed-of...

So we see Australia less than two centuries ago. To us that may seem a long time, but in the life of mankind it is but yesterday...

**S**OLITUDE. Emptiness. Silence. The sun blazes down. The wind blows. Dust-storms rise in the desert and die there. Cataracts of rain pour out on the tropic coasts, and the lush earth puts forth its fruit and flowers for the flashing parrots and the dark hunter stalking the wallaby...

Out of a parched waste rise prairies of rich grass watered by roaring rivers. In the South the mighty mountains put on their snow. From Europe, from Asia, from Africa come the legions of the birds... they have known for countless ages the secret of this southern land... and never have whispered it to their fellow-northerners...

Solitude, emptiness, silence...  
Until...

**O**VER the lonely South Seas, from distant England, from the garlands and song and feasting of Tahiti, from the land of the fierce Maoris, a little ship comes sailing...

A swarthy captain from Yorkshire stands on her bridge, and through the spyglass he looks his first on the unknown

land. Here is new territory for his King... but little he knows that here a new nation, perhaps a new world, will arise...

He sails away, ploughing his slow and arduous way to the Homeland. Reports, a mild excitement... and then Terra Australis is filed away in a musty pigeon-hole, forgotten by all save a few...

But across the Atlantic the colonists have risen against England. One dominion is lost... Where can Imperial England seek another? A few farseeing souls look towards the misty south. Cook's great discovery is brought into the light again...

But by irony it is as a penal settlement that the new colony is founded. A land for men in chains, this land that is destined to be a home of freedom and democracy...

**O**VER the limitless oceans the First Fleet sets out—on a journey arduous and perilous, to the very end of the earth, to a land as fabulous as Lost Atlantis...

Imagine what Australia means to them! A land where the climate, the seasons, the very vegetation are as weirdly inverted as in a nightmare...

Strange animals, wild blacks, forbidding ranges cutting them off from the mysterious interior...

If ever the spirit of the English was proved as steel is proved, it is in this adventure of Australian settlement.

And in the fire of that proving, a new race—the Australian race—our race—is forged. The English change the country, but the country changes the English...

Within half a century there are new men and new women walking these southern lands. Taller, leaner, browner people, but not only different in outward seeming. Different in heart, in mind, in soul...

Faced with limitless distances, their outlook grows wider. Burned by heat and drought, their spirit grows dry and hard, but no less fiery...

**F**ROM now on it is not the English against a new continent, but the Australians against the Out-back. This strange, seemingly barren land is all they have, and they have sworn to make it yield a living.

They carry out their vow—and how much more! Instead of a living, the land yields fortunes. Instead of the hardships of bare subsistence, the Australians attain to the highest standard in the world...

But it has taken toil, and sweat, and blood, and incalculable courage.

Because this land would not obey the rules that the old lands obeyed, we Australians have evolved new methods of breeding, of agriculture, of industry. No stock-breeders in the world have ever achieved such a wonder as Australians have with their sheep. Over the world, from American prairies to Russian steppes, farmers farm with machinery invented in Australia...

We have sent back to the Old World not only an army that astonished the earth, but a peaceful army of scientists and scholars, artists and athletes...

We have done well. We have a right to be proud. But it must not be the empty pride of the man who sits back and boasts. We must improve and adorn what has already been built.

**L**ET the minds of our children be inspired by great music, great art, by libraries full of splendid books, and colleges that teach how to think and feel, as well as how to read, write, and earn a living...

Let our leaders and business men plan for the life of the nation as a whole, economically and socially, as well as for the superficial needs of the moment...

Let us glorify our artists, scholars and philosophers, as well as our athletes and sportsmen...

Only by doing these things can we make a future worthy of our past—the past in which Australians have proved themselves a race of stalwart men and gallant women, a race of conquerors and builders, worthy inhabitants of a splendid country...

A CURTAIN IS RAISED ON THE FUTURE!  
—COLIN WILLS.



# GLAMOR GIRLS of Sport HERE For EMPIRE GAMES

## Screen Types and Schoolgirls Among Visiting Athletes

Sixty of the Empire's greatest women athletes are in Sydney for the Empire Games, which are being held in connection with our 150th Anniversary Celebrations. They represent the largest contingent of sportswomen to ever visit Australia.

England, Canada and South Africa are represented by these girls who have come half-way across the world to thrill and entertain us in an Empire carnival of sport!

A TRIP across the world, a wardrobe of beautifully-tailored sports clothes, the acclamation of admiring crowds, an invitation list as crowded as a film star's. That is the reward of these Empire Games girls for their prowess in sport.

They are to meet Australia's picked women athletes and swimmers from all States in

the Empire Games in Sydney early next month.

They are of all types—some like film stars, others still schoolgirls, efficient young business women, schoolteachers, a masseuse, musicians, and quiet home girls. But they all share three things in common—beauty, good health, and irrepressible high spirits.

Kay Stokes is the personality girl of the English team. Petite and pretty with curly blonde hair, she looks more like a stage star than an

athlete. She dances, is full of wisecracks, and plays "hot rhythm."

Lorna Frampton is described by her team-mates as the "highbrow" of the party. A tall, quiet girl, she plays classical music.

Edna Hughes, one of the English swimmers, with her blue eyes, fresh complexion and round schoolgirl figure, is a Deanna Durbin type with bubbling high spirits.

### Deeply Sun-tanned

IN contrast to her is the seasoned "veteran," Sally Lunn, all-round athlete, with a long list of championships to her credit. Sally is the most deeply sun-tanned of all the English girls, and has a very direct manner.

Though only 17, Dorothy Odum, baby of the English athletes, is already a seasoned traveller. She competed for England in the high jump at the Olympic Games in 1936.

Canada's sun-tanned young amazons are so feminine that they do not look like amazons at all.

Violet Montgomery—the girl who missed the train at Seattle and dashed across the continent so fast by car, train and aeroplane that she raced the train she meant to catch—is tall and glamorous, a film star type not unlike Kay Francis.



THE ENGLISH GIRLS of the Empire Games team enjoy a sing-song at their hotel. With Lorna Frampton at the piano, Edna Hughes and Dorothy Saunders sing "Home, Sweet Home."

Robina Higgins, the javelin thrower who was awarded the 1937 trophy for Canada's most outstanding woman athlete, is another screen type with a mop of curly brown hair, flashing dark eyes and a slim graceful figure.

Most popular girl in the Canadian team is Barbara Howard, the picturesque sixteen-year-old little colored girl who is one of the five schoolgirls in the team.

Practice suits, bathers for the swimmers, track shorts for the athletes, official white uniform, blazers, long-trousered sweat suits, take up a large part of the girls' luggage.

Canadian swimmers wear attractive floral patterned bathers, a present from the designer in Vancouver, for practice. At the games they will appear in very brief black silk bathers with the green maple leaf badge applied on the front, but for the actual swimming events they will wear black silk bathers without the maple leaf because it would add extra weight to their suits! In addition they have romantic-looking maroon blanket cloth capes.

### Snappy Suits

ATHLETES wear black shorts and white shirts for the track events, setting out in their jaunty "sweat suits" of long trousers and sweater.

The English girls wear navy trousers and navy sweaters with a challenging "England" applied across their chests in red and white.

The Canadian athletes are likely to set a new color fashion in Australia, with their maroon sweat suits and blazers embroidered with deep green. Fashion designers might call the maroon "polyanthus petal," because it is exactly that color.

With a printed frock of maroon shadings Linda Adams wears very smart maroon suede shoes fastened with small bronze sheathed swords.

Well-groomed appearance is one of the outstanding characteristics of all teams, especially the Canadians, who always reserve time every week

for hairdressing and manicure appointments.

Since an orgy of sandal-buying in Honolulu they now lacquer their toenails.

The English girls all set their own hair, but often with the assistance of good-natured little Edna Hughes, who is an amateur, but proficient, hairdresser.

Seasoned travellers who have already represented their countries at other Empire or the Olympic Games are organising sightseeing for the less experienced travellers.

### Like the Surf

IN their spare time they arrange parties to visit places of interest.

All teams receive many private invitations, but they cannot accept many till after the games. The English girls are still gasping about their first experience of the Australian surf.

"We've tried it once, but after the knocking about we got we're postponing further experience till after the games," one of them said. "Unbelievably beautiful" is the verdict of all teams on Australia's beaches.

All teams have been on shopping expeditions. "Some of your shops are as big as the London shops," said one English girl naively.

The English girls are collecting an Australian vocabulary. They are particularly diverted by the word "wrecker" and are learning to say "goodie." The Canadians say they notice very little difference in climate, speech or food in Australia.

"It's almost like home," enthused their attractive chaperon, Miss Ann Clark.

"Bill," the young houseman at the hotel, should—according to the girls—be able to win the Empire Games all by himself.

He spends the day tearing up and down stairs and corridors, delivering phone messages, letters and parcels, and escorting visitors to see the girls.

He said:  
"Shall we take our coffee  
on the balcony—it's so hot  
in here"



But he thought:  
What a shame such a lovely girl  
should offend with "B.O." Why  
doesn't someone tell her  
about LIFEBOUY?



### HOT WEATHER INCREASES THE NEED FOR PROTECTION AGAINST "B.O." (BODY ODOUR)

The real tragedy of "B.O." is that it never warns the offender... and even very close friends do not like to mention such an intimate subject... That is why you should make sure that you cannot offend by washing and bathing regularly in Lifebuoy. Its rich, creamy lather (which contains the famous health element) ends "B.O." troubles by getting right into the skin pores and banishing the cause of "B.O."—stale perspiration waste. Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse!

A LEVER PRODUCT

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LIFEBOUY prevents "B.O."

### The Day We Celebrate

IN this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly will be found six magnificent color pictures.

They depict the founding of the six capital cities of the States of the Commonwealth.

This art gallery of Australian history is presented to you free in honor of the day we celebrate—the 150th Anniversary of the foundation of Australia.

Each picture is full size, and suitably framed would make a beautiful and unique souvenir of a memorable occasion in our history.

They were executed by Mr. John Allcott, famous Australian artist. The originals are the property of Mr. F. W. Allen, who has lent them to Cranbrook School.



# HANDSOME COUPLE

They were a handsome couple, so handsome that they did not see the ridiculous side to it all until...

Complete  
Short  
Story

By

ELIZABETH  
STEWART

Illustrated  
By  
WYNNE  
DAVIES



They were a very handsome couple, and, not being fools, were aware of the fact themselves.

THEY made a handsome couple. Not being altogether foolish, they were aware of the fact themselves; even without the constant reminders of admiring friends and society reporters and photographers, who seemed to live of presenting them in paragraph and picture, to a supposedly interested public, they would have known it.

Not that the knowledge was altogether good for them. Allowed to grow up naturally, without a slavish adulatory succession of nurses, governesses, mistresses, and, finally, friends—all conscious of the overwhelming importance of the Worth fortune—Barbara Worth would, at twenty-two, have been a very lovely example of normal, intelligent Australian womanhood.

Very much the same thing applied to Derek. Since a boys' school is no place in which to seek overmuch respect for money simply as money, there can be no doubt that even the awesome Cameron wealth could not have warped him much had it not been for the premature death of his father. That deprivation had meant a great deal to young Derek Cameron. It had meant a doting, foolish mother, instead of a sensible, hard-headed father, taking over the control of his boyish destiny; it had meant the exchange of school for a private tutor; it had meant, above everything, farewell to all those influences which might have mitigated to a great extent the effect of far too much money, in combination with good looks, fine physique, and years of youthful lordship over an indulgent mother and pliant domestics.

Presented in this way, Barbara Worth and Derek Cameron must appear definitely unpleasant. Actually, they were not that; fundamentally, they were as sound as any two young people of twenty-five and twenty-two respectively. The whole trouble with them was that they had far too high an idea of their own importance and the magnificence of other people, were much too conscious of themselves and of their every action, and far too aware of the truth, of what everybody said after their engagement was announced: that they made a Handsome Couple; that it was a Perfect Match.

THERE is a strange force about these tags which become attached to people. Inevitably the labelled parties begin to live up, or down, to the description applied to them. And so, less than two months after Barbara had accepted Derek's magnificent emerald engagement-ring, the two found themselves up to the neck in the dual role to which a clucking circle of relatives and friends had assigned them; they became the perfect epitome of all handsome couples, without any need for dissimulation between them, they found themselves playing their parts with all the carelessness of a pair of renowned and talented actors giving a long-run performance of a play written so order for them.

Like actors, however, they had one of those moments in which to breathe and breathe in a slightly less revelled atmosphere. The social life is an active one: by day, golf, tennis, riding, motoring, polo, calls, bridge, cocktail parties; by night, dancing, dancing, bridge, theatres, and more besides, with the result that the business of being a handsome couple was a full-time job. Actually, it was not irksome either

to Derek or to Barbara. Had they been a more impermentally, more of the modern, madcap type of youngster, the maintenance of their role would have been troublesome, to say the least; a couple can't be handsome if one member of the team is whooping up things under the influence of half a dozen assorted cocktails, or the other quite frequently appears for a round of golf with the pouchy, bloodshot eyes and sallow skin which are the usual aftermath of a blight.

Happily, their tastes did not run in this direction. Without being in the least intolerant of their friends' amusements, each liked more restrained pleasures: it was, in fact, the dignity each possessed which had first attracted them to each other. And it was this dignity, natural at bottom, but built to dangerous proportions by the atmosphere in which they moved, which made it easy for them to show themselves always to their world in the parts for which that world had cast them.

Even when alone they could not escape it, which was unfortunate for them, and yet, in the long run, fortunate. They were definitely the Handsome Couple on that fateful spring morning when Derek arrived, as arranged the previous night, to take Barbara riding.

At the stables, the groom who had their horses ready looked admiringly at them as they got out of the car and strolled over to their mounts. He stood watching until they clattered out of the yard and passed out

of sight as they turned to the right to reach the park. He could hardly have been blamed; each alone would have caught the attention of the average individual; together they looked as fine a sight as a well-matched couple of good-looking youngsters can look.

Barbara was wearing perfectly-cut jodhpurs with a white silk shirt which, in the light morning breeze, made no secret of the perfection of her figure. A jaunty felt hat was crushed down over the heavy mass of her hair, but small, gold-tinted, brown curls escaped and framed in delightful fashion the perfect oval of her face, the clear grey eyes, delicately-cut nose and short upper lip, and generous if somewhat disdainful mouth.

Of all these graces, Derek was very well aware, as well aware, in fact, as he was of his own charms. Riding-breeches and shirt open at the neck became him, he knew. What was more, his mirror, only half an hour before, had assured him that

he had never looked better. Much time spent out of doors had given him that ruddy bronze which goes best with masculine good looks; his eyes were as clear and grey as Barbara's; a high-bridged nose overhung a determined mouth and chin; his fair hair, crisp and thick, had that well-groomed correctness which only a weekly visit to a good barber can maintain.

BARBARA observed all this and was as pleased by him as he had been by her. Filled with the satisfying feeling that they were running well up to form, and stimulated, too, by the joy natural to any engaged pair alone and free to amuse themselves as they like, they jogged into the park talking animatedly.

Here, there was all the freshness of late spring. The sun, still low, glistened through foliage shining with dew; the damp grass, crushed by the hoofs of the horses, gave out a faint, cool smell.

The horses seemed to feel the exhilarating quality of the morning and pulled impatiently at their bits, in their turn infecting their riders. Barbara was the first to succumb. Flashing a smile over her shoulder, "I'll race you to the next bend," she said, and gave the chestnut she was riding her head.

It was so sudden that she had gained several lengths, the chestnut's hoofs spattering Derek and his bay with clouds of earthy grass before he realised that he had been challenged and set off in pursuit. Then it was too late for him to catch her in the distance; she reached the bend and reined in, laughing triumphantly as he came pounding up. She was still laughing when it happened.

Even at the best of times, the chestnut was nervous. Now, excited by a gallop much too short to tire her, she was ripe for any foolishness. Her chance for a display came when the breeze caught up a piece of old newspaper, wafted it onto the track, and deposited it between her forelegs.

Please turn to Page 45



A  
Complete  
Short Story

# No TRESPASS

A stirring romance  
of the cattle country with a  
beautiful girl as the heroine



**N**O trespass! The unwritten law of the grazing lands beyond the Twenty Counties, the land where the vanishing miles were unfenced, and the only boundaries were the pledges of the lords of the roaming flocks and herds. No trespass!

In the year 1842 the west was comparatively empty, compared with the stock there to-day, yet in spite of the fact that only a handful of squatters held the rich grazing from the Murrumbidgee to the Darling Downs flocks and herds were steadily increasing, bringing an almost embarrassing wealth to the young colony of New South Wales; and because of the growing value of the pastoral industry Governor Gipps had to wink at the colossal trespassing in the west, and effect compromise after compromise.

Craig Braddock was well aware of all this, for his own hard fists had backed his money and gained for him the rich plains over which he now rode. His cattle grazed along the creeks trickling down from the north hills. Spreading far to the south they could be seen from any slight elevation, clustered dots feeding contentedly. His licence, of course, was his title under the Government, but envious men had the trick of pushing back the unfenced boundaries, so adding further desirable territory to their own.

So his defiance had gone forth to all. No trespass! And all knew that it needed no drop of a hat to unleash his iron fists. Hard, tough, solitary, he was regarded as a lone wolf, and when his dark eyes began to glint redly men avoided him as they would the devil.

They were gleaming now with a cold anger that threatened ill for someone as he stared at a camp fire, a red pin-prick of light far out on the plain. He sat easily in the saddle, six feet of sinewy manhood, bronzed by the sun, toughened by the jolting pigskin and endless hours of riding on the flanks of milling mobs of cattle. A battered hat drooped its brim over his keen, dark eyes. A cotton shirt, open at the muscular neck, covered powerful shoulders

and chest. Old military breeches ending in long, spurred boots clothed limbs as tough as mountain ash.

A little while he sat watching that flickering red gleam. The rangy black horse under him was as still as a statue, ears pricked forward, eyes also fixed on the distant fire. In the starlit bowl of the night horse and rider were as shadows suspended above a lost world. Impressions came of illimitable distances. Correct impressions. Mile after lonely mile of grassy plains sweeping away to meet the stars, the disputed lands, the cradle of a nation, the licensed squatting lands of '42.

"Come in through Blaine's gap," he muttered. "Well, I warned them. No trespass!"

**T**OUCHING the horse with a spur, he rode forward, keeping a check on the rein, for he realised he was unarmed, and that death hummed in the song of the bullet in these wide lands where every man was a law unto himself. Even in the dark he knew the ground well. Safe and firm though it was he had no intention of riding into that unknown camp like a cyclone. As he rode he racked his brains for a name, for to his nostrils came the unmistakable tang of sheep. Sheep! On a cattle run. On Craig Braddock's run. Cattle will not graze on land over which sheep have passed, and this cool challenge was insult as well as injury. He hated sheep. He was a cattleman, and the tainted air flushed his bronzed face with anger.

There was only one name he could accuse. Blaine. But old Blaine was dead, and the bitterness between them gone into the grave with the old rogue. Yet those sheep must be Blaine's sheep. Interest as well as anger lit his eyes as he rode slowly into the firelight. He saw the sheep bunched beyond a canvas-covered cart, but he could see no man. As he sat silently looking about him, a figure stepped down from the cart. Braddock frowned. This fellow was merely a boy, for the shirt and trousers belted at the slender waist covered a form not yet broadened and hardened into manhood. He spoke curtly.

"What are these sheep doing here?"

The youth span round as if cut by a whiplash. Braddock had a blurred impression of a fair youngster whose blue eyes slowly narrowed as they stared at him. Then came the cool reply:

"Grazing."

At this considered impudence Braddock drew in a long breath. "Do you know whose run they are on?" he asked evenly.

Again came the lazy voice. "Craig Braddock's. Why?" Man and horse seemed carved from stone. Braddock wondered who the boy was, and what was behind this adolescent assurance.

"Are you from the Blaine woman's run?"

The slender figure also was without movement.

"What if I am?"

Braddock dismounted with ominous deliberation. Had the boy been a man Braddock would have got him with a flying tackle from the saddle. But anger was fast giving place to a cold wonder. He looked at the young face in the dimly flickering firelight. It was calm, unafraid, the features composed. Two jolly good-looking for a boy, Braddock told himself.

"I do not permit trespass. Did the Blaine woman send you here with these sheep?"

"Yes."

That was all. Just a curt monosyllable. Braddock began to suspect that the boy was grinning at him. His voice roughened.

"Why?"

"Susan Blaine has proved your title to be defective, sir. So she claims this strip."

"What?"

"Susan Blaine claims my land," he echoed.

"What?"

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Illustrated  
By  
FISCHER

The quiet voice answered him.

"And her application has been supported and approved by the council. In fact, sir, you are trespassing."

A thin smile twisted Braddock's lips. His eyes were proving the thought in his mind.

"Where are your mates?" he demanded.

A steady hand pointed at the sheep.

"Then you are alone?"

The cabbage-tree hat shook.

"Oh, no; I am not alone—"

"Who else is here?"

"Who else is here?"

"Who else is here?"

"Who else is here?"

"Who else is here?"

"Who else is here?"

"Who else is here?"

"Who else is here?"

"Who else is here?"

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"Who else is here?"

"Who else is here?"

"Who else is here?"

"Who else is here?"

"My hat, if you please, sir," said Susan to Braddock.

that voice. His hand tightened on the grip of the long whip he carried.

"Boy, look at me!" he snapped.

Surprised for the moment, the other stood staring at him, and in that split second the whip hissed as it cut the air and the cabbage-tree hat at the same time. The hat went spinning into the darkness, but Braddock's eyes were upon a mass of fair hair spilling like a flaxen cascade about the slender shoulders.

Slowly he coiled the whip. Although he had suspected it, the shock of the falling hair, of staring into eyes that all at once had become the eyes of a woman, held him silent. The girl said icily:

"Will you pick up my hat, sir? And when I tell them of this outrage—they'll run you out of the country."

Braddock watched her. The girl was superb. With her face in its natural frame the feminine lines were enhanced. As bright now and as cold as the stars were her blue eyes, her pointed chin was tilted haughtily, and her lips were a thin, severe line. Courage, and plenty of it, he judged. Will-power, also. Yet behind the hauteur, the stiffening of pride and body, the icy flash of the blue eyes, was the instinctive wariness of her sex.

Braddock breathed quickly. He was listening to the soft inflexion of

"You are, Mr. Braddock."

The soft chuckle following this retort frayed Braddock's patience. But he had to be sure of himself.

"Get your horse, put it in the cart, then take yourself and your sheep—"

"Miss Blaine's sheep, sir. I have to remind you that you are trespassing. And will you keep your cattle at least two miles south of here? The new line is that distance away."

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Please turn to Page 38



# AN Infamous ARMY

Begin Now Our  
New Serial

Illustrated  
by  
WEP



The Duke's deep-set eyes surveyed Judith with an expression of decided approbation. He took her hand in a firm grasp and shook it, saying: "Delighted! You must let me tell you how delighted I am to meet Audley's sister."

THE EARL OF WORTH, army general, and his wife, LADY JUDITH WORTH, are in Brussels, the gayest city in Europe, where most of England's social lights have gathered, awaiting the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, who is in Vienna attending an important congress. Among his personnel is SIR CHARLES WORTH, brother of the Earl. Included among the prominent members of the English aristocracy is SIR PEREGRINE TAVERNER, young dandy, and brother-in-law of the Earl. LORD HILL, distinguished general, and British Ambassador to The Hague, arrives in Brussels to persuade the PRINCE OF ORANGE against invading France at the head of the allied troops. Meanwhile the possibility of Bonaparte descending upon the city before the Duke's return is causing much discussion and apprehension.

only thing that has more than once saved him from reprimand." "But seriously, Charles—?" "On my honor!"

SHE was quite dumfounded by this unexpected light cast upon the proceedings at Vienna, but before she could express her astonishment her husband came into the room and the subject was forgotten in the greeting between the brothers, and the exchange of questions.

"You have been travelling fast," the Earl said, as he presently took his seat at the table. "Stuart spoke of the Duke's still being in Vienna only the other day."

"Yes, shockingly fast. We even

"Yes, and wrote immediately to England. Jackson has procured you three good hunters, and there is a bay mare I bought for you last week."

"Good!" said the Colonel. "I shall probably get forage allowance for four horses. Tell me how you have been going on here! Who's this fellow, Hudson Lowe, who knows all there is to be known about handling armies?"

"Oh, you've seen him already, have you? I suppose you know he is your Quartermaster-General? Whether he will deal with the Duke is a question yet to be decided."

"My dear fellow, it was decided within five minutes of his presenting himself this morning," said the Colonel, passing his cup and saucer to Lady Worth. "I left him instructing the Beau, and talking about his experience. Old Hookey

and saucer. "But, Charles, this is shocking! You depict a cross, querulous person, and we have been expecting a demi-god!"

"Demi-god! Well, so he is, the instant he goes into action," said the Colonel. He drank his coffee, and said: "Who is here, Worth? Any troops arrived yet from England?"

"Very few. We have really only the remains of Graham's detachment still, the same that Orange has had under his command the whole winter. There are the 1st Guards, the Coldstream, and the 3rd Scots; all 2nd battalions. The 52nd is here, a part of the 95th—but you must know the regiments as well as I do! There's no English cavalry at all, only that of the German Legion."

THE Colonel nodded. "They'll come." "Under Combermere?"

"Oh, surely! We can't do without old Stapleton Cotton's long face among us. But tell me! Who are all these schoolboys on the staff, and where did they spring from? Scarcely a name one knows on the Quartermaster-General's staff, or the Adjutant-General's either, for that matter!"

"I thought myself there were a number of remarkably inexperienced young gentlemen calling themselves Deputy-Assistants—but when the Duke takes a lad of fifteen into his family one is left to suppose he likes a staff just out of the nursery. By the bye, I suppose you know you have arrived in time to assist at festivities at the Hotel de Ville to-night? There's to be a fete in honor of the King and Queen of the Netherlands. Does the Duke go?"

Please turn to Page 14

COLONEL AUDLEY readjusted his sash. "I must tell you that I find my nephew improved out of all recognition, Judith. When I last had the pleasure of meeting him, he covered me with confusion by bursting into a howl of dismay. But nothing could have been more gentlemanlike than his reception of me to-day."

She smiled. "I hope it may be true. He is not always so, I confess. To my mind he is excessively like his father in his dislike of strangers. Worth, of course, would have you believe quite otherwise. Sit down, and let me give you some coffee. Have you seen Worth yet?"

"Not a sign of him. Tell me all the news. What has been happening here? How do you go on?"

"But, my dear Charles, I have no news! It is to you that we look for that. Don't you know that for weeks past we have been positively hanging upon your arrival, eagerly awaiting your wretchedly brief letters for the least grain of interesting intelligence?"

He looked surprised, and a little amused. "What in the world would

you have me tell you? I had thought the deliberations of the Congress were pretty well known."

"Charles!" said her ladyship, in a despairing voice. "you have been at the very hub of the world, surrounded by Emperors and statesmen, and you ask me what I would have you tell me!"

"Oh, I can tell you a deal about the Emperors," offered the Colonel. "Alexander, now, is—let us say—a trifle difficult."

He was interrupted. "Tell me immediately what you have been doing!" commanded Judith.

"Dancing," he replied.

"And dining."

"You are most provoking. Are you pledged to secrecy? If so, of course I won't ask you any awkward questions."

"Not in the least," said the Colonel cheerfully. "Life in Vienna was one long ball. I have been devoting a great part of my time to the quadrille. L'Es, la Poule, la grande ronde—I have all the steps, I assure you."

"You must be a very odd sort of an Aide-de-camp!" she remarked. "Does not the Duke object?"

"Object?" said the Colonel. "Of course not! He likes it. William Lennox would tell you that the excellence of his pas de zephyr is the

By . . .  
**GEORGETTE HEYER**

had to stop for lard to grease the wheels. But with such a shriek going up for the Beau from here, what did you expect?" said the Colonel, with a twinkle. "Anyone would imagine Boney to be only a day's march off from the noise you have been making."

The Earl smiled, but merely said: "Are you rejoining the regiment, or do you remain on the staff?"

"Oh, all of us old hands remain, except perhaps March, who will probably stay with the Prince of Orange. Lennox goes back to his regiment, of course. He is only a youngster, and the Beau wants his old officers with him. What about my horses, Worth? You had my letter?"

as stiff as a poker, and glaring at him, with one of his crashing snubs just ripe to be delivered. I slipped away. Fremantle's on duty, poor devil!"

"Crashing snubs? Is the Duke a bad-tempered man?" inquired Judith. "That must be a bad blow to us all!"

"Oh no, I wouldn't call him bad-tempered," replied the Colonel. "He gets peevish, you know—a trifle crusty, when things don't go just as he wishes. I wish they may get Murray back from America in time to take this fellow Lowe's place; we can't have him putting old Hookey out every day of the week; comes too hard on the wretched staff."

Judith gave him back his cup





DISCOVERY OF THE SITE OF SYDNEY BY GOVERNOR PHILLIP, WEDNESDAY, 23rd JANUARY, 1788.

Painting by John Alcott.

The group from left to right: SURGEON JOHN WHITE, Principal Medical Officer; CAPTAIN ARTHUR PHILLIP, R.N., the great founder and first Governor of Australia; CAPTAIN GEORGE JOHNSTON, A.D.C., commanding detachment of marines; CAPTAIN JOHN HUNTER, R.N., Governor Phillip's successor; CAPTAIN DAVID COLLINS (Marines), Judge Advocate, founder of Hobart, 1804. Johnston was the only member of the boat expedition to remain permanently in Sydney. This painting is the original of that which has been used for the special postage stamp to commemorate Australia's 150th birthday year.





**THE FLAG UNFURLED IN VICTORIA FOR THE FIRST TIME.**

Painting by John Allcott.

LIEUTENANT JOHN MURRAY, in command of H.M. Brig LADY NELSON, taking possession of Port Phillip, Victoria, on March 8, 1802. The LADY NELSON was the first British ship to enter Port Phillip.



# CAVALIER

Complete Short  
Story

By...  
Alison  
McDougall

Illustrated by  
WYNNE W.  
DAVIES



*A Charming  
story of a young  
doctor who knew  
how to prescribe for affairs  
of the heart . . .*

**D**APHNE PRENTISS was astonished, and more than a little annoyed, when, one night in Paris, she saw Peter Archer coming out of the opera, a top-hat perched none too securely on his square head, an expression of pleased complacency on his face, and a very attractive girl in an ermine wrap on his arm.

Daphne and Peter came from the same little town in Sussex, and she had always looked upon Peter as her own particular personal property. They had almost become engaged a year ago, only Peter had been so pig-headed and altogether beastly over her notion that she would like to study art in Paris.

"Art!" he had said, grinning. "My sweet, you've no more idea of art than a cow, and anyhow, one member of the intelligentsia is enough in a family."

"Meaning?" Daphne had questioned sweetly, dangerously calm.

"Me!" said Peter, blandly. (He had just taken his M.D. at Edinburgh, and his father had bought him a practice in Sussex). Sometimes even now Daphne blushed, remembering what she, on the whole a gently-bred girl, had, in the stress of her emotion, told him he could do with his degree, his practice, his marvellous intelligence, and his proposal of marriage. And that had been that!

Because Daphne was the only child of middle-aged parents who could deny her nothing, she had her wish and came to Paris in the following month. Once there she discovered that studying art was not the path of roses she had imagined, and that the French, as typified in her art master, were a much too outspoken and over-excitable race. In comparison with some of this gentleman's remarks, Peter's bluntly worded opinion of her aptitude for art had been almost a compliment. However, perhaps because she

shared Peter's pig-headedness, she did not dissolve in tears and take the next boat home, but persevered doggedly and wrote home regularly every week eulogising Paris and her free, gay, exciting life there; telling about the parties she went to, and the old, fascinating people she met, and touching on the outstanding features of Montparnasse, Napoleon's Tomb, the Louvre, and Versailles for good measure.

**S**HE knew her letters would be excitedly read aloud over the tea-tables at home, and that Peter would be bound to hear of the splendid time she was having. And if she wished sometimes that the chestnuts in the Champs Elysees were the elms in the High Street at home, she just stuck out her chin stubbornly and went on drawing hopeless figures and skulls and trying to master the language so that she could talk to some of her fellow-students or the depressingly respectable looking elderly ladies who lived in her pension.

That was before she met Raoul. Raoul's easel stood next to hers in the life class, and she had often noticed how beautifully he drew. One day when old Goatbeard had been extra horrid about her drawing, he saw the tears on her lashes and impulsively squeezed her arm,

*Raoul saw tears on her lashes and impulsively squeezed her arm.*

whispering to her not to mind, that the old pig was in a bad humor today. Daphne looked at him. She could not help smiling. He spoke English. What joy! And he was so delightful to look at. Tall, and slender, with olive skin and dark soft eyes between thick, spiky-looking lashes. He smiled, too—a quick, shy, disarming smile, and they stood looking at each other in artless delight.

A few days later they had lunch together at a sidewalk cafe under the budding chestnut trees, and soon after that she forgot to try to impress Peter with the wonderful time she was having; forgot that her letters would be passed round at the tea-tables at home, forgot everything but her delight in her new cavalier. Raoul was charming—so debonair, so gay, so light-hearted. He had only to crook a finger and waiters flocked to him—everyone hurried to serve him. And yet he was only as old as she was. They laughed together over the silliest things. She was having a wonderful time with Raoul. Not that they did anything spectacular. They explored a Paris with an old-fashioned peaked hat over its eye that made one wonder if the vagabond poet, Villon, lurked round a corner. They had meals in funny

little out-of-the-way restaurants and went to studio parties. Raoul confessed that his interest in art was not serious, merely a whim, and that already it bored him. If she had not come to work at the post-easel, he swore he would have left the class weeks ago and gone back to his father's estates in Avignon. His father, Daphne learned, with bated breath, was the Marquis Duplessis. It was a few months after her meeting with Raoul that she so unexpectedly encountered Peter.

She and Raoul were walking along arm in arm, eating chestnuts and laughing. They had been to a party at Laurillard's studio, and it had been very amusing. But the sight of Peter in all his effulgent splendor made Daphne feel slightly at a disadvantage.

"Hel-lo!" he cried. "How are you, Duffy? I was coming to look you up to-morrow . . . Miss Charles Prentiss . . ."

"How do you do?" murmured Miss Charles with Arctic sweetness, her cool English eyes taking in everything at a glance, from Daphne's rakish beret to her absurd high-heeled shoes.

*Please turn to Page 11*



WYNNE W.  
DAVIES



# ARE THE "Quins" Really ALIKE?



A CHARMING STUDY of the Dionne quintuplets taken with Dr. Delfoe. As they grow up these lovely children get more alike. In the picture they are, from left to right, Emilie, Yvonne, Marie, Annette, and Cecile.

## SCIENCE Does Not ACCEPT View at FACE VALUE Interesting Experiments Prove Children to be Identical

Are the "Quins" really alike? To the average person the answer is obvious, but scientists are different—they have to be shown. Superficial resemblance means nothing to them. They seek to discover if the children are alike physically and mentally.

Science now is satisfied. It has decided that the fascinating Dionne children are that rare phenomenon—identical quintuplets. In the following article, the second of a series, we are told what science has discovered about the world's unique children.

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly—Copyright

THE similarity of the "Quins" has some remarkable aspects.

For instance, the Dionne Quintuplets might provide a bad moment or two for the fingerprint experts, if they should ever decide to submit their prints for examination. For their fingerprints are amazingly similar.

The different sets, when completely recorded, can be distinguished, of course. But if one of the quintuplets should put one slightly-smudged print on a sheet of paper—a print of her forefinger, for instance—the science of fingerprinting might find it utterly impossible to tell which of the five children had made it.

This is just one illustration of the amazing resemblance the quintuplets have to one another. They are identical quintuplets—a phenomenon as rare among quintuplets (which are an estimated one to one shot to begin with) as identical twins are among ordinary twins.

"Identical," as biologists use the word, doesn't mean quite what you might suppose.

No two people are ever really identical.

Even those twins who look so much alike that their own parents get mixed up about them—everyone has known some such pair—are not exactly alike. It's all a matter of degree.

But the Dionne quintuplets—all five of them—come closer to being exactly alike than any pair or group of children ever studied by science before.

### Group Study

THIS fact emerges from a scientific study made by Drs. John W. MacArthur and Norma Ford, biologists on the faculty of the University of Toronto.

They base their findings on their own observation and on data collected by Dr. W. E. Blatz, director of the University's St. George's School for Child Study.

The biologists made their study as the foundation for an effort to solve one of science's most baffling problems—whether environment or heredity has the greater influence on the development of a person's mental and physical characteristics.

Here, for the first time, science has a chance to study five children of identical heredity; and scientists will be citing the five little girls from Callander on one side or the other

of the perennial argument (or possibly on both sides) for many years to come.

Anyway, what the scientists were primarily interested in was in finding out whether the "Quins" actually are identical.

Identical twins, they point out, are usually the same only in a few characteristics—such as sex, blood groups, color of eyes, hair and skin, and so on.

In other instances—the shape of their ears, their finger and palm prints, the shape of face and skull—they are very different.

So one of the first things Drs. MacArthur and Ford wanted was to find out about the "Quins'" fingerprints.

### Amusing Incident

THE "Quins" had had an early experience with fingerprinting which left them and everyone connected with them very cold. When they were quite small, the provincial government sent a couple of policemen to the place to record the "Quins'" prints. The detectives brought their regulation fingerprinting equipment, with ink and everything.

So the "Quins" got ink on their fingers. Then they got it smudged all over themselves.

They got it on the detectives, on the furniture, and on the virginal whiteness of the nurses' uniforms. And—to wind up—they smeared the paper so that no readable prints could be obtained, and then they got offended by so much ink and began to cry.

The detectives retired, baffled. The scientists, being also psychologists, solved the problem. They rubbed a cold-cream-and-honey lotion into the skin of a "Quin's" hand. The hand was then pressed lightly on a sheet of glossy paper laid on a rubber pad. The hand being removed, the paper was treated with finely-powdered and sifted lamp black, and after the excess powder was shaken off, the print was fixed by putting the paper in a solution of resin and alcohol.

Plaster casts were also made of the hands and feet, which brought out the fine details even better than the ink.

An elaborate study of these prints revealed that the "Quins" are identical throughout.

The total ridge count of the finger patterns differed very little among the "Quins," for instance, but was considerably different in their brother Ernest and their sisters Rose and Therese, whose prints were taken for comparison.

The shape of the finger patterns was also very similar. Furthermore, each of the "Quins" possesses one or more interdigital whorls—tiny whirlpool effects on the palm at the base of the fingers: a rare feature possessed by less than 1 per cent of the general population. Neither Ernest, Rose nor Therese has one of these.

Here is another thing. If you are one of a pair of identical twins, your right hand will resemble your left hand less than it resembles your twin's right hand. By this standard, Marie and Cecile are identical through their left hands, Yvonne and Annette through their left hands, Yvonne and Cecile through their rights—and Emilie, through resemblances in ridge counts, whorls and so on, is closely bound to all of them.

Continued on Page Six  
Homemaker Section



## You, too, can permanently Banish SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

I will tell you how, FREE

As the young wife of an officer in India, I suffered for many years from the torture of mind that accompanies a hideous growth of ugly, unwanted hair. I grew a moustache, almost a beard, and so awful did it look that I had to wear a veil continuously. I tried all kinds of "cures," including the painful and expensive electric needle, but none of them gave me more than a few days' relief. Life was sheer misery. Then, just as I had come to the stage of hopeless despair, a "miracle" happened. My husband saved a poor Hindu soldier from death. In gratitude he revealed to his rescuer the precious-guarded secret which keeps Hindu women free from any trace of superfluous hair. In desperation I gave it a trial. Ever since that time—now years ago—I have not seen even a sign of superfluous hair, either on my face or body. I watched daily for months, expecting the effects of the remedy to be merely temporary, as with the others. But the glad fact is that my cure has been permanent and, as you will see from my photograph, my clear, unblemished skin, you can hardly believe that I suffered so much in those dreadful years. If you suffer from unsightly,

superfluous hair, let me help you as I have helped scores of other women since I myself was cured. Post the coupon, or a copy of it, with your name and address, and I will gladly send you this secret—free. Please enclose three penny stamps for my outlay on postage, etc., and state whether Mrs. or Miss. Address: Frederica Hudson (Desk E. 130), No. 2, Old Cavendish Street, London W.1, Eng.

### THIS FREE COUPON

or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d. stamps. Mrs. HUDSON. Please send me free your full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Address: Frederica Hudson (Desk E. 130), No. 2 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1, Eng.

IMPORTANT NOTE—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence to the above address, where she has been established since 1919.



## An Editorial

JANUARY 29, 1938

## SALUTE OUR WOMEN!



AUSTRALIA'S 150th anniversary has special significance for women.

Those same 150 years that have seen the advance of Australia from a savage wilderness to a civilised nation have seen also the progress of Woman from subjection to free and equal citizenship.

Australia, stalwart young motherland of many social reforms, has done much to further this emancipation of woman.

And Australian women have deserved the best their country can give them, for their part in the making of the nation has been a remarkable one.

First, every Australian must salute with pride and gratitude the pioneer women, past and present.

Without their majestic courage, their patient endurance of hardship, loneliness and incessant toil, and their divine inspiration, Australia would still be a savage land—peopled with white savages instead of black.

With axe and bullwhip and plough, the men thrust forward their salients into the grim terrain of the bush, and set up their rude outposts.

It was the women who turned those outposts into homes, the rough camps into townships, the straggling selections into civilised farming communities.

The Australian woman has made herself and helped to make her country. She is distinct from other women, as her environment and her destiny are distinct.

With the background of a splendid and honorable past, she may look forward to the future in hope and courage.

And being the woman she is, she faces the new day with a smile, with shining eyes. The destiny of our country is a sacred, but not a solemn, thing. Let us never lose that light-hearted, natural gaiety which belongs to us as sunlight belongs to Australia.

—THE EDITOR.

## POINTS OF VIEW

## Food for the Future

THE Commonwealth Advisory Council on Nutrition, in its report just issued, stresses the vital importance of proper diet for children of pre-school age, and the urgent necessity to provide proper foods for the many who are now improperly nourished.

At one time—and even now in some countries—malnutrition meant simply that children were not getting enough food—any sort of food.

In Australia to-day it generally means that they are not getting the right sort of food.

A child may be crammed full three or four times a day of denatured foods, heavy proteins, starches and sugars—and still be undernourished.

Which is why every mother, whether in straitened circumstances or well off, should pay heed to the Nutrition Council's warning that every child needs milk and milk products, eggs, and fresh fruits and vegetables.

For those to whom these essentials are luxuries, the Government should make provision, in order to guard the health of the next generation.

In a country as abundantly productive as this, no child should go short of the vital health foods.

## Is This a City?

FROM Wattle Flat, in Western New South Wales, a bride of 21, who had never left the village before, went to Sydney on honeymoon.

Her impressions:  
The noise is too terrible for words.

The people all look unhappy.

The undressed people at the beaches are shocking.

Noise and music on Sunday are irreligious.

She has gone back to Wattle Flat looking forward to the simple amusements of gathering blackberries and walnuts, and she doesn't care if she never leaves Wattle Flat again.

Yet one can imagine an equally sweet bride of 21 from the noisy city, who bathed in next to nothing, and yet was modest, who listened to music on Sunday, and still was good, spending a honeymoon at Wattle Flat and finding it too terrible for words.

It's all in the point of view.

## The Cure

L. N. WEATHERALL, English Emplaid runner, has looked forward to one thing all the way out to Australia.

He suffers from rheumatism, and firmly believes in ant-bites as a cure. So far, however, he has tried only the bite of the small black ant, and he's positively aching (rheumatism—get it?) to try the sting of our soldier and bulldog ants.

After that, we fear he'll decide he'd rather have the rheumatism.

## LYRIC OF LIFE

## ALWAYS

If there are other lives to be,  
I think that what we are to-day  
Will leave some dormant memory  
To stir upon that newer way  
When breathlessly we'll live again  
Some moment from the life before,  
And wonder when and why and how,  
And feel its sudden chill of awe.

I'm sure beyond the slightest doubt  
That if there are those lives to be,  
I'll know you when we meet again...  
You always will remember me.

—P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

## From Man to Wife

THE Duke of Kent—one of the most courtly of British princes—should go down in history for one of the most graceful tributes ever paid a wife by her husband.

Praising the Duchess to her compatriots at the Anglo-Hellenic League, he declared: "The full extent of the Duchess' influence over me I shall probably never know."

"It is as incalculable as was the Hellenic influence on civilisation."

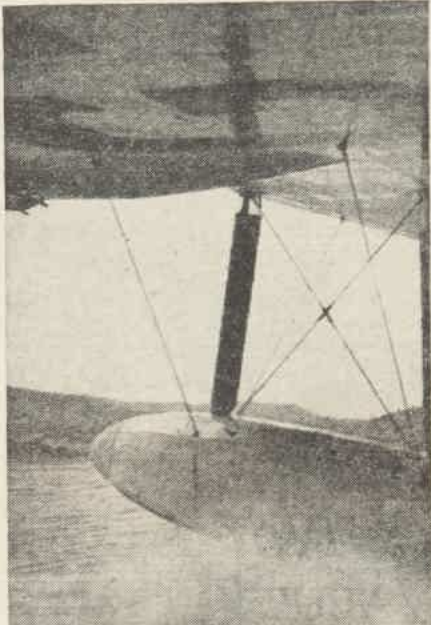
"This much, however, I do know—it is the best influence."

A few more public tributes to wives would not be a bad idea.

## Ageless Women

GRACIE FIELDS does not believe in telling "fib" about her age. She has just celebrated her fortieth birthday, and is proud of it.

There are women who celebrate the anni-



THE CENTAURUS TAKE-OFF—seen from the inside. An unusual study obtained specially for The Australian Women's Weekly, showing the giant flying-boat leaving Hobart last week. See story column 4.

versaries of their twenty-first birthday for years and years.

Women like Gracie Fields have no need to be ashamed of their age, even on the "wrong" side of forty. The woman who admits her age has usually led too full a life to bother about whether she looks more or less than her age. And because a full life can mean happiness, contentment, and a sense of humor, she looks younger and more attractive than the selfish woman who fights grimly to look permanently twenty-one.

## Shorts Banned

BONDI (N.S.W.) surf life-savers will not be allowed to appear in the 150th Anniversary Pageant in shorts.

Of course, we frequently describe the lads as:

Greek gods,  
Living statues,  
Bronze giants...

But no doubt the Greek gods wore neck-to-knee costumes at all public appearances, and statues should certainly be made to do so.

Tchl! Tchl!

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By WEP



## Luxury Travel on Gigantic Centaurus

In less than five hours the giant flying-boat, Centaurus, last week flew from Hobart to Sydney.

The story of the flight, told here by one of the passengers, inspires a mental picture of the future when week-end excursion flights to Tasmania will be common.

By CENTAURIAN

TRAVEL aboard the Imperial Airways flying boat Centaurus smacks strongly of the nautical. Officers in trim ship's uniform, notices posted about lifebelts, the familiar portholes, and so on, all provide a shipboard atmosphere.

When we stepped aboard the Centaurus in the lovely Derwent River at Hobart, we seemed to step into an atmosphere of spacious yet cosy luxury where the predominating motif was cream and green.

A minute later the four great propellers began to revolve and we gently taxied up for the take-off.

Soon after, between walls of flying spray, we hurtled down wind—and then were aloft, surveying the Edenish panorama of verdant Hobart, backed by towering Mt. Wellington. This was at 7.50 a.m.

AT this time, as right throughout the journey—or should we say voyage?—conversation in perfectly normal voice was possible, so subdued was the deep, steady hum of those great, wonderful engines.

Climbing, ever climbing, the altimeters in the various cabins showed three, four, five, and then seven thousand feet, and we were fairly away.

Those marvellous, cunningly constructed chairs, only weighing six and a half pounds each, were the last thing in comfort. Move the side handles, and one reclines in an attitude of utter relaxation.

Perhaps the most surprising feature of these seats is the cushion upon which one sits. In emergency, four rapid, deft motions convert it into a snug-fitting, inflated life-belt, while a smart tap upon the side of the window causes the whole pane to spring outwards, providing ample egress.

Flying at high altitude, above splochy banks of snow-white cumulus cloud, we glimpsed the fertile Eck Valley beneath us at 8.35 a.m., and at 8.2 a.m. passed Eddystone Lighthouse, on the extreme north-east corner of Tasmania.

SHORTLY after this, we dropped to 500 feet, and fluctuated between this and 1000 feet for the whole trip. At this juncture, a glance through the cabins revealed all but three passengers fast asleep.

On over the Strait, those wonderful engines never missing a single beat, and the sea beneath like a vast undulating sheet of silver lame. We were looking for the Zealandia, Hobart bound, but missed her in the haze which limited visibility to about two miles.

About 10 a.m. an immaculately-groomed steward served wine with biscuits and dainty assorted sandwiches.

I asked him if the cooking was done by electricity, and was quite dumbfounded when he told me that although six and seven course meals were served aboard, no cooking of any kind was done, but all foods and beverages, hot or cold, were taken aboard in thermos packings.

The small kitchen is a marvel of compactness, and is complete with sink, racks and cupboards.

Cups and saucers are of crockeryware, but plates, dessert dishes, and so on, are of a mottled composition very similar to nailyware, while the cutlery is of heavy silver.

At 10.21 a.m. we passed Gabo, and shortly afterwards a desolate, wrecked steamer.

And so on up the coast, passing Green Cape, Narooma, Bermagui, Jervis Bay, Berry, Wollongong and, eight minutes later, Botany Bay came in sight, then Coogee and Bondi.

Circling round through the Heads, into the wind, we landed perfectly at 12.32 p.m. just 4 hours and 40 minutes after leaving Hobart—a marvel of modern transport.



# "LOWER AWAY" for THE LANDING



## Lennie's Adventures With Some Sydney Coves at the Foundation

Just fancy! It's a hundred and fifty years since Governor Phillip and I landed in Botany Bay. How time flies!

As we sailed into the bay we got a whiff from the boiling down works.

"My goodness, this country smells!" said Phillip.

"I told you we were landing in the wrong place," I replied. "Why couldn't you land in some genteel place like Rose Bay?"

"Who's Governor of this colony?" he replied heatedly. "All right! All right!" I said. "Don't do your block in front of the convicts."

So we landed at Farm Cove. Thus is history made.

It was a pretty wild spot, to Dartmoor!" We put him and the natives were a bit in irons. "Blime!" said "I think we'll build a gaol one convict. "Take me back first," said Phillip. The first

... By ...  
**L. W. LOWER**  
Australia's Foremost  
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

sign of civilisation was the gaol. Then we built the barracks.

After that I said to Phillip: "What about lunch?" "Good idea!" he said.

"Lunch ho!" I bawled, and there was a great clashing of leg-irons as the convicts collapsed in their tracks.

"I'm glad you thought to pack some sandwiches before we left England," I said. "There doesn't seem to be much to eat in this place."

"I think of everything," said Phillip, somewhat boastfully, I thought. "I've even brought a couple of rabbits and a potted prickly pear which I intend to plant shortly. They ought to do well in this country."

We were sitting down munching our sandwiches when Sir Joseph Banks came rushing up with a piece of lan-tana in one hand and a sprig of Bathurst burr in the other.

"Look what I've found!" he cried delightedly.

"How quaint!" said Phillip. "We must plant a lot of that, too. Come and have a sandwich, Joe."

We had just finished the last of our sandwiches when a soldier came up, saluted, and said, "Sir, one of the convicts has just bitten a piece out of his pick. Did it deliberately?"

"Hang him," said Phillip.

"Yes, sir."

And that was that.

"You're a bit drastic, aren't you?" I asked, when the soldier had gone.

### Bombastic, Very!

"We can get plenty more convicts, but we're a bit short of picks."

"I suppose you're right."

"Of course I'm right!"

That's the sort of man he was. Bombastic.

"What's this track they're cutting here?" I asked him.

"That's George Street. I called it after the ship's parrot. Holy Moses!"

"Wasser matter?"

"It's all right. It must be the heat. I thought I saw a big brown thing standing upright on two legs with a long tail and it jumped fifteen feet and disappeared into the bush."

"You want to lay off that rum," I told him.

We found out later that they were real. Kangaroos—not rum, after all.

All this time, Blaxland was away in the hills with Lawson and Wentworth. We were beginning to get a bit anxious about them.

However, they came back after a while and said that they had discovered three railway stations.

They had had the effrontery to name them after themselves. Phillip immediately named a street after himself. He was very annoyed. He even went so far as to name a whole bay after himself and called it Port Phillip in order to make it sound more important.

He was a man who was inclined to bicker about trifles.

A previously unrevealed incident of the landing, according to Wep. Australia's foremost humorist meets some of his public.

One day when he found me fraternising with the aborigines he was quite furious until I told him that I had learned a number of real good names for towns, such as Wagga Wagga, Coonamble and Wantabadgery. That soothed him a bit.

After a few months, when we had the town pretty well fixed up and had imported a few bushrangers to liven things up a bit, darn me if Macarthur didn't arrive with some merino sheep he'd picked up somewhere.

### Sheep Problem

"YOU fool!" said Phillip, bitterly. "They'll eat the grass and then how will my rabbits get on?"

"I never thought of that," said Macarthur, biting his nails.

"A fine team of colonists I've got," went on Phillip.

"You must admit," I said, "that we have made progress. When we first landed here there was nothing else to see but scenery. Now look at it."

"We've put up two new scaffolds, we've got a street, planted a whole lot of prickly pear . . ."

"Yes! Yes! I know all that, but nobody is ever here when they're wanted. There's Bass and Flinders gone off in a boat somewhere, fishing, I suppose. They can get somebody else to be Governor. I'm fed up."

It was a very nasty scene and has rightly been left out of most history books.

Still, when I look around to-day and see the result of our labors I say to myself, "Well, we certainly gave the town a good start."

I'm still able to give the town a bit of a start when I've got the money.

The old pioneer spirit lives on.

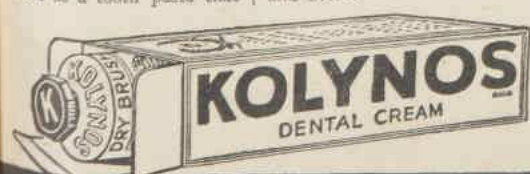
## TRUST YOUR DENTIST -he says KOLYNOS



**FOR CLEAN SPARKLING TEETH and HEALTHY MOUTH**

Discover for yourself the joy of sparkling teeth and a healthy mouth. Cultivate the twice-a-day KOLYNOS habit. This antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste will restore the beauty of your teeth and protect them against harmful germs that cause decay. KOLYNOS is known throughout the world as a tooth paste that

cleans and beautifies teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. It is the most economical tooth paste, too. Use only half-an-inch, preferably on a dry brush, morning and night. It is your dentist's best ally in the preservation of your teeth. Get a tube today. Of all Chemists and Stores.



**REDUCED PRICES NEW DOUBLE SIZE**  
**1/9 NOW 1/3 2/- PER TUBE**

## How does she Preserve her Youth



HER husband and family think mother a wonder. She would easily pass for a dozen years less than she really is. And what is more, she feels marvellously young—no surplus fat, no shortness of breath, no digestive troubles—and her secret is Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, keep the digestion functioning perfectly, and remove daily all food waste.

You, too, can enjoy 100 per cent. health and regain your youthful appearance if you take Bile Beans regularly.

"There's a wonderful improvement since I began to take Bile Beans. I feel years younger and more energetic and my family say they have never seen me looking so well. I also find Bile Beans are gradually reducing my weight."—Mrs. H. Blake.

"My husband says I am a picture of health and I certainly feel younger, happier and have far more energy since taking Bile Beans nightly. They have brought me better health than I have had for five years and have checked that tendency to put on weight."—Mrs. E. Levesley.

# BILE BEANS

MAKE YOU LOOK AND FEEL YEARS YOUNGER



"O H yes, we always go to fetes!" replied the Colonel. "What is it to be? Dancing, supper—the usual thing? That reminds me: I must have some new boots. Is there anyone in the town who can be trusted to make me a pair of Hessians?"

This question led to a discussion of the shops in Brussels, and the more pressing needs of an officer on the Duke of Wellington's Staff. These seemed to consist mostly of articles of wearing apparel suitable for galas, and Lady Worth was left presently to reflect on the incomprehensibility of the male sex, which, upon the eve of war, was apparently concerned solely with the price of silver lace, and the cut of a Hessian boot.

The Colonel had declared his dress clothes to be worn to rugs, but when he presented himself in readiness to set forth to the Hotel de Ville that evening his sister-in-law had no fault to find with his appearance, beyond regretting, with a sigh, that his present occupation made the wearing of his Hussar uniform ineligible.

Nothing could have been better than the set of his coat across his shoulders, nothing more resplendent than his fringed sash, nothing more effulgent than his Hessians with their swinging tassels. The Colonel was blessed with a good leg, and had nothing to fear from sheathing it in a skin-tight net pantalon. His curling brown locks had been brushed into a state of pleasing disorder, known as the style au coup de vent; his whiskers were neatly trimmed; he carried his cocked hat under one arm; and altogether presented to his sister-in-law's critical gaze a very handsome picture.

That he was quite unaware of it naturally did not detract from his charm. Judith, observing him with a little complacency, decided that if

## AN INFAMOUS ARMY

Continued from Page 7

Miss Devenish failed to succumb to the twinkle in the Colonel's open grey eyes, or to the attraction of his easy, frank manners, she must be hard indeed to please.

Miss Devenish would be present this evening, Judith having been at considerable pains to procure invitation tickets for her and for Mrs. Fisher.

The Earl of Worth's small party arrived at the Hotel de Ville shortly after eight o'clock, to find a long line of carriages setting down their burdens one after another, and the interior of the building already teeming with guests.

The ante-rooms were crowded, and (said Colonel Audley), as hot as any in Vienna; and her ladyship, having had her train of lilac crepe twice trodden on, was very glad to pass into the ballroom. Here matters were a little better, the room being of huge proportions. Down one side of it were tall windows, while on the opposite side were corresponding embrasures, each one curtained and emblazoned with the letter W in a scroll.

A great many of the guests were of Belgian or of Dutch nationality, but Lady Worth soon discovered English acquaintances among them, and was presently busy presenting Colonel Audley to those who had not yet met him, or recalling him to the remembrances of those who had. She did not perceive Miss Devenish in the room, but since she had taken up a position near the main entrance she had little doubt of observing her arrival. Meanwhile, Colonel Audley remained beside her, and might have continued shaking hands, greeting old friends, and being made known to smiling strangers for any length of time, had not an inter-

ruption occurred which immediately attracted the attention of everyone present.

A pronounced stir was taking place in the ante-room; a loud, whooping laugh was heard, and the next moment a well-made gentleman in a plain evening dress embellished with a number of Orders walked into the ballroom, escorted by the Mayor of Brussels, and a suite composed of senior officers in various glittering dress uniforms. The ribbon of the Garter relieved the severity of the gentleman's dress, but except for his carriage there was little to proclaim the military man.

BESIDE the gilded splendor of a German Hussar, and the scarlet brilliance of an English Guardsman, he looked almost out of place. He had rather sparse mouse-colored hair, a little grizzled at the temples, a mouth pursed slightly in repose, but just now open in laughter, and a pair of chilly blue eyes set under strongly marked brows. The eyes must have immediately attracted attention had this not been inevitably claimed by his incredible nose.

That high-bridged bony feature dominated his face, and made it at once remarkable. It lent majesty to the countenance, and terror to its owner's frown. It was a proud, masterful nose, the nose of one who would brook no interference and permit few liberties. It was also a famous nose, and anyone beholding it would have had to be very dull-witted not to have realised at once that it belonged to the Duke of Wellington.

Lady Worth grasped its significance, but could scarcely believe that quite the most soberly-dressed gentleman in the room (if you left out of account that casual sprinkling of Orders) could really be the Field-Marshal himself. Even Lord Hill, at his elbow, was more respectful, while any Cornet of Hussars would have cast him in the shade.

That was Lady Worth's first impression, but a second, following it swiftly, at once corrected it. The Duke had no need of silver lace or a scarlet-and-gold coat to attract the eye. He had a presence which made itself felt the instant he entered the room. He stood surrounded by his General Staff, and

they became no more than a splendid background for his trim figure.

It was very odd, reflected Lady Worth, watching him, for his height was no more than average, and he did not bear himself with any extraordinary dignity. Indeed, there seemed to be very little pomp about him. He was shaking hands briskly with the Belgian notables presented by the Mayor; he was laughing again, and really his laugh was over-loud, not unlike the neighing of a horse.

He came further into the ballroom, pausing to greet individuals, and, catching sight of Colonel Audley, said in a quick, resonant voice: "Ah, there you are, Audley! One of my family, Baron—Colonel Audley, who has been with me in Vienna, and will show us all how they perform the grande ronde there."

"Why, Charles, how do you do?" exclaimed the Duchess of Richmond, giving him her hand. "And Lady Worth! My dear Duke, I think you have not met Charles' sister-in-law, Lady Worth, the Duke of Wellington!"

Judith found herself under the piercing scrutiny of the Duke's deep-set eyes, which surveyed her with an expression of decided approbation. She would have bowed merely, but he took her hand in a firm grasp, and shook it, saying: "Delighted! You must let me tell you how delighted I am to meet Audley's sister. Do you make a long stay in Brussels? Eh? Yes? That's capital! I shall hope for a better acquaintance."

Judith said something graceful, and as his Grace seemed inclined to linger, presented her husband. A brief How-do-do? was exchanged; other people pressed forward to claim the Duke's attention; and he passed on, bowing to one person, shaking hands with another, calling out: "Hello, how are you? Glad to see you!" to a third. Unlike the figure of her imagination, he seemed very much at home in a ballroom, quite accessible, cheerful to the verge of jocularity, and ready to be pleased. Such remarks of his as reached Lady Worth's ears were none of them profound, and when the anxious besought his opinion of the political situation he replied with a joviality which had almost the effect of making him appear to be a little stupid.

Lady Worth was still looking after the Duke when she caught sight of

## CAVALIER

Continued from Page 10

DAPHNE, clutching Raoul's arm, hastily introduced him. Raoul, she felt, was her trump card, with his shy delightful smile and his faultless manners. But she was inwardly occupied making a rapid inventory of Miss Charles' attractions and wishing Peter in everlasting damnation for having called her by her stupid pet-name, "Duffy."

What would Raoul make of that? Peter was a self-satisfied beast, and he always managed to make her self-importance shrink away to nothing. He acknowledged Raoul's greeting with casual civility, hardly glancing at him—how dared he be so unimpressed?—and was babbling on about telephoning her in the morning, and waving to a taxi at the same time. Almost before she realised it, the taxi-door was slamming upon Peter and Miss Charles, and she was left standing on the pavement, feeling forlorn in spite of Raoul's presence at her side.

As soon as she recognised her forlornness it became rage and she scarcely spoke to Raoul during the rest of their journey home. She dismissed him on the doorstep instead of inviting him in for coffee as she usually did, and rushed up to the top-floor studio she shared with one of the students she had met through Raoul—a delightful girl called Mignon Le Pevre—and threw herself down on the bed that masqueraded during the daytime as a divan, dug her knuckles into her cheeks, and told herself how much she disliked Peter Archer. But before very long she was drumming idly with her fingers and wondering which of her new frocks she would wear to-morrow—the blue that exactly matched her eyes, or the green that set off her fair hair and skin so beautifully.

In the morning she was as jumpy as a cat, waiting for the telephone to ring, but when it did ring she had numbers of difficulties to put in the way of Peter's suggestion that she should lunch with him.

"I have a class at twelve," she said, "and I half-promised to meet Raoul . . ."

"Put 'em off," said Peter carelessly. "I shan't be here more than a few days, Duffy, and I promised your mother I'd bring home a personal account of you. Besides"—gaily—"I've brought all sorts of messages for you from home. If you want to hear 'em you'd better come. I'll call for you at twelve."

"No, no. Don't do that," cried Daphne, with a wild glance round the studio. Her clothes, and Mignon's, poking out from the curtained recesses; the gazing where they boiled their morning coffee; the divans—now unmade, and with the cushions heaped on the floor. She felt that her mother would not approve of the studio.

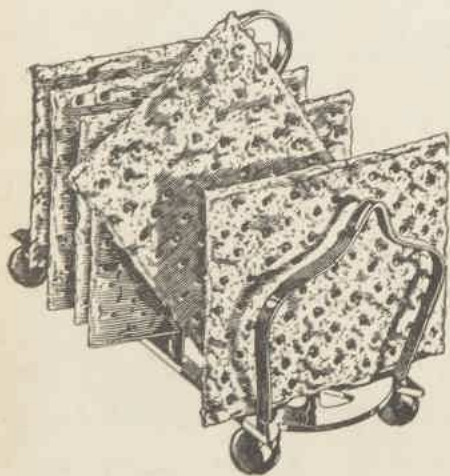
"I'll come to the hotel," she said, unwillingly.

"Right. Twelve-thirty," said Peter cheerfully, and rang off.

She was a casual twenty minutes late, with a portfolio under her arm. She was wearing the green, which had a dashing little hat with a feather in it and a short cloak, very Parisian. Peter smiled when he saw her, and she knew from the look in his lazy hazel eyes that the green dress was not wasted. His approval gave her at once a sense of confidence, and when he suggested an aperitif in the lounge she laughed and told him no one sat indoors to drink in Paris, and led him out to the little tables under a striped awning on the pavement, where there were flowers in painted tubs, a mournful-looking waiter in a long white apron who flicked imaginary specks from the tables, some young men arguing over a gigantic pile of saucers, two or three bored-looking girls sitting alone, and an old man reading a newspaper and enjoying his petit déjeuner.

Please turn to Page 36

Now it's  
WARMER  
give stodgy  
foods a miss



Eat Peek Frean Vita-Weat Crispbread—"the bread that lets your stomach travel light." It's made of the same good wheat as ordinary bread, but there's no unconverted starch in Vita-Weat to give you that stuffy, overfed feeling of starch-heaviness. Keep to Vita-Weat and stay in the swim this summer.

PEEK FREAN  
**Vita-Weat**  
CRISPBREAD



MYSELF  
When I look at myself in the  
looking-glass  
And myself looks back at  
me,  
A pilgrim, a pirate, a prelate  
pass,  
And a schoolboy reads in a  
phantom class;  
A coach-and-four  
Goes by the door,  
Bearing a queen from a distant  
shore,  
Enwrapped in mystery.  
From the crystal depths of my  
looking-glass  
You peer out wonderingly,  
Did you intend I should sur-  
pass  
Each handsome lad and lovely  
lass?  
The beauty there  
Is my despair,  
I wish that you had designed  
to share  
A trifle more with me!  
—B. Collyer.

Miss Devenish, standing not many paces distant, beside her aunt, Judith noticed with satisfaction that she was in her best looks, her hair very prettily dressed, her cheeks faintly flushed, and her large eyes glowing. She had just decided not to seem to be in too great a hurry to introduce Charles, when his voice said in her ear: "Who is that?"

Nothing, thought Judith, could have been more opportune! Lucy was far too unaffected to have purposely placed herself beside a plain young female in a dress of particularly harsh puce, but the effect could not have been more advantageous to her. How right she had been to advise the child to wear her white satin! It was no wonder that she had caught Charles' eye. She replied in a careless tone: "Oh, that is a young friend of mine, a Miss Devenish."

Please turn to Page 20



Unique Shampoo-Rinse Combination  
Washes Darkened, Brownish Blond Hair  
2-4 SHADES LIGHTER  
Without Injurious Bleaches

Blondes, remember! Ravishingly natural gold blond hair fascinates almost any man—few can resist its attraction. But love and romance are often spoiled through carelessly letting light blond hair darken, become dull and brownish—you lose the youthful alluring charm that only a true blonde possesses and which alone makes you admired by men and envied by women.

Natural blond hair is far more delicate than ordinary hair. Give it the care it deserves and don't spoil your chances in life by neglecting the very source of your fascinating appeal. Use STA-BLOND, the beauty secret of millions of blondes—only one shampoo makes darkened, mossy, even brownish blond hair 2-4 shades lighter and prevents light blond hair from darkening. No dyes or injurious bleaches. Makes permanent wave last longer too. Try money back if you are not delighted.

"Have you tried Sta-Blond Wave-Set yet? It doesn't leave the hair sticky, dries quickly, and actually lightens fair hair."

ST-A-BLOND

OUT of SORTS?  
Stomach Acidity  
is usually to blame

When your stomach is out-of-order and food disagrees, when you have heartburn or wind, or when you feel headachy and out-of-sorts, take a dose or two of DINNEFORD'S PINK FLUID MAGNESIA. This world-famous remedy immediately neutralises excess acid, cleanses the liver, and gently induces a natural action of the bowels. It is absolutely safe, pleasant to take, and has no gripping effect. But be sure you get DINNEFORD'S, the clear fluid.

Quick! a dose of  
**DINNEFORD'S**  
PURE FLUID MAGNESIA or TABLETS



# Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,  
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



DOCTOR: I am sorry to tell you, Mrs. Brown, that your husband  
will never be able to work again.  
MRS. BROWN: I'll go and tell 'im, it'll cheer 'im up a bit.

"Jacky, do you think it was  
right to leave your wife  
at the washtub while you  
spend your time fishing?"  
"Oh yes, boss, Mary don't  
need no watching. She  
work all the same as 'ard  
as if this feller was there."

## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



WAITER: Haven't they given you a menu yet?  
MOPSY: Yes—but I finished that half an hour ago.



"It's my birthday, Sir—could I eat at the Captain's table?"

## Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each  
joke used.

NEW MAID: Please, miss, will you  
tell me if your guests are tall or  
short?

Mistress: Why do you wish to know?  
New Maid: Because I want to know  
whether to dust high or low.

THE lady rushed into the bookshop  
and threw a book on the counter.  
"You sold me this book," she said,  
"and now I want my money back!"  
"What is the trouble with it,  
madam?" asked the puzzled assistant.  
"I didn't like the way it ended," re-  
ported the woman heatedly.

A SMALL girl was taken during  
her school holidays to the Natu-  
ral History Museum. When she  
reached home her father asked her  
how she had enjoyed herself.  
"Very much, daddy," said the  
child, "mummy took me to a dead  
circus."

THE film producer visited his ocu-  
list and complained of seeing  
spots before his eyes.

"Well," smiled the oculist, "there's  
nothing serious about that. We'll  
have you fixed up in no time at all.  
Why, thousands of people see spots  
before their eyes."

The film producer sighed.  
"Yes, I know that," he replied,  
"but mine are in technicolor."

"BETTER stick up a bit of a scare-  
crow to frighten the birds off  
that seed."

"There's no need—I'm always in  
the garden myself."

## A Remarkable Invention The REX FACIAL REJUVENATOR Sent on 7 Days FREE TRIAL



A Remarkable Trans-  
formation brought  
about by the aid of  
**THE REX  
REJUVENATOR**  
Without Cosmetics  
Without Drugs  
Without Massage  
Without Beauty  
Parlor Aids  
Without Facial  
Surgery



**BANISH and PREVENT WRINKLES, SAGGING MUSCLES,  
DOUBLE CHIN, HOLLOW CHEEKS, LINES ROUND EYES,  
BAD COMPLEXION.**

### FUNDAMENTALLY CORRECT

The Rex Facial Rejuvenator is scientifically constructed so as to allow the  
skin to breathe giving an uplift pressure designed to raise fallen muscles to  
their correct positions, thus allowing the blood to flow to those latent parts  
and build up new tissue, leaving the muscles firm and healthy. Wrinkles  
likewise are automatically raised by the device to a position where healthy  
blood circulates and so builds up new tissue, leaving the skin smooth, healthy  
and free from blemishes.

### Worn for 15 Minutes Daily

Worn 15 minutes daily for one month will show results you would not have thought possible. The uplift  
pressure acts quickly.

We send the complete outfit on 7 days Free Trial. Let us prove to you at our expense that the REX  
FACIAL REJUVENATOR will do all we claim.

WRITE TO-DAY. The parcel will be sent under sealed plain cover.

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JUST RIGHT FOR MEN

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KEEPS HAIR SET 2/6  
STOPS DANDRUFF 3 MONTHS  
BOTTLE LASTS 3 MONTHS  
ALL CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS, STORES  
Use just a few drops—enough to cover a sixpence.

**Brainwaves**  
A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each  
joke used.

NEW MAID: Please, miss, will you  
tell me if your guests are tall or  
short?  
Mistress: Why do you wish to know?  
New Maid: Because I want to know  
whether to dust high or low.

THE lady rushed into the bookshop  
and threw a book on the counter.  
"You sold me this book," she said,  
"and now I want my money back!"  
"What is the trouble with it,  
madam?" asked the puzzled assistant.  
"I didn't like the way it ended," re-  
ported the woman heatedly.

A SMALL girl was taken during  
her school holidays to the Natu-  
ral History Museum. When she  
reached home her father asked her  
how she had enjoyed herself.  
"Very much, daddy," said the  
child, "mummy took me to a dead  
circus."

THE film producer visited his ocu-  
list and complained of seeing  
spots before his eyes.  
"Well," smiled the oculist, "there's  
nothing serious about that. We'll  
have you fixed up in no time at all.  
Why, thousands of people see spots  
before their eyes."

The film producer sighed.  
"Yes, I know that," he replied,  
"but mine are in technicolor."

"BETTER stick up a bit of a scare-  
crow to frighten the birds off  
that seed."

"There's no need—I'm always in  
the garden myself."

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# ALL THIS to Celebrate a Nation's BIRTHDAY

## Women's Dominant Part in Spectacular Pageants

This week Australia begins its greatest, most spectacular birthday party.

The party begins on Wednesday at Farm Cove, where the foundation of Australia's history was laid by Governor Phillip. It will continue in an amazing series of events that will extend over three months.

TWO hundred thousand visitors from overseas and other States are expected at the party.

One hundred thousand pounds has been spent on decorations and lighting to deck Sydney in birthday raiment of bright pennants and flags, shining jewellery of colored lights in a stage setting of vast floodlighting.

About £2,000,000 will be spent by visitors who have come here to join in the celebrations.

Sydney's Harbor Bridge is like a giant jewel display at night, and trees in parks and gardens on the harbor edge have been floodlit for the first time.

Nearly 100 distinguished guests have been invited from overseas. They include Dame Maria Ogilvie Gordon, Sir George Broadbridge, ex-Lord Mayor of London, who are already here, Lord Nuffield, Earl de la Warr, Empire Parliamentary delegates from the United Kingdom and all parts of the Empire, State Premiers and Lord Mayors and Lady Mayors from other States will also visit Sydney during the celebrations.

Of Nationhood, pageant at 10 a.m., the gala in the evening at the Show-ground, and the Venetian carnival on the harbor on Saturday.

THE historical water pageant is probably the only item on the long birthday programme in which women will play absolutely no part.

Governor Phillip will land at Farm Cove exactly to historic schedule. All the background—ship, sailors, aborigines—will be authentic.

The entire landing ceremony will be heard by spectators waiting along the pageant route through amplifiers, connected with 20 microphones installed round Farm Cove.

Thirteen hundred people, including 400 handmen and 150 Highland pipers, will take part in the huge two-mile pageant of nationhood. The history of Australia's first 150 years will be told in tableaux on 124 decorated floats.

Each 50-year section will be announced by four heralds in flowing, colorful robes, on horseback.

All military and band uniforms are exact replicas of the originals. The oldest band uniform in the procession is that of the drum and fife band, the first one formed in the colony.

The newest is that of Sydney's first and only women's brass band.

Hundreds of beautiful frocks from

## This Week's Festival Highlights

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26

8.30 a.m.—Water Pageant in Farm Cove depicting the landing of Captain Phillip.

10 a.m.—Australia's March to Nationhood. City Pageant, portraying the major events of 150 years. Route of Pageant.—Along Macquarie Street to Bridge Street, down Bridge Street, to Pitt Street, along Pitt Street to Martin Place, along Martin Place on the wrong side to George Street, up George Street to Bathurst Street, along Bathurst Street to Elizabeth Street, along Elizabeth Street, to Liverpool Street, Oxford Street, Flinders Street, and Moore Park Road to the Showground.

Anniversary Gala Evening, R.A.S. Showground. Anniversary Regatta. Randwick Races. Bowling carnival. Big Game Angling Championship. Official Dinner to Premiers at Admiralty House. Official Dinner to Governors at Government House. Lord Mayor's Reception in the Sydney Town Hall at 5.30 p.m. New South Wales Women's Amateur Swimming Association. Carnival at Cooze Aquatorium.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 27

Australian Law Convention in St. James Hall. Australian Band Championships. Official March of all bands through city at 2.30 p.m. Ladies' Band to play at Town Hall. Festival Band leads all other bands.

Art Gallery Exhibition. "At Home" at Trevelyan for officers of visiting warships.

Australian Bowling Carnival Finals. N.S.W. Women's Amateur Swimming Carnival. Australian Law Convention. Official Dinner at Blaxland Galleries.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28

Church of England Harbor Excursions and Procession.

Garden Party at Government House. Fleet Week open. Pioneers' Ball in period costume in Sydney Town Hall.

Royal Empire Society official luncheon in honor of distinguished visitors, at Trocadero.

Coliform Commemorative Tree Planting Dedication Ceremony in Metropolitan and Country Districts. Australian Universities' National Union Conference.

Women's International Cricket Match, N.Z. v Sydney Northern Metropolitan.

Australian Bowling Council Carnival Finals. Australian Band Championships. Big Game Angling Championship. Church History Museum in Chapter House.

R.A.N. Reserve gives dances for officers of visiting warships at Rushcutters Bay Naval Depot.

Australian Institute of Political Science Summer School. Official Opening at Canberra.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29

Naval, Military and Air Force Review in Centennial Park at 2.45 p.m. Venetian Carnival on Sydney Harbor at evening.

New South Wales Women's Athletic Association Carnival for selection for Empire Games.

Speed Boat Championship, Rose Bay course.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30

United Religious Service in the Domain 11.15 to 4 p.m. Massed Bands and Grand Marching Display.



MISS HEATHER KINNAIRD, who will sing the role of the Guardian Angel in the Royal Philharmonic Society's performance of "Elijah" at the Conservatorium on January 29, 31, and February 2, 3, and 5. The concerts are part of the 150th Anniversary Celebrations.

cedented programme of official and private entertainment.

Led by Lady Gowrie and Lady Wakehurst, who will be hostesses at Vice-Regal receptions, dinners, lunches, balls and garden parties, Sydney's hostesses will entertain on a lavish scale in their homes, upholding Australia's reputation as the most hospitable country in the world.

**CLEANING GROWS  
HARDER & HARDER  
WITH HARSH  
SCOURERS...**

NO MATTER HOW  
I RUB, DIRT  
STILL CLINGS  
TO THIS  
SCRATCHED &  
ROUGHENED  
SURFACE.

...but keeps always  
**EASY TO CLEAN**  
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A surface scratched with harsh scourers, holds on to dirt. Real cleaning becomes impossible then, and your sink is soon dingy, unhealthy-looking. . . . Keep it smooth, glossy, easy-to-clean with VIM which polishes as it cleans.

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## Women's Part

A FEATURE of the celebrations that is symbolic of 20th Century Australia is the tremendous part played by women. Apart from the various committees, headed by the organizing committee of which Mrs. Bernard Muscio is president, a third of the personnel of the pageant are women.

In addition, there will be an unpre-

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# KING'S REPRESENTATIVES

... Vice-Regal hosts who will entertain Governors of other States and leading citizens of the Commonwealth at historic functions in the 150th Anniversary Celebrations.



LADY WAKEHURST, wife of the Governor of New South Wales.

LEFT: Lord Gowrie, the Governor-General. ABOVE: Lord Wakehurst, Governor of N.S. Wales.



HER EXCELLENCY Lady Gowrie, wife of the Governor-General of the Commonwealth.

All photographs on this page were specially posed for The Australian Women's Weekly, photographed in natural color, and reproduced by our special artgravure process.



ARMY, NAVY AND AIR FORCE will take a conspicuous part in the 150th Anniversary Celebrations. Representatives in ceremonial dress are shown here.



# MARCH OF THE MODE by René

## The IDEA IS...

*René*

YOU CAN GO  
all saintly . . .  
or be just too  
frightfully  
devilish.

● SCHIAPARELLI, CHANEL  
and Mainbocher  
started the craze  
for these telling  
touches . . . The  
ideas caught on  
like wildfire.

● So, if it's your  
day for feeling  
angelic —

### EYES RIGHT!

Look at that  
halo bonnet . . .

That demure  
cowl to top off  
your evening  
dress

● That tiny white  
little girl collar . . .

● Those baby  
blue hair bows of  
soft kid . . .

● Heavenly twins  
made into a  
brooch to wear  
near your heart

● And that mad-  
onna-blue chiffon  
evening gown  
with ethereal  
floating veil . . .

● But, if you  
want to whoop  
up all your  
deviltry—

### EYES LEFT!

See that wicked  
black satin jersey  
gown, fitting like  
a skin, with its  
frill of black pail-  
ettes

● That white  
shark-skin play-  
suit with the red,  
red lips of Aphro-  
dite for pockets . .

● That black  
cocktail frock dis-  
tilling allure in  
every line . . .

● That white  
satin evening  
gown with its  
brasiere of silver  
sequins

● And those two  
birds of purple  
paillettes set on a  
shaped bead fixing  
and making such  
a fetching evening  
helmet



*For Saints...and Sinners!*



# The Fashion Parade

## HANDS UP...

### for GLOVES!

Helpful advice on an important detail of good dressing

By ALISON SETTLE, Famous English Fashion Expert.  
Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

**I**N choosing gloves you are doing something akin to choosing wines. There are vintage gloves just as there are vintage wines.

**T**HE expert will tell you whether you should, for one purpose, choose a young skin or whether, for another purpose and in another kind, you want a skin that has been "laid down" for some years before being made up.

You want to learn all there is to be known about skins—which, for instance, go hard in the rain and which retain their pliancy, that doeskin and pigskin, chamois and cape leathers can be washed, and what others you may add to that list, a list that may vary with the finish as well as with the basic leather, what dark shades will wash at all.

Care in choosing the leather will make your gloves last longer.

To know about leathers, their treatment, dyeing, and finishing explains much that may seem mysterious to you in the price of gloves. The "laying-down" or ageing of leathers, of which we spoke, is an involved affair.

Just as wines need certain conditions of dryness or moistness of the air, a certain temperature, a certain position in which to lie, so, too, do gloves while in the process of ageing before they approach anywhere near the glove shape.

And leathers which were formerly thought to be unwashable are now

subjected to new processes so that their washability can be guaranteed. That is, if you wash them aright.

The correct way to wash a glove is, as you know, to wash it on the hand, to use a very mild soap, flaked, so that you have no temptation to rub it on to the leather, an act that would be disastrous.

But you wouldn't do that, would you? No, but you might use hotish water instead of only luke-warm water.

**Y**OU might rightly remember that chamois and doeskin type gloves "are not to be rinsed," but that does not mean that you cannot rinse them at all. You rinse them completely and thoroughly, but then put them back into a lather of soapuds and rub them gently again. The glove wants to be clean but to have soapuds left in because that gives pliability to the glove.

Nor would you wring, would you? Only pat them into their natural shape when you take them off your hand between the folds of the towel.

Nothing is so good for a glove that has been washed and then had most of the moisture patted out of it as to be blown into shape.

There is only one real element of chic in gloves, and that is to omit all forms of tricky trimming. Gloves are in themselves so beautiful, in

REPTILE skin is the latest material for belts, which are clipped with gold metal rings or with large hooks covered by clusters of suede leaves in autumn colorings.

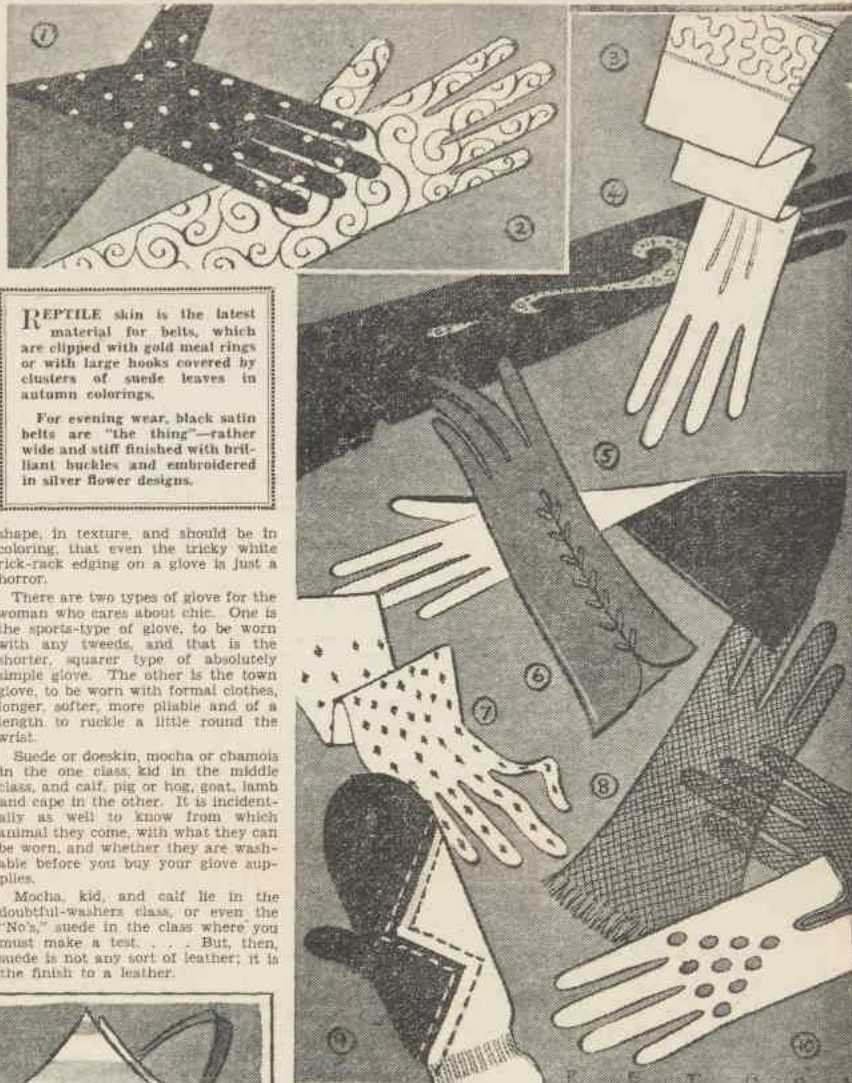
For evening wear, black satin belts are "the thing"—rather wide and stiff finished with brilliant buckles and embroidered in silver flower designs.

shape, in texture, and should be in coloring, that even the tricky white rick-rack edging on a glove is just a horror.

There are two types of glove for the woman who cares about chic. One is the sports-type of glove, to be worn with any tweeds, and that is the shorter, squarer type of absolutely simple glove. The other is the town glove, to be worn with formal clothes, longer, softer, more pliable and of a length to ruckle a little round the wrist.

Suede or doeskin, mocha or chamois in the one class; kid in the middle class, and calf, pig or hog, goat, lamb and cape in the other. It is incidentally as well to know from which animal they come, with what they can be worn, and whether they are washable before you buy your glove supplies.

Mocha, kid, and calf lie in the doubtful-washers class, or even the "No's," suede in the class where you must make a test. . . . But, then, suede is not any sort of leather; it is the finish to a leather.



(1) Gloves for afternoon combine spotted fabric and fine kid. (2) For afternoon or evening—printed fabric matching dress or accessories. (3) Formal evening glove—white kid to or past the elbow, and embroidered in white or metal thread. (4) Jewelled evening glove in fine suede. (5) Suede again for day wear, dark palm and light back, or vice-versa. (6) For tweeds and travelling a laced glove in leather. (7) Perforated glove in white or pastel shades. (8) Mesh glove. (9) Mitt for snow sports in waterproof material. (10) For golf, with large holes for coolness and freedom.

## PARIS SNAPSHOTS

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Air Mail from London

**T**HE large rings of a few weeks ago are steadily going out of favor, and at all the smartest parties women are wearing several small rings on each finger in preference to the one or two large ones on each hand, which was the fashion such a short time ago.

Antique shops are being searched and old, forgotten jewellery boxes raided in an attempt to find the tiny rings which were so popular in early Victorian days.

**F**OR some time the Parisienne hasn't decorated her stockings, and since clocks went out there has been no attempt at embroidery.

Now, however, with the ever-shortening skirt, more attention has to be paid to the stocking. The result, a series of small crosses, embroidered in a darker shade than the silk, neatly disguise the back seam. And very attractive this simple embroidery looks.

**F**LAT fur boleros in shaved Persian lamb, musquash and astrachan worn with black tailored frocks are the latest addition to the smartest Parisian wardrobe. They are light and warm and not too bulky to wear under a fur or "teddy bear" coat—the latter becoming a passion with the Parisienne for country wear.

**W**ITH everyone so travel-minded these days it seems quite appropriate that the latest fob watch shows by a twist of the winder the time in half a dozen places at once.

Another twist and six more cities appear, and so on, until you've been round the world at a glance.

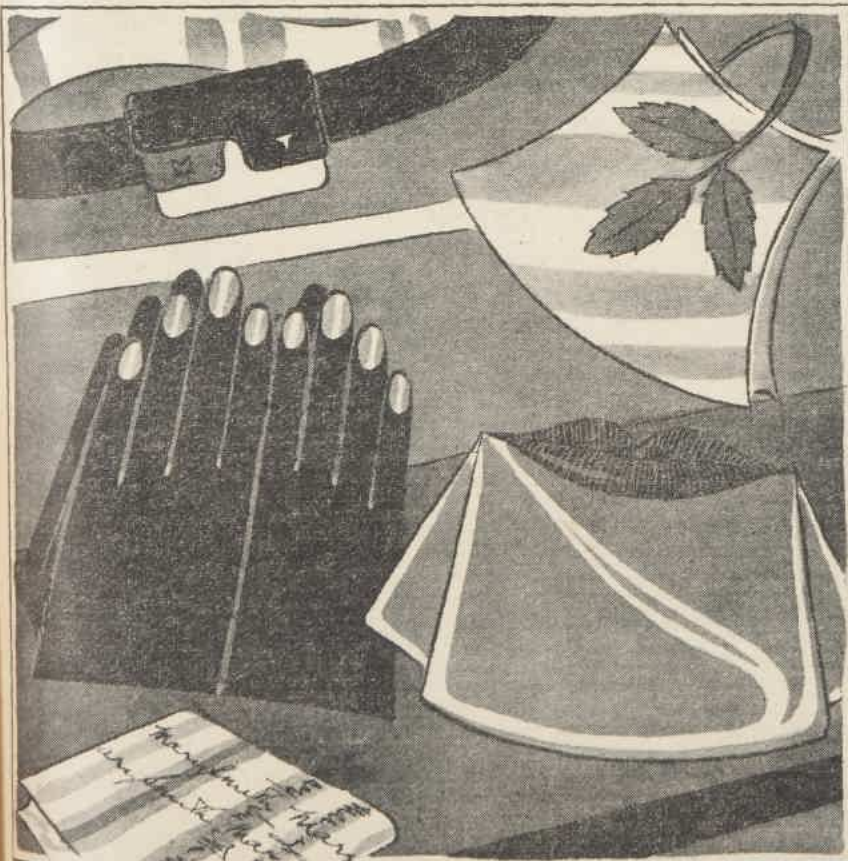
Meanwhile the watch itself is ticking away the standard time, untroubled by the miniature world that revolves on its frame.

**B**LACK glossy hair is the beauty note of the moment. Heads that a few weeks ago were ravishingly blonde or devastatingly auburn are now masses of shining jet black curls, usually tied on the left side with tiny white velvet bows.

Castor oil is the great glossing agent, but, of course, it is well disguised with rather heavy perfumes.

**A**LMOST overnight the Australian opossum has sprung into Paris fame, and is now the "most chosen" fur for the new box coats. These fur jackets are built on perfectly square lines, with wide shoulders, finger-tip length, and, as their name implies, resemble nothing so much as a box.

For such a coat, a slinky fur would be quite out of place, and so the hard-wearing, sturdy opossum has come into its own.



● A POUCH-BAG for the active sportswoman in three shades of suede is attached to a belt of the darkest color. ● Autumn leaves in suede adorn a tan patent bag of unusual shape. ● Black suede bag, ribbed to suggest two hands with gold lacquered fingernails. ● A huge Cupid's bow mouth forms the clasp of a cloth bag. ● A tiny evening bag leaves no doubt as to ownership, the signature being written decoratively in two directions.



"WILL you present me?"

"Why, certainly! She is pretty, is she not?"

"Pretty!" repeated the Colonel. "She is the loveliest creature I ever beheld in my life!"

Prejudiced as Judith was in Miss Devenish's favor, this encomium seemed to be to her somewhat exaggerated. Charles sounded quite serious, too; in fact, oddly serious. She turned her head, and found to her surprise that he was not looking in Miss Devenish's direction, but towards the big double doorway.

"Why, Charles, whom can you be staring at?" she began; but broke off as her gaze followed his. It was quite obvious whom Colonel Audley was staring at. He was staring at a vision in palest green satin draped in a cloud of silver net. The Lady Barbara Childe had arrived, and was standing directly beneath a huge chandelier, just inside the ballroom. The candlelight touched her hair with fire, and made the emerald spray she wore in it gleam vividly. The heavy folds of satin clung to her form, and clearly revealed the long, lovely line of a leg, a little advanced beyond its fellow. Shoulders and breast were bare, if you ignored a scarf of silver net, which (thought Lady Worth) was easily done. Any woman would have agreed that the bodice of the wretched creature's gown was cut indecently low, while as for petticoats, Lady Worth for one would have owned herself surprised to learn that Barbara was wearing as much

## AN INFAMOUS ARMY

Continued from Page 14

as a stitch beneath her satin and her net.

A glance at Colonel Audley's face was enough to inform her that this disgraceful circumstance was not likely to weigh with him as it should.

His hand came up to grasp her elbow, not ungently, but with a certain urgency. "Miss Devenish, did you say?"

"No, I did not!" replied Judith crossly. She recollected herself, and added with an attempt to conceal her annoyance: "You are looking at the wrong lady. That is Barbara Childe. I dare say you may have heard of her."

"So that is Barbara Childe!" he said. "Are you acquainted with her? Will you present me?"

"Well, really, Charles, my acquaintance with her is of the slightest. You know, she is not quite the thing. I will allow her to be excessively handsome, but I believe you would be disappointed if you knew her."

"Impossible!" he replied. Judith looked wildly round in search of inspiration, and encountered only the mocking eyes of her lord. She met that quizzical glance with one of entreaty not unmixed with indignation. The Earl took snuff with a wonderful air of abstraction.

Help came from an unexpected quarter. Those standing by the door fell back; the orchestra struck up "William of Nassau"; the King and Queen of the Netherlands had arrived.

There could be no question of performing introductions at such a moment. As the ushers came in, the crowd parted, till an avenue was formed; their Majesties were announced; every lady sank in a deep curtsy; and in walked King William, a stout gentleman, with his stout Queen beside him, and behind him his two sons.

Majesty was in an affable mood, smiling broadly, ready to have any number of presentations made, and to be extremely gracious to everyone; but the Princes attracted more attention. The younger, Frederick, was a fine young man, with not inconsiderable pretensions to good looks. He bore himself stiffly, and favored his acquaintances with an inclination of the head, accompanied by a small, regal smile.

**H**IS brother, the Prince of Orange, though arrayed in all the magnificence of a General's dress—uniform, was a much less impressive figure. He was very thin and held himself badly, and his good-humored countenance bore a slight resemblance to that of a startled fawn. His smile, however, was disarming, and a marked tendency to wink at cronies whom he observed in the crowd could not but endear him to his more unceremonious friends. When he caught sight of Colonel Audley an expression of delight leapt to his rather prominent eyes, and he waved to him; and when the Duke of Wellington, having bowed punctiliously over the King's hand, turned to pay his respects to him, he frustrated any attempt at formality by starting forward, and taking the Duke's hand with all the reverence of a junior officer honored by a great man.

"I hope I see your Royal Highness in good health?" said the Duke. "I am so glad to see you, sir," stammered his Royal Highness. "I would have reported at your house this morning, but I did not know—I was at Braine-le-Comte—you must forgive me!"

The Duke's face relaxed. "I shall be happy to see your Highness tomorrow, if that should be convenient to you."

"Yes, of course, sir!" his Highness assured him.

Majesty, listening indulgently to this interchange, intervened to draw the Duke's attention to his younger son. The Prince of Orange seized the opportunity to efface himself, and would have slipped away in search of more congenial companionship had not the signal for the dancing to begin been given at that moment. He was obliged to lead the opening quadrille with the Duchesse de Beaufort, and to dance a couple of waltzes with Madame d'Ursel and Madame d'Assche. After that, he considered his duty conscientiously performed, and disappeared from the ballroom into one of the adjoining rooms, where refreshment and kindred spirits were to be found.

He entered between looped curtains to find a small but convivial party assembled there. Lord March, a fresh-faced young man with grave eyes and a quick smile, was leaning on a chair-back, adjuring Colonel Audley, seated on the edge of the table, and Colonel Fremantle, lounging against the wall, to make a clean breast of their doings in Vienna. The fourth member of the group was Sir Alexander Gordon, a young man with a winning personality, who was engaged in filling his glass from a decanter.

"Charles!" cried the Prince, coming forward in his impetuous style. "My dear fellow, how are you?"

Colonel Audley stood up. "Sir!" he said.

The Prince wrung his hand. "Now, don't, I beg you! I am so pleased you are here! Do not let us have any ceremony! This is like Spain; we need only Canning, and Pitaroy to walk in asking. Where's the old family?"

"That's all very well, but you've become a great man since I saw you last," objected Colonel Audley. "I think—yes, I think a Royal Tiger."

A general laugh greeted this old Headquarters joke. The Prince said: "You can't call me a Tiger; I am not a visitor to the camp! But have you seen the real Tigers? Mon Dieu, do you remember we called the Duc d'Angoulême a Royal Tiger?"

## GIRLIGAGS



"WHEN you are in love you don't want to eat, and after marrying you find you can't afford to."

But, my dear Charles—my dear Fremantle—the Duc de Berri! No, really, you would not believe! You must see him drilling his men to appreciate him. He flies into a passion and almost falls off his horse. But on my honor!"

"No, sir!" protested March. "I swear it!" He accepted a glass of wine from Gordon, and perched himself on the arm of a chair. "Confusion to Boney!" he said, and drank. "And General Roder!" he resumed.

"Confusion to him too, sir?" murmured Gordon.

"No—yes! The worst of our Tigers! Have you met General Roder, Charles? He doesn't like the British, he doesn't like the Dutch, he doesn't like the Belgians, he doesn't like the French, he doesn't even like your humble servant. So here is confusion to General Roder!"

While this toast was being drunk, a pleasant-faced officer in Dutch uniform had peeped round the curtain, and then come into the room. He was considerably older than any of the young men drinking confusion to the unfortunate Prussian Commissioner, but was hailed by them with cheerful affection.

"Hallo, Baron! Come in!" said Audley. "How are you?"

"Glass of wine with you, Baron?" Fremantle held up the decanter invitingly.

"Constant! We are drinking confusion to General von Roder. Join us immediately!" commanded his Royal master.

The Baron Constant de Rebecque glanced swiftly over his shoulder. He accepted a glass of wine, but said in very good English: "I beg of you, sir—! Consider where you are, and who you are, and—very well, very well, here is confusion to him, then! And now will you recollect, sir, that this is a fete

for their Majesties, and it is expected that you will conduct yourself en prince! Your absence will be noticed: his Majesty will be displeased."

The Prince shrugged his shoulders. "It is absurd. I will not spend all the evening being civil to the Tigers, and I will not conduct myself en prince if that means I must not drink a glass of wine with my friends."

"Sir, you are also the General in Command of the Army, and not any more a junior Aide-de-Camp."

The Prince patted his arm. "Constat, mon pauvre, you have not seen—you have not heard! You are dreaming, in fact. Go and look who is here to-night. My poor command is quite at an end."

"Mon prince, you are still in command, and you must mingle with your guests."

"That's quite true, sir," said Fremantle. "The Duke hasn't taken over the command yet. Duty calls you, General!"

At this moment, and while the Prince still looked recalcitrant, a very tall man with the buff collar and silver lace of the 52nd Regiment appeared between the curtains, and stood silently surveying the group. He was Saxon-fair, with ice-blue eyes, a high-bridged nose, and a fighting chin, and was built on splendid lines that were marred only by the droop of his right shoulder, the joint of which had become ankylosed, from a wound incurred in the Peninsula. At sight of him, Lord March straightened himself instinctively, and Colonel Fremantle jumped up from his chair.

The Prince turned his head, and pulled a grimace. "You need not tell me! You are looking for me. First my Quartermaster-General, and now my Military Secretary. Your health, Sir John!"

"Thank you, sir," said Colonel Colborne in his slow deep voice. A smile crept into his eyes. "I thought I should find you with the rif-raff of the Staff," he remarked. "If I were your Highness, I would return to the ballroom."

"BECAUSE my father will be displeased," said the Prince. "I have that by heart."

"No," replied Sir John. "Because his Majesty is more than likely to request the Duke to speak to you, sir."

"Oh, mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Prince, preparing for instant flight. "You are entirely right! Charles, my hotel is in the Rue de Brabant! I charge you, don't forget! I will go and do my duty, and dance with all the ugly old women. Would you like to be presented to a fat frau? No? Well, then, au revoir!"

"Stay a moment!" said Colonel Audley suddenly. "Do that for me, sir, will you?"

The Prince paused in the doorway, looking back with a laugh in his eyes. "What, present you to a fat frau?"

"No, to the Lady Barbara Childe." The Prince's brow shot up; a low whistle broke from Lord March; Colonel Fremantle said soliloquially: "My poor fellow, you are not yourself. Take my advice and go quietly home to bed."

Audley reddened, but only said: "I am perfectly serious. I have been trying for the past hour to get an introduction, but there's no coming near her for the crowd round her. You could present me, sir, if you would."

"Steal into the supper-room and change the tickets on the tables," suggested March flippantly.

"Don't do it, sir!" recommended Fremantle.

The Prince laughed. "But Charles, this is the road to ruin! Really, you wish it?"

"Most earnestly, sir."

"Come, then, but mind, I am not to be blamed for the consequences!"

Colonel Audley had not exaggerated the difficulty of approaching Barbara Childe. When she left the dancing-floor on the arm of her partner she became engulfed by a crowd of impatient supplicants who would scarcely give place to any under the rank of a General. All had, however, to fall back before the Prince of Orange, who led Colonel Audley up to her ladyship, and said with his appealing smile: "Lady Barbara, I want to present to you a friend of mine who desires beyond anything this introduction. Colonel Audley, Lady Barbara Childe!"

Colonel Audley bowed, and looked up to find the Lady Barbara's brilliant gaze upon him. There was

candid speculation in it, a tolerant smile just parted the lady's lips. The Colonel returned the look, smiled, and said in his pleasant voice: "How do you do?"

"How do you do," responded Barbara slowly, still looking at him.

**T**HE Colonel, finding a gloved hand held out to him, took it in his, and bent his head to kiss it. Barbara looked down at it with a little bewilderment, as though she wondered why she had extended it.

"Do please grant the Colonel one waile!" said the Prince, amusement quivering in his voice.

He moved away. The Comte de Lavisse said in English: "But how should that be possible, one asks oneself?"

"May I have the honor?" said the Colonel.

"But no!" objected the Comte. "This leads to an affair of the most sanguinary! I shall immediately send my friends to call upon you!"

"We shall all send our friends to call upon you!" declared an officer of the 1st Guards. "Audley, this is a piracy! Those wishing to dance with Lady Bab must present their credentials a full week beforehand!"

Captain Chalmers, of the 2nd, said: "Send him about his business, Bab! These Staff officers are not at all the thing. Stick to the Light Division!"

"These Light Division men, Lady Barbara," said Colonel Audley, "fancy themselves more important than the rest of the army put together. I tell you in confidence, but you know it is a fact that they brag shockingly."

"An insult!" declared Chalmers. "An insult from a Staff officer! Bah! I appeal to your sense of justice!"

Please turn to Page 22



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# LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

## UNHEALTHY OFFICES

THERE is a constant outcry about the low birth-rate of this country, but what can be expected when one considers the unhealthy conditions under which most girls work?

Wages have been increased, yet observation of many of the city's shops and offices reveals an appalling lack of fresh air, bad or insufficient lighting, noise and congestion.

It is no wonder that the modern young married woman does not want children. After several years working under the above conditions, she has neither the desire nor the energy to have them.

If the Government wishes to raise the falling birth-rate, it must see that more care is taken of the health of our working girls — potential mothers of the future.

£1 for this letter to Muriel Milton, Lorraine, 195 Avoca St., Randwick, N.S.W.

## "HELLO, DARLING"

WITHOUT wishing to belittle the modern generation, as so many are apt to do, I cannot help regretting the easy way in which endearing terms are bantered between the sexes, without the intimate tie which makes them permissible and significant.

"Love," "Honey," "Dear," "Angel," and the specially dear name of olden times, "Darling," are glibly used by boys and girls who have just the remotest acquaintance with each other. It is brushing the bloom off the sweetest of love terms, and making them common instead of precious.

I heard a married woman call several men, business associates, "Darling," in a most careless and familiar manner, as casually as one would say "Hello."

Mrs. E. Kingsnorth, Moggill Road, Taringa SWL, Qld.

## EMBARRASSING

I HAVE often wondered how many mothers have been embarrassed when travelling in trams with a child under five years of age.

My child has always been tall, and from the time he was four years old I was made to feel most uncomfortable by rude stares from ticket-collectors, who appeared to believe he was older than I said.

Could not a certificated pass be issued by the department to overcome this trouble and unpleasantness?

Mrs. C. Westbrook, 38 Belmont Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

## NO FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP means loyalty, trust, understanding and tolerance, but many of the so-called friendships of to-day are wholly lacking in these qualities.

People seem to delight in speaking disparagingly about their friends.

I think that the rush and speed of life to-day has practically killed the old ideal, and people now have no time to cultivate true friendship.

K. Toner, 19 Gregory St., Enfield, N.W.

## FOLLOW SWEDEN

AN eminent feminist tells us that in Sweden every wife can claim a portion of her husband's salary or wages as rightly and exclusively hers. Is it time some such Act were law in Australia?

With some husbands the unfortunate wife has to endure a tirade every time she is forced to ask for money for any purpose whatsoever.

Being devoid of all sense of reason and justice, such husbands will not concede the idea of a housekeeping or personal allowance, and nothing but an Act such as in the law in Sweden will rectify matters.

Mrs. D. Leyden, 43 Main Street, Randwick, N.S.W.

## Does Helpless Woman Make the Most Appeal?

MRS. JOHN RICHARDS asks whether a man likes his wife to be dependent on him. (8/1/38.)

She states that she selects the helpless, baby-doll type for a wife, and "carries the burden" all his married life.

Evidence does not show this. Looking round me, I find the capable type of girl scoring in the matrimonial market every time. A man likes his wife to look to him for protection, seek his advice, of course, but, practically-minded, he wants her capable, too. Men of to-day are too sensible "to carry a burden" all their lives.

Mrs. W. Campbell, Tyrell St., Nedlands, W.A.

## What of Marriage?

YES, I suppose a man does like a wife who is seemingly dependent and needing protection. He is flattered by her weakness; his own strength is increased in proportion.

Helpless women, I suppose, are the most successful in securing husbands. But they do not create happy marriages. After all, a man needs a true helpmate, and a weak, genuinely helpless woman will soon bore and annoy him.

J. Francis, Upper Melbourne St., Launceston, Tas.

## Flatters Masculinity

I FEAR that men do like women to be dependent upon them.

It gives most men a feeling of superiority to play the part of a protector to the helpless type of woman — providing, of course, she has looks!

Such men thoroughly deserve the dreary penalty they must pay when the first love romance has departed.

Audrey Shepherd, 14 Short St., Wayville, Adelaide.

## Helpmate Preferred

I CANNOT agree that men like women to be dependent on them.

Men, generally speaking, prefer a woman who can take her part in both work and play; who can advise and sympathise.

Of course, there are a few men who prefer the helpless type and never seem to be able to do enough for them, but these are in the minority.

Miss M. McNaught, Station St., Moulumbimby, N.S.W.

## A Man's Ideal

WHAT is every man's ideal of a wife?

I am an average working man, with the average desires, I suppose. And I most certainly would not ask a helpless, "baby-doll" type of woman to marry me.

My ideal is a woman who will be a true helpmate, intelligent, practical, and kind, who will not only want protection from me, but who will give it to me on occasion with feminine sympathy and understanding.

Geo. Fitzgerald, Molesworth St., Adelaide.

## Male Prerogative

WHY is it that helpless, dependent women often appeals more to a man than the efficient, independent woman who could better share in bearing the burdens of life?

A man is flattered by a woman's dependence on him.

It has for past ages been the man's part to protect and shield his wife from harm. Now, in these times, women have fought to be recognized as the equals of men. By doing so they have deprived man of his right as protector and provider.

Miss A. G. Williams, Kaniva, Vic.

## Public Health Must Be Safeguarded!

I TOO, have noticed the same disregard for cleanliness in restaurants. Miss Manners (8/1/38).

When one dines out one expects the utensils to be scrupulously clean. So many strangers must use the same utensils, and infection is quickly spread by the mouth.

I have several times had to ask for clean knives and forks, uncracked cups, and often the tablecloth itself is stained from a dozen previous meals.

Cleanliness is absolutely essential. Mrs. Pritchard, Swansea St., Victoria Park, W.A.

## Too Busy To Care

I QUITE agree with Zeni Manners re eating in cafes.

I once visited some people I knew, proprietors of a cafe.

The waitresses used a large dish of water for washing the cutlery. The water was hot when they commenced at midday. As each table refilled with hungry people, the cutlery had to be washed.

So the employees in their haste would just dip the article into the dish of water (which was stone cold by 1 p.m.), and dry off particles of food on the towel, which meant that the cutlery had a "dry wash."

Mrs. J. S. Anderson, 12 Douglas Flats, 100 Cowper St., Waverley, N.S.W.

## Most Places Clean

ALL cafes are not like the one visited by Zeni Manners.

I have had occasion to go "behind the scenes" in several city restaurants.

## Selfishness Pays

ALMOST from infancy one is trained to be unselfish, yet as one grows older one sees that it is the selfish man or woman who scores, while the self-sacrificing individual is used by the selfish as a springboard from which to take off in their dive for gain.

If one wants the applause and love of friends, be unselfish. If one wants wealth and attendant comforts, be selfish.

Mrs. Otto Blumbaum, 8 Lamona St., East Launceston, Tas.

auto, and have found the dishes being scrupulously cleaned in hot, soapy water, while the kitchen itself in every case was perfectly clean—much more so than is the average housewife's.

Miss Manners must have been unfortunate in her choice of a restaurant when she investigated, for I am sure that the majority of cafes are above reproach. Public eating places are forced to comply with health rules, if only by the frequent visits of health inspectors.

W. Dalton, Ferguson Avenue, Myrtle Bank, S.A.

## Chipped China

NOT only are our city restaurants careless in the matter of sterilisation, but it is deplorable the amount of cracked and chipped china given to guests in these well-patronised cafes.

I certainly agree that the health authorities should take steps to see that sterilising is properly carried out and also that all cracked and chipped china is destroyed.

Miss C. Prince, 311 Malvern Road, East Malvern SE6, Melbourne.

## Word of Comfort

I SYMPATHISE with Miss Manners' horror of the washing-up facilities in a city cafe, but perhaps I may send a word of comfort.

Recently a medical man said to me: "Have you ever realised what a wonderful disinfectant common soap is? Think of the thousands who dine regularly in city cafes. Soapy wash-up water is a strong germ-killer."

I think china and glass only carry germs if they are chipped or cracked. A. D. Blackham, 71 Radnor Street, E6, Vic.

## More Playgrounds Needed For Children

IN reply to Alan Mack, who suggests that, in order to cut down on street accidents, more playgrounds should be provided for children in congested areas (8/1/38).

I certainly agree with him, and I think, further, that playing in the streets should be made an offence punishable by law. There should be some State-organised playground scheme, with a person in authority



MORE playgrounds would mean peace for father.

to supervise and keep the hooligan element out.

Doreen Williams, Rose Street, Prospect, S.A.

## Should Be Supervised

MORE playgrounds would certainly prevent a number of street accidents, as it is not always the motorist who is to blame. Some kiddies will wait till a car is nearly up to them, and then dash across the street.

But I do think that they should either be supervised or that there should be separate ones for small children. In the excitement of a game big children can become very rough.

Mrs. M. Richards, 72 Ross St., Richmond E1, Vic.

## Some Obstacles

WHILE endorsing the crying need for playgrounds, we must not forget that very often the younger children cannot go there by themselves, and mothers are not always at liberty to take their children there.

If we cannot have gardens to every house, why not a communal plot for every dozen or so houses, where the children are free to play, and yet are not quite free from their mothers' supervision?

Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 73 Leinster St., Paddington, N.S.W.

## SILENCE GOLDEN

IN this modern age so many noises assail the ear and jar the nerves that to learn the art of quiet ways seems the last thing we trouble about.

It may surprise the younger generation to be told that in grandmamma's day children were taught that there was a right way and a wrong way of shutting the door, and were very soon reprimanded if, in the act of doing that simple duty, any unnecessary noise was made.

No doubt deportment was then carried to extremes in some households, but that was preferable to the licence to be noisy, which to-day is everywhere.

Mentors of modern youth seem never to dream of such trifles: they have to teach their charges their curriculum and ensure a "pass" or a "matric." Yet it is the little courtesies of life which can make so much difference to others, and, disregarded, can prove a positive infliction.

W. J. Bayes, 187 Invermay Rd., Launceston, Tas.

## BIRTHDAY GIFTS

A FEW weeks ago my birthday arrived, and with it a host of presents from well-meaning friends.

To them I am ever grateful. Yet, to me, birthday celebrations are not understandable. What did I do on this day to deserve these beautiful gifts? Would it not be far more suitable if all presents went to Mother to commemorate the anniversary of an occasion when she came through the crisis of child-birth satisfactorily? She deserves everything given.

However, as this means a complete change of formalities, we, ourselves, could on our birthdays give our mothers a token of appreciation of their loyalty and kindness.

H. McLean, 88 Alma Rd., East St. Kilda S2, Vic.

## YOUTH IMPROVING

RECENTLY I have been noticing the increasing popularity of intelligent conversation among young people. The light, back-chat, interspersed with Americanisms, so general a few years ago, now seems to have disappeared almost entirely.

Can it be that the frequent homilies of our elders are having some effect?

Miss Heather Johnstone, 54 Shaoebra Rd., Elsternwick S4, Vic.



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# AN INFAMOUS ARMY

Continued from Page 20

BARBARA laughed, and, laying her hand on Colonel Audley's arm, said: "Oh, the wishes of Royalty are tantamount to commands, gentlemen." She kissed her hand to her court, and walked back on to the floor with Colonel Audley.

He danced well, and she as though by instinct. Neither spoke for one or two turns, but presently Barbara raised her eyes to his face, and asked abruptly: "Why did you look at me so?"

He smiled down at her. "I don't know how I looked. I have been wanting to dance with you all the evening. Does every man say that to you?"

"Yes," she replied nonchalantly. "I was afraid it must be so. I wish I might think of something to say to you which would interest you by its novelty."

"Oh! . . . Can you not?"

"No. If I said the only thing I can think of to say you would find it abominably commonplace."

"Should I? What is it?"

"I love you," replied the Colonel. Momentary surprise, which caused her wonderful eyes to fly upwards to his again, gave place immediately to frank amusement. Her enchanting gurgle of laughter escaped her; she said: "You are wrong. The unexpected cannot be commonplace."

"Was it unexpected? I had not thought that possible."

"Certainly. At the end of a week I might expect you to say just that, but you have said it within ten minutes of making my acquaintance, and so have taken my breath away. Go on: I like to be surprised."

"That is all," said the Colonel. Again she cast him that considering glance. "You are very clever, or very simple. Which is it?"

"I haven't a notion," replied the Colonel.

"Ah! Is this strategy—from a Staff officer?"

"No, it is the truth."

"But, my friend, you are fantastic! You will next be making me an offer!"

He nodded. She saw the twinkle in his eye and responded to it. "Let us sit down. I don't care to dance any more. Who are you?"

He compelled her to continue dancing the length of the room, and then led her off the floor to the entrance doors, and through them into the first antechamber.

"My name is Charles Audley, my Army rank, Lieutenant-Colonel, my Regimental rank, Major. What else shall I tell you?"

She interrupted him. "Audley . . . Oh, I have it! You are Worth's brother. Why did the Prince present you to me?"

"Because I asked him to. That was my only strategy."

She sat down upon a couch against the wall, and with a movement of her hand invited him to take his place beside her. He did so, and after a moment she said with her odd, boyish curtness: "I think I never saw you before to-night, did I?"

"Never. I have been employed in the Peninsula, and later in Paris and Vienna. But I have a little the advantage of you. You, I daresay, had never heard of me before, but I had heard of you."

"That's horrid!" she said quickly. "Why?"

"Oh! People never say nice things about me. What have you been told?"

"That you were beautiful."

"And disastrous."

"I don't mind that, but should not you take care?"

"You are forgetting that I am a soldier, and therefore inured to risks."

She laughed. "You've a confidently ready tongue! Come, take me back into the ballroom: my reputation won't stand all this sitting about in antechambers, I can tell you."

He rose at once, but said: "I wonder why you chose to tell me that?"

She, too, was on her feet; she had to look up to meet his eyes, but only a little. "You don't like it, do you?"

"No. I don't."

"Nevertheless, it is the truth. I play fair, you see."

HE looked at her for a moment, half smiling, then raised his head, and held up a finger. "Listen! Do you know that waits they are playing? It has been the rage in Vienna. Will you dance with me again?"

A shade of admiration came into her eyes; she said appreciatively: "The deuce take it! I believe—yes, I believe that was a snub! But you must not snub me!"

He turned towards her, and took both her hands in a strong clasp. "Don't speak ill of yourself, and I won't. There!" He raised her hands one after another to his lips, and lightly kissed them. "My dance, I think, Lady Barbara?"

They went back into the ballroom; the Colonel's arm encircled that supple waist; a gloved hand lay light as a feather on his shoulder; Barbara murmured: "You waltz charmingly, Colonel."

"So do you, Lady Barbara."

She stole a mischievous glance up at his face. "That was to be expected. It is still thought a trifle fast in England, you know."

From a little distance, Georgiana

Lennox, circling round very dashingly with Lord Hay, caught sight of them, and promptly exclaimed: "Oh, how infamous!"

"Where? Who?" demanded Hay. "Over there, stupid! Don't you see? Bab Childe has seized on one of the nicest men in Brussels! Of all the wretched pieces of work! I do think she might be content with her odious Lavise, and not steal Charles Audley as well!"

"Lucky devil!" said Hay. "Sir!" said Georgiana in outraged accents. "Take me back to Mamma this instant, if you please!"

"Oh lord!" gasped Hay ruefully. "I didn't mean it, Georgy, really, I didn't!"

She allowed herself to be mollified, but remarked sagely: "You may think him lucky, but I expect Lady Worth won't."

She was quite right. From the harbor of Sir Henry Clinton's gallant arm, Judith too had perceived her brother-in-law and his partner. That the couple could waltz better than any other in the room, and were attracting some attention, afforded her not the slightest gratification. She had observed the look on Colonel Audley's face, and although she had never before seen him wear that particular expression she had not the least doubt of its significance.

Sir Henry, noticing the direction of her troubled gaze, manoeuvred that he, too, might see what had caught her eye. He said: "Your brother-in-law, is it not, Lady Worth?"

"Yes," she acknowledged. "Dances very well, I see. All the Duke's family do, of course. But he will be making enemies if he monopolises Bab Childe."

"Monopolises her?" faltered Judith. "Is not this the first time he has danced with her?"

"Oh no! He was dancing with her the last waltz. My wife tells me the young fellows form up in column for the honor of obtaining the lady's hand."

"Charles is fortunate, then," said Judith.

"If you choose to call it fortunate," said Sir Henry, giving her a somewhat shrewd look. "I don't want to see any of my staff entangled in that direction. She has a very unsettling effect, from what I can discover. One of Barnes' boys lost his head badly over her, and is now of about as much use to Barnes as my wife's little spaniel would be."

"I wonder who introduced Charles to her?"

Sir Henry laughed shortly. "I can tell you that, dear lady. The Prince of Orange did."

Judith pursued the subject no further. Sir Henry's differences with the Prince made it tactless to introduce that ebullient young gentleman's name into any conversation with his Second-in-Command.

Colonel Audley relinquished Barbara presently, and, discovering a disinclination in himself to dance with anyone else, went away in search of other amusement. This was not hard to find, for he had many friends present and was able to spend a pleasant hour wandering about the ballroom and the adjoining salons, exchanging greetings and news with his acquaintances.

Two suppers were being served at midnight, the one a select affair given by the King to his more distinguished guests; the other a less select and more informal entertainment held in an adjoining salon. The Earl and Countess of Worth were of the first party; so, too, was Colonel Audley, in his character of Aide-de-Camp. He was about to join the stream of people passing through the ballroom to the King's supper-parlor, and was standing by the entrance to one of the apartments leading out of the main antechamber, when the curtains obscuring the room behind him were thrust back, and Miss Devenish came out, almost running, her cheeks flushed, and one hand clasping to her shoulder a torn frill of lace.

So precipitate was her arrival in the antechamber that she nearly collided with Colonel Audley, and recoiled with an exclamation on her lips, and an appearance of great confusion.

Colonel Audley had turned, with a word of apology for obstructing the way. Miss Devenish, still clutching her torn frill, said in a breathless voice: "It is of no consequence. It was quite my fault. I beg your pardon—I was going in search of my aunt!"

Colonel Audley glanced from this agitated little lady towards the room from which she had fled in such haste, and took a step towards the entrance. Miss Devenish put out her hand quickly to stop him: "Oh, please!" she said. "I don't wish—I am being very stupid. So vexing! I have had the misfortune to tear my lace, and must get it pinned up."

Colonel Audley took her trembling hand in his, and held it in a comforting firm clasp. "My dear ma'am, what had happened to distress you?" he asked. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Oh, no, indeed! You are very kind, but it was nothing—really nothing at all! If I could find my aunt—it is time to be going in to supper, I believe."

Colonel Audley glanced towards the ballroom. "We will do our best to discover her, but I am afraid it will be a difficult task," he said. "Does she expect you to join her in the supper-room?"

"Oh yes! That is, nothing was said, but of course she would expect me. I was to have gone in with a—a gentleman, only . . . She broke off, blushing more furiously than ever.

"Only that perhaps the gentleman had perhaps had a trifle too much to drink, and so forgot himself," finished the Colonel in a matter-of-fact voice.

Miss Devenish gave a gasp, and looked quickly up into his face. The smile in his eyes seemed to reassure her. She said: "Yea, that was it. Oh, how singular it must appear to you! But indeed—"

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Please turn to Page 28

## IS LIVER TROUBLE GETTING YOU DOWN?

### \* BANISH DEPRESSION, LACK OF APPETITE, AND BAD COMPLEXION WITH SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

#### Here is the PROOF

Profit by the experience of men and women who have proved the merit of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts. These testimonials tell the story—typical of thousands of others.

#### The finest tonic beverage



Always fit and well, thanks to Schumann's.

"For years I was a particularly sluggish individual and wondered why each day I felt tired and lazy. I tried Schumann's Salts and since then have become a regular user. Believe me, I am full of energy and to-day can do a hard day's work and look forward to my week-end sport. Schumann's Salts is the finest tonic beverage I have ever taken."



The morning drink of Schumann's brings perfect fitness.

Lost all my depressed feelings

"For years I had a nasty, sick, depressed feeling with aches in my limbs and back. I also lost weight. A doctor diagnosed a poisoned system and prescribed medicine which had no satisfactory result. In desperation I tried Schumann's Salts. Thanks to Schumann's I am now enjoying vigorous health, and have lost all my depressed feeling."



Nothing compares with Schumann's

"For years I have tried all kinds of aperients, but find that nothing can compare with Schumann's Salts for general health purposes and for keeping the system thoroughly clean. I would recommend Schumann's anywhere."

When your liver is out of order it is impossible for you to be well. You become irritable and bad-tempered. You quarrel with your family and your friends. Work is a burden and play a misery. If the first signs of liverishness are not quickly corrected serious ills may follow. Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and other painful and crippling Uric Acid Diseases may develop. The liver is the storehouse for glucose which supplies the body with energy. Congestion of the liver impairs its action and consequently diminishes the supply of this vital energy to the tissues. The result is weariness and nervous exhaustion.

Poisons allowed to enter the blood stream because of faulty elimination are carried to the joints, muscles and tissues where uric acid crystals set up intense local pain. This self-poisoning, the result of lack of proper care of your system, undermines your health, ruins your disposition, destroys your vitality, lays the foundation of all kinds of serious ills.

#### LET THE DAILY DRINK OF SCHUMANN'S KEEP YOU FIT!

Trust nature's own remedy to banish nature's ills. Take half a teaspoonful of Schumann's Salts in a long glass of warm water first thing every morning. The gentle action of Schumann's stimulates the organs in a natural way, banishes accumulated poisons, dissolves uric acid, and clears the blood stream. You feel a new vitality, a new enthusiasm and the good-to-be-alive feeling that belongs to a perfectly healthy system.

#### THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR SCHUMANN'S SALTS.

When you want Mineral Spring Salts, ask for Schumann's and do not be sold something said to be "just as good." Schumann's is the original genuine Mineral Spring Salts, doubly refined and purified, identical in character with the mineral salts found at the famous European Spas, where thousands of people every year find relief from Constipation, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Backache, Pimples, Nervous Depression, Kidney and Liver Ailments, Uric Acid and all Stomach Disorders.

#### SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS GIVES YOU A CLEAR SYSTEM—A CLEAR MIND—AND PERFECT HEALTH & VITALITY

1/6 and 2/9 at all chemists and stores.



# SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS



### Contributors' Note

CONTRIBUTORS are advised that Real Life Stories and So They Say letters sent to this office must be accompanied by return postage, otherwise they will be destroyed.

# Real Life Stories

### Prizes for Stories

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life Stories. Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories."

## MOONLIGHT MINUET That Won POSITION on STAGE

"I literally danced my way into a job," says Mrs. Zelma Moore, Ramsgate Avenue, Bondi, N.S.W., recalling her real life experience on the stage.

She wins this week's prize of £1/1/- for the best story from real life.

I WAS in England and without funds. An Australian dancer with all her way to make in the world can find London a very lonely place indeed.

I had high hopes on arrival in the British capital of making something of a hit. Then I modified my ideas considerably. A job, any sort of job, was what I wanted, but it must be on the stage.

I danced at a few suburban charity performances, but if I was a sensation and the very spirit of the dance brought to life nobody mentioned it.

Money was getting to be a serious problem with me. I decided one morning after counting my few remaining shillings for the hundredth time that something would have to be done.

Micawber-like, I felt something was going to turn up.

### Call From Old Friend

It did, but I didn't know it at the time. Just then my landlady called me to the telephone. The caller was an Australian friend of mine married to an Englishman, and with a lovely home in Kent. I was to visit her for the week-end.

When I arrived my friend told me that one of the guests was a producer of West End dancing shows.

I was absolutely forbidden to talk "shop" to him on any account.

My friend was very firm about this. She needn't have worried: the producer didn't know I existed.

Dispirited, I wandered out on to the lawn. It was moonlight. I slipped off my shoes and began to dance. I felt very alone, and my dancing was always company. Suddenly I heard a voice from the terrace: "You'd dance that much better if you didn't fall over so much."

It was the producer. He had been watching me, and he enjoyed himself thoroughly when I tripped on the uneven grass. Yes, I got a job in his next show. I toured the Provinces with his company, and left only to be married. I still laugh at the way I danced



I BEGAN to dance on the lawn in the moonlight, thinking I was alone.

my way into that job with my moonlight minuet on the lawn of my friend's home.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Zelma Moore, Ramsgate Avenue, Bondi, N.S.W.

### Saved by Dog

WHEN I was a child of three, my family lived on a river frontage. One day some members of the family had been fishing.

Some twenty-five blackfish had been the result of their catch, and these had been placed in a large tub of water at our back door.

While playing with the fish in the tub I suddenly lost my balance and fell in.

An old dog, the family's pet, saw the accident, and commenced to bark loudly.

Mother, being busy inside, did not hurry out, never dreaming what the cause of the barking was.

In desperation the dog grabbed part of my clothes and was in the act of hauling me out when mother arrived on the scene.

5/- to Miss C. Coney, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

## For you — Pond's creams with the active "Skin-Vitamin"



LADY ELIZABETH MURRAY:

"I have had wonderful results in three weeks."

### Pond's "Skin Vitamin" Creams Give Your Skin a Fresher Look

Now—Pond's Creams contain a certain vitamin found in many foods—the "skin-vitamin."

When you eat foods containing this vitamin, one of its special functions is to help keep skin tissue healthy. And when this vitamin is applied right to skin, it aids the skin more directly.

First doctors found this out. Then Pond's found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams. Now, everyone can have it.

POND'S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths for powder. Put it in briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blemishes, smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."

POND'S VANISHING CREAM—Removes roughness, smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."

And remember, Pond's Creams cost no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, as well as large and small jars for your dressing-table.

Lady Elizabeth Murray says: "I have been using the new Pond's Creams containing the 'Skin-Vitamin,' and the results, in just three weeks, are more wonderful than I thought possible for a face cream. My skin is much smoother. The pores are finer, lines have vanished, and my colour is fresh and lovely."



Here you see microscopic section of skin treated with Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Without the "skin-vitamin" this section of skin was harsh, dry and old looking. Now, with the "skin-vitamin," dried-up, flattened cells are rounded out, the oil glands healthy.

### Launch Fire Ordeal

WE were terribly thrilled as we stepped into our cousin's new motor-boat. He had just finished pouring petrol into the tank and had left the petrol tin uncorked.

Stepping into the boat I accidentally knocked the tin over, spreading petrol everywhere. "Just like a girl," grinned Harry, my cousin, as he stooped to wipe it up.

Soon we were speeding across the bay. All went well until suddenly Harry brought the boat to a sharp halt.

I turned round quickly and was horrified to see billows of smoke rising slowly from the engine.

In spite of Harry's efforts to soak up the petrol a spark from the engine had evidently reached it.

My cousin tore feverishly at his shirt and waved frantically in the hope of attracting the attention of the people on the shore.

They had, however, already realised our plight, and while Harry threw water vigorously over the flames people dashed to our rescue in rowing boats. Eventually we succeeded in putting the flames out as the boats reached us.

Willing hands helped us onto another boat and very soon we were on the shore none the worse for our adventure.

5/- to Sheila Parry, 20 May Street, Hampton St. Vic.

### The Telegram

I WAS eighteen, and a resident student at college. One week-end I was summoned home, as a near relative was thought to be dying; and I departed on my sad errand, with much sympathy from the girls and staff.

Grandma rallied, and I returned to college, much the worse for the strain. Asking to be excused, I retired, my head aching badly. Scarcely had I settled when soft footsteps approached, and a subdued voice murmured, "May I come in, dear?"

Before opening the ominous-looking telegram she held, she bathed my brow in toilet vinegar, breathing preliminary words of sympathy.

Then, opening the envelope, she said: "Shall I read it for you?"

Tears were now flowing copiously, but—no sad message was read. Instead, the lady said: "Later, if you wish, I shall translate this for you!"

That telegram, couched in terms of affection, but disguised in Latin, from an admirer, gave me something to live down in that college among those bright young things, believe me.

5/- to Mrs. L. Howarth, School House, Tempe, N.S.W.

### Havoc Of Cyclone

MY most unenviable experience occurred recently when our home was wrecked during a heavy wind and rain storm.

Thinking quickly I reasoned I'd be safest in a doorway with a beam above my head as protection from falling iron.

It was not until the blow was over and I was able to go outside and see the pile of fallen bricks and twisted iron that I fully realised how lucky I had been to have escaped injury or, perhaps, death.

5/- to Mrs. A. Ehaman, Sapphire, via Inverell, N.S.W.

### Sailing Trip in Early Days

IN September of the year 1883, my parents, with their six children, left Plymouth in a sailing ship for Australia. It was an interesting adventure, of which I never tired.

The sailors told us of sea-monsters and wrecks, and taught us sea-chanteys. The birds, fishes, and wondrous beauty of the sunsets made the voyage one of endless delight.

One morning, when nearing the equator, there was a cry of "Ship ahoy." We hurried on deck and saw a ship flying distress signals. Coming closer, a boat was lowered with officer and crew, who went to investigate.

It proved to be a coal-laden German barque from Newcastle, which had sprung a leak. The crew were in a state of exhaustion, having been pumping for several days, and our captain gave orders to "stand by until the morning."

A passenger started to sing, and all on board took up the chorus: "I'll stand by you till the morning, I've come to save you. Do not fear," with marvellous effect. All was excitement next morning as our boats put off for the ship, returning laden with livestock, food, the captain and crew.

Some of the sailors had drunk too freely of the rum on board, and had become quarrelsome, and one burly sailor had stabbed another. As they were helped on deck, one hopelessly drunk was put in irons, and the other led fainting to the doctor's surgery. The incident left a deep impression on my mind, which I shall never forget.

5/- to Mrs. L. Hobson, 255 Bentinck St., Bathurst, N.S.W.



### FREE! Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams.

Mail this coupon to-day with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel), Light Cream, Rose Cream (Natural), Natural (Light Natural), Rose Brunette, Dark Brunette (Suzanne). POND'S DEPT. X10, Box 13117, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name .....

Address .....





FOUNDATION OF TASMANIA AND THE BIRTH OF HOBART, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1804.  
 COL. DAVID COLLINS' expedition (from Port Phillip, Victoria) landing and forming the first permanent settlement at Sullivan's Cove, from H.M. Brig LADY NELSON and the ship OCEAN. The rocky foreshore of Hunter's Island is in the foreground, and Mount Wellington in the distance. Painting by John Alcott.





FOUNDING OF QUEENSLAND AND BIRTH OF BRISBANE (THEN EDINGLASSIE), JANUARY, 1825.

Painting by John Alcott.

The busy camp on the Brisbane River about three weeks after the transfer from Redcliff, from which has grown the City of Brisbane and State of Queensland. LIEUT. H. MILLAR (40th Regiment) and SUPT. PETER SPICES are depicted in charge of convicts engaged building temporary huts for the stores and soldiers. The present QUEEN'S WHARF is below the soldiers' tents on the extreme left, and is the site of the first landing place. Victoria Bridge now spans the river below the hut on the left.



# GHOSTS of GLAMIS CASTLE

*Bearded Giant Who  
Haunted Secret Room*  
VISITORS' EERIE EXPERIENCES

Glamis Castle, Scottish home of Queen Elizabeth, and birthplace of Princess Margaret Rose, is rich in ghost stories. The eerie happenings related here are from the Halifax Ghost Book, a collection put together by the father of the present Lord Halifax, Lord Privy Seal. This series is being published exclusively by The Australian Women's Weekly.

By LORD HALIFAX

THE following story was given to the late Lord Halifax by Mrs. MacLagan, wife of a former Archbishop of York. Miss Virginia Gabriel, to whom the story refers, was a composer of songs and music.

In 1870 we met Miss Virginia Gabriel, fresh from a long visit to Glamis, and full of the mysteries of the mysterious and gloomy castle scene of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and rich in tales of history.

At the time the chapel had been cleaned and rededicated with great solemnity, and the gossip was that the ghosts were endeavoring to terrify Claude (Lord Strathmore) and his family from making the castle their home.

I will try to write down all that Virginia told us, much of which was afterwards confirmed by Lady Strathmore.

Referring to the secret room, Lord Strathmore said to his wife: "My dearest, you know how often we have joked over the secret room and the family mystery. I have been into the room. I have heard the secret. And if you wish to please me you will never mention the subject to me again."

Lady Strathmore was too good a wife not to obey, but she talked freely to other people, and her mother, old Mrs. Oswald Smith, was one of the chief propagators of stories which, of course, lost nothing in the telling. Claude made a good many alterations and improvements at the castle, one being a staircase from the lower hall to the crypt, as it was called, to the chapel, which had previously been accessible only through the great drawing-room.

One day, when the family were in London, a man working in, I think, the chapel came upon a door opening up a long passage.

## Secret Passage

HE went some way down it; then became alarmed and went back and told the clerk of the works. Immediately all the work was stopped and the head man telegraphed to Claude in London, and to Mr. Dundas, the lawyer, in Edinburgh.

Both arrived by the earliest possible train and subjected the workman to a severe examination as to what he had or had not seen, the end of it being that he and his family were subsidised and induced to emigrate.

It is unquestionable that for many years after the revelation of the secret Claude was quite a changed man, silent and moody, with an anxious, scared look on his face.

So evident was the effect on him that his son, Glamis, when he came of age in 1876, absolutely refused to be enlightened.

Miss Gabriel told us a wonderful tale of the first house-warming—a dance in the new dining-room in November, 1869. They had all been very merry, and dancing went on until the small hours.

The three sets of rooms on the clock landing were occupied by the Strathmores (Lady Strathmore's sister), Mr. and Lady F. Trevelyan (Lord Strathmore's sister), and Mr. and Mrs. Monro, from Lindertis.

The latter were in the red room, their little boy sleeping in the dressing-room, the outer door of which was rather stiff and difficult to open.

In the middle of the night, Mrs. Monro awoke with a sensation as though someone was bending over her; indeed, I have heard that she felt a beard brush her face.

The nightlight having gone out, she called her husband to get up and find



LADY STRATHMORE, who tells of seeing the ghost of Glamis.

the matches. In the pale glimmer of the winter moon she saw a figure pass into the dressing-room. Creeping to the end of the bed she felt for and found the matchbox and struck a light, calling out loudly, "Cam, Cam. I've found the matches."

To her surprise she saw that he had not moved from her side. Very sleepily, he grumbled, "What are you bothering about?"

At that moment they heard a shriek of terror from the child in the dressing-room.

Rushing in, they found him in great alarm, declaring that he had seen a giant.

They took him into their own room, and while they were quieting him off to sleep they heard a fearful crash as though a heavy piece of furniture had fallen. At that moment the big clock struck four.

Nothing more happened, and the next morning Mr. Monro extracted a reluctant promise from his wife to say nothing about her fright, as the subject was known to be distasteful to their host.

However, when breakfast was half over, Fanny Trevelyan came down, yawning, and rubbing her eyes, and complaining of a disturbed night.

She always slept with a nightlight and had her little dog with her on her bed. The dog, she said, had awakened her by howling. The nightlight had gone out, and while she and her husband were hunting for matches they heard a tremendous crash, followed by the clock striking four. They were so frightened they could not sleep again.

## Story Came Out

OF course, this was too much for Mrs. Monro, who burst out with her story.

No explanation was offered, and the three couples agreed on the following night to watch in their respective rooms. Nothing was seen, but they all heard the same loud crash and rushed out on to the landing.

As they stood there with scared faces the clock again struck four. That was all! and the noise was not heard again.

We did not go to Glamis that year,



GLAMIS CASTLE, said to be the setting of Shakespeare's tragedy, "Macbeth." Its gloomy, forbidding exterior and secret rooms and hidden crypts have caused many ghost legends to grow up around it.

but with our heads full of all these wonderful tales paid a visit to Tully-allan Castle, a large and comfortable modern house.

It was inhabited by a most cheerful old couple, Lord and Lady William Osborne, and there was nothing about it to suggest a ghost. On the night of September 28 I dreamed I was sleeping in the blue room at Glamis, which Addy and I occupied during our memorable and delightful visit in 1862.

The dressing-room has a well-known trapdoor and a secret staircase leading to a corner of the drawing-room. I dreamed that I was in the park watching some horses when I heard the gong sound for dinner, and rushed upstairs in a great hurry, begging the others not to wait for me.

In the passage I met the housemaid coming out of the blue dressing-room with her arms full of rusty bits of iron which she held out to me.

"Where did you find those?" I asked. She replied that in cleaning the grate she had seen a stone with a ring in it which she had rubbed, and in the hollow space below had found these pieces of iron.

I said, "I will take them down with me. His lordship likes to see everything that is found in the castle."

As I opened the door of the blue room the thought crossed my mind: "They say the ghost always appears if anything is found. I wonder if he will come to me."

I went in and there, seated in the armchair by the fire, I saw a huge figure of a man with a very long beard and an enormous stomach, which rose and fell with his breathing.

I shook all over with terror, but

A year or two afterwards Mrs. Wingfield, a daughter of Lord Castletown, met my brother Eric at a water party, and began asking him about my dream.

She had had an odd experience of her own which unfortunately I can only relate secondhand, as I have never had the opportunity of meeting her.

So far as I could make out she was staying at Glamis for the first time during the same week, if not on the very same day, that we went to Tully-allan.

She was occupying the blue room, but had heard none of the stories about Earl Beattie and his crew of ghosts. Earl Beattie is said to haunt the crypt of Glamis where he was murdered for cheating at cards.

She went to bed with her usual nightlight, which was so bright that she read by it before going to sleep.

During the night she awoke with the feeling that someone was in the room, and, sitting up in bed, she saw, seated in front of the fire, a huge old man with a long, flowing beard.

He turned his head and gazed fixedly at her, and then she saw that although his beard rose and fell as he breathed the face was that of a dead man.

She was not particularly alarmed, but unfortunately made no attempt to enter into conversation with her visitor. After a few minutes he faded away and she went to sleep again.

Some years later my mother insisted on my relating to Lady Strathmore just what I have written here.

When I came to the date Lady Strathmore gave a start, and, turning to Fanny Trevelyan, said, "Oh, that is too odd."

## At the Stroke of Four

walked to the fireplace and sat down on the coalbox staring at the ghost.

Although he was breathing heavily I saw clearly that it was the face of a dead man.

The silence was unendurable, and at last I held up the pieces of rusty iron, saying, "Look what I have found"—an untruth, for the housemaid was the finder.

Then the ghost, heaving a deep sigh, said, "Yes, you have lifted a great weight off me. Those irons have been weighing me down ever since."

"Ever since when?" I asked eagerly, forgetting my alarm in my curiosity.

"Ever since 1486," replied the ghost. At that moment, to my great relief, I heard a knock at my door.

"That is Caroline" (my maid), I thought, "coming to dress me. I wonder if she will see this dreadful creature."

"Come in," I called, and woke up.

It was Caroline opening my shutters, and the sun was streaming cheerfully into the room. I sat up in bed and found that my nightgown was quite wet with perspiration.

I said, "Surely that isn't the right date?" I thought it was fifteen hundred and something.

"No," she answered, "it was in 1486, nearly 400 years ago."

After 1870 we went to Glamis every year, nearly always spending my mother's birthday there.

St. Michael was the patron saint of the chapel, people pretending that when it was rededicated he had been chosen for the purpose of keeping away evil spirits.

I generally had a most ghastly little room, King Malcolm's chamber, but never slept there, for my mother was so afraid of waking in the night and felt so nervous when she was alone that at Glamis I always slept with her.

WE never saw or heard anything, and eager believers in the ghosts affirmed that this was because we had Lyon blood, and the ghosts never appeared to any of the family.

My mother's grandmother, Lady Anne Simpson, who was a Lyon, tried hard to see something, and I often found her in her room with her face

pressed against the window pane, straining her eyes for a glimpse of the White Lady, a most harmless apparition, who is supposed to flit about the avenue.

One year on our arrival we found the whole house in great excitement, as the White Lady had been seen by Lady Strathmore, her nieces and Lady Glasgow, from different windows at the same moment.

One more tale, related to me by old Dr. Nicholson, the Dean of Brechin, I must put down.

He said that once, when he was staying at Glamis, he had gone to bed in the room half-way up the winding stair. The door was locked, but he saw a tall figure enter, draped in a long, dark coat, fastened at the throat with a clasp. Neither spoke, and the figure disappeared in the wall.

The Bishop of Brechin, Dr. Forbes, who was also staying in the castle, was very incredulous about this apparition, and teased his friend by saying: "Now, Mr. Dean, we all know you are the most persevering beggar in Scotland. I am sure you brought out your collecting book and laid the ghost by asking him for a subscription."

## Mysterious Visit

NEXT night, to the delight of Dr. Nicholson, the Provost of Perth, who had joined the party, said he had had a similar mysterious visit the last time he slept in that room.

Unquestionably there is something strange about the place. The chaplain told me that he felt this most and more the longer he lived there, while the factor, Mr. Ralston, a dry, shrewd, hard-headed Scotsman, after he had been initiated into the secret, could never be induced to sleep in the castle.

One winter evening, when he had come up for the theatricals, a sudden snowstorm came on, and the road back to his home appeared impassable.

However, he resolutely refused to spend the night on a sofa and insisted on rousing the gardeners and stablemen to dig out a path to his house, nearly a mile off, outside the park.

Many years afterwards, in September, 1912, I visited Glamis with my daughter, Dora, for the first time after Claude's death.

His son has no objection to talking about the ghost. He and his wife were much interested in my dream and gave me to give them a copy of my account of it.

Lady Strathmore told me that of her first visit to Glamis after her marriage she and her husband occupied the blue room.

During the night she dreamed that she saw a big man gazing at her from the other side of the bed; only he was thin, not fat like my ghost.

She woke in a great fright and roused her husband, but, of course, there was nothing there.

Two of her children, Rose, the second girl, and David, the youngest boy, often see shadowy figures flitting about the castle.



# She Falls Through the Air With the Greatest of Ease



JEAN BURNS, Australia's only girl parachutist, is here seen getting ready for a practice fall from a plane. Her next public appearances will be at the Hamilton (Vic.) aerial pageant on January 29 and Australia's 150th Anniversary Celebrations in Sydney, to be followed possibly by visits to other States.



SHE TRIES her hand at the movie camera that will record her fall from the clouds.



HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE. The hardest part is to climb out onto the ladder with the heavy parachute. Once on the ladder, Jean steadies herself with one hand while holding the other ready to pull the ripcord after she has jumped and counted three. Here she is about to make the dive.



A FACE WITHOUT FEAR. Close-up study of Jean Burns. She hails from Victoria, and says she wants to make a profession of parachute jumping. An overseas flight is another ambition.

## Girl wants Plane so does "Cloud Tumbles" to buy it

Miss Jean Burns, Australia's first girl parachutist, who made history with two descents recently from planes at Essendon Aerodrome, Melbourne, will again tumble from the clouds on January 29 at the Hamilton (Vic.) aerial pageant.

SHE is determined to make parachute descents at all kinds of galas in an attempt to finance the purchase of an aeroplane, and hopes to appear at the 150th Anniversary Celebrations in Sydney, and later at galas in other States.

She is 17, and wants to make a profession of parachute-jumping.

Risk is the spice of life to this pretty, diminutive Melbourne girl, who recently became the first Australian-born woman to make a parachute jump in Australia when she stepped from an aeroplane 3500 feet above Essendon Aerodrome, and made a perfect landing.

"My object in parachute-jumping is to make enough money that way to buy myself an aeroplane for an overseas flight," she told The Australian Women's Weekly, "but it will take some time."

"It will not be a record-breaking effort—just a leisurely flight, and I intend doing it alone."

"I wrote to the Civil Aviation Department a year ago, asking permission to make a descent, but I was only 16 then. They refused, but as soon as they consented later I got Felix Mueller to bring out his parachutes and show me what to do."

"The hardest part was climbing out onto the ladder. The side is so high, and I am so small. But once on the ladder I was all right."

"I dropped head first, and the first thing I felt after that was a jolt when the parachute opened."

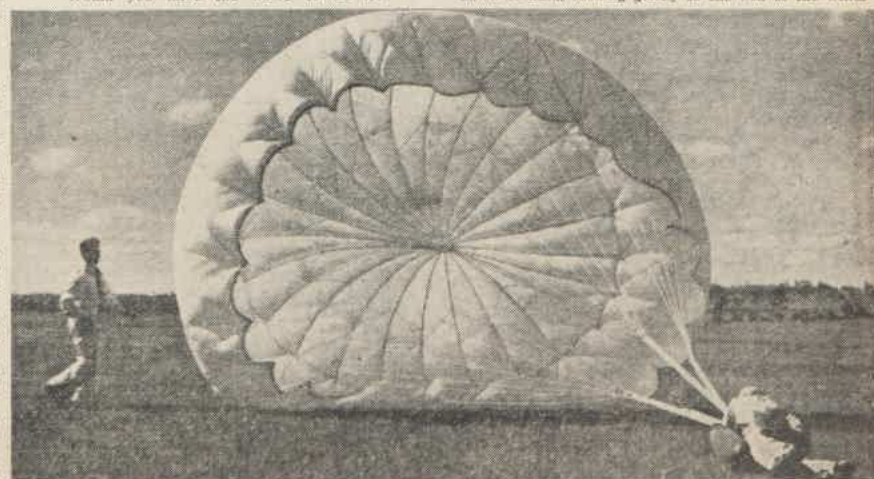
"I am supposed to count three slowly to get clear of the plane, then pull the ripcord."

"Actually, I don't remember doing any of this, but I must have done it subconsciously."

"After the first jolt, it was just like floating on cotton-wool, and was the most marvellous experience I have ever had."

OFF INTO SPACE . . . falling . . . falling . . . falling . . . then Jean pulls the ripcord that unfurls the parachute and lowers her to a safe landing. Would you have the nerve to do it?

ANOTHER ACTUAL photograph of Jean on the way down to land, rocking gently to the will of the wind.



SHE LANDS and has to collapse the parachute canopy quickly by a deft tug at the lines to avoid being dragged along the ground. Good luck Jean, but we'll stick to our housekeeping and typewriters.



# AN INFAMOUS ARMY

Continued from Page 22

"It doesn't appear in the least singular to me," he interrupted. "But your lace! That is a more serious matter. If you had a pin—or even two pins—in your reticule, and could trust to my bungling fingers, I believe I could set it to rights."

The fright had by this time quite died out of her eyes. A smile quivered on her lips. She replied: "I have a pin—two pins—but are you sure you can?"

"No," said the Colonel. "But I am sure I can try. Give me your pins."

She glanced round, but they were alone in the ante-chamber. "Thank you: you are very obliging!" she said, and opened her reticule.

The pins once discovered, it was a matter of a minute or two only before the frills were in place again. Miss Devenish was quite astonished by the Colonel's dexterity. "I made sure you would prick me at least!" she said merrily. "But I am quite in your debt! Thank you!"

He offered his arm. "May I take you to your aunt, if we can find her?"

"Oh—I should be very happy; but am I not trespassing on your time?"

"How should you be? Perhaps your aunt may be waiting for you in the ballroom."

No trace, however, of Mrs. Fisher was to be found there, nor was she discovered in the corridor leading to the second supper-room.

"I am afraid there is nothing for it but for you to accept me in place of your other supper partner," said the Colonel. "Your aunt must have gone in already, and from what I have seen of the crowd there you will be lucky indeed if you contrive to find her. Shall we go in?"

She looked doubtfully at him. "But are you sure you are not expected in the other room? I thought—someone told me—that nearly all the Staff officers were invited, and you are one, are you not?"

"I am, but no one will care a button whether I sup in the other room or not, I assure you," replied the Colonel. "It will be very dull, if I know these State functions."

"Will it?"



## MEN THOUGHT HER LOVELY—BUT . . . .

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"Oh, I give you my word: It will last an interminable time, and a great many people will make interminable speeches. I should infinitely prefer to sup with you."

Miss Devenish smiled. "I shall be very happy to go with you," she said. "Indeed, I think I should feel wretchedly lost by myself. There are so many people!"

They fell in with the slow-moving stream of guests, and presently found themselves in a large, brilliantly-lit room set out with any number of tables, and already bewilderingly full of people. As they paused within the room, looking about them for a couple of vacant places, Miss Devenish exclaimed: "Oh, there she is!" and started towards a table near the door, at which was seated a stout, good-humored-looking lady in purple sari and a turban.

"There you are, my love!" said Mrs. Fisher. "I came in early to be sure of obtaining a good place. Well, and are you enjoying yourself? For my part I find the rooms very hot, but I dare say young people don't notice such things. You had better sit down while you may. I assure you I have been quite put to it to keep these seats for you."

Miss Devenish turned to Colonel Audley. "Thank you so much! You need not miss your engagement in the other room after all, you see."

Mrs. Fisher, having favored the Colonel with a sleepy yet shrewd scrutiny, interposed to invite him most hospitably to join her at the table. "I would not go into the other room if I were you," she told him. "I dare say they will be making speeches for as much as a couple of hours."

"Just what I have been saying to your niece, ma'am," he replied, pulling out a chair for Miss Devenish.

As he did so a hand smote him on the shoulder. "Hallo, Charles! How are you? What are you doing here? I thought you were supping in state! Judith and Worth are."

THE Colonel turned. "Hallo, Perry!" he said, shaking hands. "How do you do, Lady Tavernier? Yes, I ought to be in the other room, but I missed Worth, and so came here instead. Are you staying long in Brussels? Do you like it?"

"Oh, pretty fair! Evening, ma'am—evening, Miss Devenish. Look, Harriet, there's Dawson waving to us: he has secured a table. Charles, are you staying with Worth? Oh, then, I shall see you!"

He passed on, and the Colonel turned back to Miss Devenish to find her staring at him in the liveliest surprise. He could not help laughing. "But what have I done? What have I said?" he asked.

"Oh! nothing, of course! But I had no idea you were Colonel Audley until Sir Peregrine spoke to you. Lady Worth is such a particular friend of mine!"

Mrs. Fisher interposed to say in rather a bewildered voice: "My love, what is all this? Surely you have been introduced!"

"No," admitted Miss Devenish. "I came upon Colonel Audley quite by accident."

"But we were as good as introduced, ma'am," said the Colonel, "for distinctly remember my sister telling me that she would present me to Miss Devenish. But just then the King and Queen arrived, and the opportunity was lost."

Mrs. Fisher smiled indulgently, but remarked that she had never known her niece to be so scatterbrained.

A couple of hours later Lady Worth, coming back into the ballroom on her husband's arm, was dumbfounded by the sight of Colonel Audley waiting with Miss Devenish.

"Oh, so you contrived it, did you?" said Worth, also observing this circumstance.

"I did no such thing!" replied Judith. "In fact, I had quite made up my mind it would be useless to present him to poor Lucy, straight from Bab Childe's clutches! But was there ever such a provoking man? Not but what I am very glad to see him with Lucy. Even you will admit that that would be preferable to an entanglement with Lady Barbara! I wonder who introduced him to her?"

She was soon to learn from the lady herself in what manner the Colonel had become acquainted with Miss Devenish, for Lucy joined her presently, and confided the story to her sympathetic ear.

"Very disagreeable for you," said Judith. "I am glad Charles was at hand to be of assistance."

"He was so very kind! But I am afraid you must have been wonder-

ing what had become of him. Was it very wrong of me to let him have supper with us?"

Judith started. "So that was where he was! To be sure, I could not see him at any of the tables, but there was such a crowd I might easily miss him. I make no doubt he had a much more agreeable time of it with you."

"We had a very cozy party," replied Miss Devenish. "If only my aunt had not found the heat so oppressive! Colonel Audley has such pleasant, open manners that he makes one feel one has known him all one's life."

Lady Worth agreed to it, and had the satisfaction, during their drive home, of hearing Colonel Audley comment favorably on Miss Devenish. "A very charming, unaffected girl," he said.

"I am glad you were able to be of service to her."

"Pinning up her lace? No very great matter," replied the Colonel.

"I understood she had a disagreeable adventure; some young man (she would not tell me his name) was ungentlemanly enough to force his attentions upon her, surely?"

"Oh, I had nothing to do with that!" said the Colonel. "He was probably in his cups, and meant no serious harm."

"She is unfortunately situated in having an aunt too indolent to

"I did," replied the Earl somewhat grimly.

He looked at her, smiling, and took her chin in his hand. "You are an ever-constant source of delight to me, my love. Did you know?" he said, kissing her.

Judith returned this embrace with great readiness, but asked: "Why? Have I said something silly?"

"Very silly," Worth assured her tenderly.

"How horrid you are! Tell me at once!"

"My adorable simpleton. Charles induced no less a personage than the Prince of Orange to present him to the most striking woman in the room, seized not one, but two waitresses which I have not the least doubt were bespoken days ago by less fortunate suitors, and comes away at the end of the evening with apparently not one word to say of a lady whom even you will admit to be of quite extraordinary beauty."

"Oh!" she said. "Is that a bad sign, do you think?"

"The worst!" he answered.

SHE was shaken, but said stoutly: "Well, I don't believe it. Charles has great good sense. I am perfectly at ease."

Had she been privileged to observe Colonel Audley's actions not very many hours later her faith in his



ENGLISH GIRL'S HINDU WEDDING CEREMONY IN LONDON. The bride, Miss Eva Goodspeed, was married to Krishna Dutta Kumria, in accordance with the strict orthodox Hindu rites. The bride was also converted to Hinduism and she has been given the name of Lellavati, which means Lady of Playful Grace. The bride is seen pouring oil on to the sandalwood fire to keep it alight while the priest (right) and bridegroom put oilseed, dillseed, incense and various precious ingredients on to the fire.

chaperon her as she should, and an uncle whose birth and manners cannot add to her consequence. The fact of her being an heiress makes her very generally sought-after."

"An enviable position!" said the Colonel.

"Ah, you do not know! But I was an heiress myself, and I can tell you it was sometimes a very unenviable position."

Worth said with a note of amusement in his voice: "My position was certainly so, but that you experienced anything but the most profound enjoyment comes as news to me."

She was betrayed into a laugh, but said: "Well, perhaps I did enjoy teasing you at least, but recollect that I was never a shy creature like Lucy."

"I recollect that perfectly," said the Earl.

"Is Miss Devenish shy? I did not find her so," said the Colonel. "Shy girls are the devil, for they won't talk, and have such a habit of blushing that one is forever thinking one has said something shocking. I found Miss Devenish perfectly conversable."

Judith was satisfied. The Colonel, though ready to discuss the fete, had apparently forgotten Barbara Childe's existence. Not one word of admiration for her crossed his lips; her name was not mentioned.

"Julian, what a merry! I don't believe he can have liked her after all!" confided her ladyship later, in the privacy of her own bedroom. "Indeed, I might have trusted to his excellent good sense. Did you notice that he did not once speak of her?"

moment or two the grey kept abreast, but the pace was too swift for her to hold. The mare pulled ahead, flashed on up the avenue, was checked just short of the bridge, and reached it, dancing on her hoofs and snatching a little at the bit.

Barbara came up like a thunder-bolt, and reined in, panting. "Oh, by Heavens! Three lengths!" she called out. "What do I lose?"

The Colonel leaned forward in the saddle to pat the Doll's neck. Under the brim of his low-cocked hat his eyes laughed into Barbara's. "I wish it might be your heart!"

"My dear sir, don't you know I haven't one? Come now! In all seriousness?"

He looked at her thoughtfully. She had had the audacity to cram over her flaming curls a hat like an English officer's forage cap. She wore it at a raffish angle, the leathern peak almost obscuring the vision of one merry eye. Her habit was severely plain, with no more than two rows of silver buttons adorning it, but the cravat round her throat was deeply edged with lace, its ends thrust through a buttonhole.

"ONE of your gloves," said the Colonel, and held out his hand.

She pulled it off at once, and tossed it to him. He caught it, and tucked it into the breast of his coat.

She wheeled her mount, and prepared to retrace her steps. The Colonel fell in beside her at a walking pace.

"Do you collect gloves, Colonel?"

"I have not up till now," he replied. "But a glove is a satisfactory keepsake, you know. Something of the wearer always remains with it."

"Let me tell you that a gallant man would have let me win!" she said, with a touch of raillery.

He turned his head. "Are you really in general so spoilt?"

"Of course! I'm Bab Childe!" she replied, opening her eyes at him.

"And challenged me to a race in the expectation of being permitted to win?"

Please turn to Page 30



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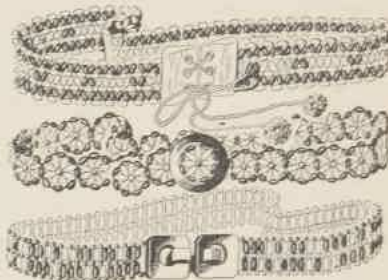
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*Art Jewellery, Ground Floor*



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Blowettes, Ground Floor



# AN INFAMOUS ARMY

Continued from Page 28

HER mouth lifted a little at the corners; the one eye he could see glinted provocatively. "What do you think?"

"I think you are too good a sportsman, Lady Barbara."

"Am I?" I wonder?" Her gaze flitted to the Doll; she said appreciatively: "I like a man to be a judge of horseflesh. What's her breeding?"

"I haven't a notion," replied the Colonel. "To tell you the truth, she is out of my brother's stable."

"I thought I knew her. But this is abominable! How was I to guess you would steal one of Worth's horses? I consider you to have won almost by a trick! She's the devil to go, isn't she? Does he know you have her out?"

"Not yet," admitted the Colonel. "My dependence is all on his being still too delighted to having me restored to him to object."

She laughed. "You deserve to be thrown out of doors! I believe that to be the mare he habitually rides himself!"

"Oh, it won't come to that!" said the Colonel. "I shall implore my sister-in-law's intercession. That is a nice fellow you have there."

She passed her hand over the grey's neck. "Yes, this is Coup de Grace. We are in the same case, only that while you stole your lady I have been lent this gentleman."

"Whom does he belong to?" asked the Colonel, running an eye over his points. "He may have a French name, but I'll swear he's of English breeding."

"Captain de Lavisse bought him in England last year," she replied with one of her sidelong looks.

"Did he?" said the Colonel. "Captain de Lavisse—is he the man who was standing beside you last night, when I first met you?"

"I don't recollect, but it is very probable. He is in the 5th National Militia; Count Bylandt's brigade, stationed somewhere near Nivelles—Buzet, I think. He has estates north of Ghent and a truly delightful house in the Rue d'Arenberg, here in Brussels."

"A gentleman of consequence, evidently."

"Fabulously rich!" said Barbara with an ecstatic sigh, and touching

the grey's flank with her heel went ahead with a brisk trot.

He rode after; both horses broke into a canter, and their riders covered some distance under the limes without speaking. Barbara presently turned her head and asked bluntly: "Did you ride this way, and at this hour, to meet me?"

"Yes, of course."

She looked a little amused. "How did you know I rode here before breakfast?"

"Something you said last night gave me the clue, and I discovered the rest."

"The deuce you did! I had thought very few people knew of this habit of mine. Don't betray me, if you please, I don't want an escort."

"Shall I go?" inquired the Colonel with uplifted brows.

She reined in again to a walk. "No. You have had the luck to encounter me in a charming mood, which is not a thing that happens every day of the week. I warn you, I have the most damnable temper, and it is generally at its worst before breakfast."

"Oh, that is capital!" declared the Colonel. "You show me how I can be of real service to you. I will engage to be here to quarrel with you any morning you may wish for a sparring partner."

"I think," she said quite seriously, "that you would not make a good sparring partner. You would spare me too much."

"Not I!"

She did not answer. A solitary horseman, cantering down the avenue towards them, had caught her attention. As he drew nearer, she turned to the Colonel with one of her wicked looks, and said: "You are about to meet the Captain Count de Lavisse. Shall you like that?"

He is quite charming!"

"Then obviously I shall," he answered. "But I thought you said he was stationed at Nivelles?"

"Oh, he has leave, I suppose!" she said carelessly.

The Captain Count, very smart in a blue uniform with a scarlet and white collar, and a broad-topped

shako, set at an angle on his handsome head, drew rein before them, and saluted with a flourish. "Well met, Bab! Your servant, mon Colonel!"

The Colonel just touched his hat in acknowledgment of this magnificent salute, but the lady blew a kiss from the tips of her fingers. "Let me make you known to each other," she offered.

The Count flung up a hand. "Unnecessary! We have met already, and there is between us an unpaid score. I accuse you of volerie, Colonel, and demand instant reparation!"

"Your waltzes, were they?" said the Colonel. "My sympathy is unbounded, believe me, but what can I do? The Duke is devilish down on duelling, or I should be happy to oblige. You will have to accept my profound apologies."

"This is dissimulation of the most base! I am assured that you would serve me again the same tour—if you could!" said the Count gaily. His eyes rested for an instant on Barbara's ungloved right hand. He made no comment, but there was a gleam of understanding in the glance he flashed at the Colonel.

He wheeled his horse, and fell in beside Barbara. Across her, he addressed Colonel Audley: "Your first visit to Brussels?"

"No; I was here last year for a short space. A delightful town, Count."

The Count bowed. "A compliment indeed—from one who has known Vienna! Our endeavors must be united to preserve it from the Corsican marauder."

"YOUR endeavors may be," remarked Barbara, "but I have met some who wish quite otherwise."

He stiffened. "Persons of no consequence, I assure you!"

"By no means!"

"Madame, when the time comes you shall see how the suspected Belgians shall comport themselves!" He threw a somewhat darkling look at Colonel Audley, and added: "Rest

assured, we are aware what malveil-

lants reports have been spread of us in England, and by whom! Is it not so, mon Colonel? Have you not been warned that our sympathies are with Bonaparte, that we are, in effect, indigne de confiance?"

The Colonel responded with easy tact, but lost no time in turning the conversation into less dangerous channels. A civil interchange was maintained throughout the remainder of the ride, but the Lady Barbara, suddenly capricious, was silent. Only when they arrived at Vidal's house in the Rue Ducale did she seem to recover from her mood of abstraction. She gave the Colonel her hand then, and the shadow of a tantalising smile. "Do you really care to quarrel with me, Colonel?"

"Above all things!"

"You have not met my brother and his wife, I think? They are holding a soiree here to-morrow evening. It will be confoundingly boring, but come!"

"Thank you; I shall not fail."

A few minutes later, Barbara dropped into a chair at her brother's breakfast-table, and tossed her forage cap on to another. Vidal said peevishly: "I suppose you have been making yourself remarkable. If you choose to ride out before breakfast, you may for all I care, but I wish you would not go unescorted!"

"No such thing! I was escorted—I was doubly escorted! Tell me all you know of Charles Audley, Robert."

"I don't know anything of him. How should I?"

"A younger son, with no prospects," said Augusta trenchantly.

"But with such charm of manner, Gustie!"

"I daresay."

"And such delightful smiling eyes!"

"Good heavens, Bab, what is all this?"

"Oh, I have had the most enchanting morning!" Barbara sighed. "They rode on either side of me, Etienne, and this new suitor of mine, and how they disliked one another! I have invited Charles Audley to your party, by the way."

"Oh, very well! But what is the matter with you? What is there in all this to put you in such spirits?"

"I have lost my heart—to a younger son!"

"Now you are being absurd. You will be tired of him in a week," said Augusta with a shrug.

FROM the Rue Ducale, with its houses facing the Park and backing on to the ramparts of the town, to Worth's residence off the Rue de Belle Vue, was not far. Colonel Audley arrived in good time for breakfast, laughed off his sister-in-law's demand to know what could have possessed him to ride out so early after a late night, listened meekly to some pithy comments from his brother on his appropriation of the Doll, swallowed his breakfast and made off on foot to the Duke of Wellington's Headquarters in the Rue Royale. This

broad street lay on the opposite side of the Park to the Rue Ducale, its houses overlooking it. Two of these made up the British Headquarters, but the Guard posted outside consisted merely of Belgian gendarmes, the Duke, whose tact in handling foreigners rarely deserted him, having professed himself perfectly satisfied with such an arrangement.

The Duke, when Colonel Audley arrived, was closeted with the Prince of Orange, who had brought with him a welter of reports, letters for his grace from Lord Bathurst, the English Secretary for War, and his own instructions from the British Commander-in-Chief, his Royal Highness the Duke of York. Colonel Audley, learning of this circumstance from Lord March, whom he met in the hall, ran upstairs to a large apartment on the first floor overlooking the Park, where he found two of his fellow aides-de-camp, in curiously informal attire, kicking their heels.

A stranger, unaware of the Duke of Wellington's indifference to the manner in which his officers chose to dress themselves, might have found it difficult to believe that either of the two gentlemen in the outer office could be an aide-de-camp on duty. Fremantle, lounging in a chair with his legs thrust out before him, was certainly wearing a frock-coat, but had no rash; while Colonel the Honorable Sir Alexander Gordon, who was seated in the window, engaged in waving to acquaintances passing in the street below, was frankly civilian in appearance, his frock coat being (he said) quite unfit for further service.

Fremantle was looking harrassed, but Gordon's sunny temper seemed to be unimpaired.

"In the immortal words of our colleague, Colin Campbell," he was saying, as Colonel Audley strolled in, "Je voudrais, si je pouvais mais je ne puis pas!"

"Don't be so darned cheerful!" begged Fremantle. His jaundiced eye alighted on Colonel Audley's immaculate Staff dress. "Lord, aren't we military this morning!" he remarked. "That ought to please the Beau; we have had one snap already about officers presenting themselves for duty in improper dress."

"Oh!" said Audley. "Crusty, is he?"

"Yes, and he'll be worse by the time he's done with all Siender Billy's lists and requisitions and morning-states," replied Fremantle, with a jerk of his head towards the door leading to the Duke's office.

Gordon, who was looking down into the street, announced: "Here comes old Lowe. I wonder whether he's realised yet that the Duke doesn't like being told how he ought to equip his army? Someone ought to drop him a hint."

"Fidgety old fool!" said Fremantle. "There'll be an explosion if he cites the Prussians to the Beau again. I'm glad I'm not going to Ghent."

Continued Next Week



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# Intimate Jottings by Caroline.

## Did You Know—

That the Mayoral Reception at the Town Hall this Wednesday will be very much in the grand manner and will be the first occasion on which the new Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (Ald. and Mrs. Norman Nock) will entertain in their civic capacity?

That Lady Barracough is staying with Mrs. Lang Campbell while her husband, Sir Henry Barracough, is in Adelaide?

## Anniversary Doings

WE'LL all need our running shoes this week. From daylight to daylight the young, and not-so-young but strong, will dash from one Anniversary celebration to another. The Palm Beach Surf Life-Saving Club gave the first kick off to the doings at their jolly dance at the Pacific Club on Saturday.

With lashings of gold braid, clanking swords, and so on, the visiting Governors will be entertained at a dinner party at Admiralty House this Tuesday. The visiting warships are due, and officers will be entertained at cocktail parties given by their respective countrymen. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Lyons arrive from Canberra and everything is set and ready for the balloon to go up.

## News from Oxford

FROM Mrs. Leonore Marshall I heard interesting news of her nephew, Seymour Bourke, grandson of Sir Ian Hamilton, and also of Lady Seymour, of Belmore Castle, County Galway, Ireland.

Seymour is an undergrad of Christ Church, Oxford, and became quite pally with Robert Taylor during the shooting of "A Yank at Oxford," in which he has a part. Seymour would make a very good "stand-in" as he, too, is extremely handsome.

Mrs. Marshall likes our climate so much that she has made her home in Sydney for the past nine years.

Colonel and Mrs. Cecil Granville have moved from Pomeroy, Potts Point, and are settling their choicest bits and pieces in their new flat at Waratah House.

## Series of Mishaps

OUR English visitors, the Marchioness of Sligo, Helen Maclean, and Olive Miles, will have good cause to remember the series of mishaps that attended their first motor trip to Sydney's beauty spots. After the first accident the party separated. Lady Gowrie and two of the guests returned to town, while Olive Miles transferred to Mervyn Finlay's car to see more of the scenery.

This car was damaged by a falling rock and a third car sent from Sydney developed engine trouble. It took a fourth car to bring Olive back to G.H. in the early hours of the morning.

## Going to London

NO more calls to far suburbs in the middle of the night for Dr. Dan Thompson. He has sold his practice at Neutral Bay, and, with his wife and young daughter, Lyndall, is off to London to specialise in dermatology.

Of course, Mrs. Thompson is highly delighted at the thought of lots of travel and good times ahead. The family are all at Terrigal at the moment, but will have a few weeks at some city caravanserai until their sailing date in March.

## Behind the Scenes

MOST interesting was the peep behind the scenes I had of the Pageant of Nationhood, which will wend its colorful way through the city this Wednesday.

In a huge room in the old electricity buildings, Claude Fleming, producer, and petite Thelma Thomas, designer of costumes, put the 1888 float through its paces.

Efficient organisation was noticeable at every turn. In giving instructions, Thelma even told the participants in the procession the exact make-up to use, when and where meals were to be had, and how to protect themselves from sunburn.

## Popular Terrigal

A PLEASANT mixture of rural simplicity and sophistication makes Terrigal such a popular resort at this season of the year. The Doug Levys have just come back to town again. They just loved their holiday. Mrs. Ken Mackay also enthused about her Terrigal holiday, and contemplates better and longer stays there in summers to come.

The Stokes-Hughes family are among the "regulars," and Mrs. George Beresford Grant is to be seen taking her sealyham for an airing during suntan hours.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Parker and their family of five are on holidays at Boweral. Their delightful home is conveniently placed near the golf links.



## Likes the East

LIEUTENANT - COMMANDER and Mrs. Ben Bryant are flattening at Double Bay since their return from Jervis Bay. This popular couple are up to their eyes in farewell parties as they sail for England this Thursday. The Bryants expect their next post to be somewhere out East, and Mrs. B., who likes the tropics, is quite happy about the prospect.

## Fairy-like Frocks

FAIRY-LIKE frocks of pastel - shaded tulle were worn by the five pretty bridesmaids who attended Mrs. Mick Fairfax—she was Sue Stogdale—on her wedding day. They were a perfect foil for the pearl-tinted Patou model of satin chosen by the bride.

It was a very grand occasion and the celebrations did not end with the reception at Elizabeth Bay House. Vincent Fairfax, the groom's cousin, finished up the evening by acting host to a large party including Mr. and Mrs. John Fairfax, the Peter Moores, the bridesmaids and attendant gallants at Romano's.

## Scouts will Celebrate

ALREADY the Boy Scouts are making preparations for their big gesture to commemorate the 150th Anniversary Celebrations.

Their Fleur-de-Lis Pageant will take place at the Town Hall on March 15 and 16, and very entrancing it should be.

The pageant follows this emblem of international peace through the ages from the time of the Pharaohs, in a series of 18 episodes. Nine hundred scouts will be in the vast cast, and lady cub-masters will fill the feminine roles.

## Plans for Furlough

I DO hope that Harry Piper will not change his mind about coming to Australia for part of his long leave next year. Harry is married to a lovely Sydney-sider, formerly Edna Sly, a member of the well-known legal family, but has not yet seen his wife's home city. Harry is an Englishman who has spent most of his life rubber-planting in Malaya.

Edna's daughter by her first marriage, Patricia Cooper, is studying to be a doctor in London. Pat is by way of being an heiress, as well as being a very brainy young person.

Arriving in town this week is Mrs. George Main, of Retreat, Illabo. She will assist her husband, Chairman of the Australian Jockey Club, in entertaining during the Anniversary Meeting at Randwick.

## Versatile Stationmaster

IT was lucky for the Poynter girls and Captain Percy Blacker, A.D.C., that the stationmaster at Capertee was such an adept at first aid. After their car accident encountered while returning from a week-end party at the home of Sir Frederick and Lady McMaster, at Dalkeith, the travellers had their bruises and abrasions bandaged by the stationmaster, and made comfortable for the night.

Percy, with wrist still in splints, is at present staying at the Wentworth Hotel, and Jocelyn and Shirley are recovering from their shaking at Turramurra.

## Success for Soprano

HOW nice it is to hear of the continued success of Marjorie Neeld, Sydney soprano, who made a splendid impression when she sang the leading role in "Rigoletto" in the Fuller Opera Company.

Marjorie, or Magda, as she is now known in U.S.A. and England, is co-starring with Binnie Hale in London's Prince of Wales Theatre.

Judging by her recent photographs, Magda, always extremely good-looking, has developed into a striking beauty, and is definitely very soignée.

## I Like—

The Mexican beach hat worn by Mrs. George Beresford Grant. It is trimmed with all sorts of little bits and pieces of ribbons and colored straw, and has a wide brim rolled at the edge.



MISS JOCELYN JOSEPHSON, a smart member of young society who will be present at most of the 150th Anniversary Celebration functions. She will leave with her mother, Mrs. M. S. Atwill, Mr. Atwill, and their sons, Alan and John, for an indefinite stay abroad at the end of March, in the Oracles.

—Australian Women's Weekly photo.



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## BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES Winners Were Just as Hard to Pick 150 Years Ago

By BETTY GEE

You know this 150th Anniversary business has caused me to make a little research into the old days of racing.

I've found out some very interesting things. One of them is that winners were just as hard to pick 150 years ago.

*The First Fleeters must have loved horses all right, because they weren't in this country long before racing was in full swing.*

THEY didn't forget the ladies, either, at those old-time carnivals.

At the first race meeting at Hyde Park it wasn't all horses of the cavalry regiments. No, there were foot events for men and women, and actually a race for serving wenches.

The prize was "a neatly-worked woman's shift, presented by Mrs. Greenaway, hostess of the Hyde Park Tavern, worth 3 shillings."

The "Colonial Gazette" didn't record the name of the winner, but tells how 14 buxom wenches, and comely to boot, lined up at the start, but a quarrel broke out midway and ended in fist-cuffs, and one fair-haired wench, disdaining the chance of a free-for-all fight, went on alone and won by a mighty great space.

All this is true, I was told it by my great-great-grandfather, who was present at the first race meeting in Hyde Park in 1810.

Hyde Park was situated then just where it is now, and the race-track was formed by fatigues from the 73rd

Regiment round the outside in almost a square instead of a circle, but it suited the times.

The winning-post was at a spot where St. James Underground Station has now settled itself, at the end of Market Street.

Wouldn't the shop-lasses get a shock nowadays if one morning they saw a field of redcoats thundering down the lawns to the winning line, slap in front of the station?

I suppose phantoms still race up and down there even now, if we had eyes to see them.

What joy and revelry there'll be among them this very night.

Captain Ritchie's grey gelding Chase won the first Plate of 50 guineas at the first Hyde Park meeting in 1810.

They had funny ideas about racing in those days. They were run in heats, and Chase had to win two of those heats and a final to get the trophy. It was over two miles, too.

Fancy asking our modern, spindleg-legged fragiles to run six miles in a single afternoon!

They would collapse when they read the acceptances, before even saddling up.

The ladies of the colony weren't backward in coming forward at sports in those great days.

They subscribed a 50gns. cup, called The Ladies' Cup, for horses of all ages owned by the subscribers, meaning the members.

### Strange Names

That dashing, handsome blood, Capt. Ritchie, won this, too, and did he bow elegantly when Mrs. Macquarie presented the trophy with these remarks:—

"In the name of the ladies of New South Wales I have the pleasure to present you with this cup. Give me leave to congratulate you on being the successful candidate for it, and hope that it is a prelude to future success and lasting prosperity."

There was some robust originality in the naming of horses of the day.

Take a look through these results. Tipsey was second in the Ladies' Cup, and Tickle Toby third.

Strawberry won the Magistrate's Plate, and Col. O'Connell's Pickles a Purse.

And whom do you think won the "Silver bowl, cover, and ladie, together with a fashionable saddle"? Why, old Styboots, belonging to Sam Cribb. Don't you remember even those recent events?

Mulberry was a succulent bet for the Subscribers' Plate, but nobody could have missed Mr. Kirtins' Creeping Jane for the Publicans' Purse after seeing her run the rabbit so often. Obviously here was a misnomer. Jane didn't always creep.

Yes, they were great days, my dear. I'm certain sure we'll never see their like again.

Well, my dears, after we go through the landing all over again we can get back to our racing.

If the blacks are not too bad, a person might get ashore in time to reach Randwick for the Anniversary Races.

What about you having a gig there to meet me with a couple of smart, spanking trotters, and we'd be in time for the first.

We old-timers like watching hurdle races, and the blacks have been sending up smoke signals all day that Silky Oak's a good thing for it.

They've been touting the gallops, the knaves!



"THEY WERE great days, my dear. I'm sure we'll never see their like again."

Our commander, Capt. Cook, says there's a great-great-grandson of his called Willie Cook. He thinks, who's riding what he declares to be "an unbeatable certainty, sir," in the big race of the day, the Anniversary Handicap. He is called Tuckerbox, and the funny part of it all is that already they've put up a monument to this horse some two or three leagues from a place called Gundagai, so they must be pretty certain it's going to win.

Naturally, there's a race for the lady horses, three-year-old fillies, to wit, worth a thousand gold pieces, mark you.

Bob Mead is getting ready to win it with The Jilt, and that's the right thing to do to the bookmakers on a ladies' race, isn't it? But Geo. Young says he has a filly who isn't likely to cave in easily, and he ought to know something about good horses of either sex, because he rode Gloaming, whom Grandpapa describes as the best horse of this century.

We've had a tip on the Endeavor for Bradford in the Phillip Handicap.

But there's a Head Steward here (we don't call them waiters on ship-board, you know) who says that Drouthy is a sitter for the Novice Handicap.

Well, I hope he's right, otherwise it will be the rope's end for him, the varlet.

Later you will be journeying to Rosehill, mayhap. Then keep a few shillings by you for Joan Darling. It's a skittlesome filly and it will win the Flying, I think.

## AUSTRALIA DECLARES WAR!

Don't be alarmed. This isn't a war with another nation. But it is a war with something which can be just as crippling.

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# 'MID Palaces THEY PLAY!



A GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILD of Queen Victoria, Princess Margaretha, of Sweden.



PRINCE EDWARD and Princess Alexandra, children of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.



DAUGHTERS of the Crown Prince and Princess of Norway.

## New Generation of Royal Children Growing Up in Europe

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in Europe.

A new generation of Royal children is growing in Europe's palaces. The expected arrival of an heir to the Dutch throne emphasises the important part these children may play some day in the world's affairs.

Princess Juliana, of Holland, and her husband, Prince Bernhard, were reported to be hoping for twins.

"I AM going to have a dozen children, and sooner or later I shall have a boy," Princess Juliana said a few days ago.

It is the first time Royal parents have been so outspoken about the matter of heirs.

The very human family anxiety of the Royal Dutch House distracts attention from the worried monarchs

and statesmen of Europe with its recurring international crises and rumors of war to the happier side of life in Europe's Royal palaces—the nurseries.

Five babies—three boys and two girls—who may some day be ruling monarchs have been born in the Royal houses of Europe in the past year. Eldest of them is Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, born on Christmas Day, 1935.

Another Princess, Digmata, second daughter of Prince Gustav Adolf and Princess Sibylla of Sweden, arrived in a snow-covered world just a year ago.

Prince Harald of Norway and Prince Victor Emmanuel of Italy were both born in February, and Prince Simeon, heir to the throne, provided a three-day holiday for the people of Bulgaria when he arrived on June 16.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA and her brother, Prince Edward, are being brought up on a modified Truby King system. Spending most of their time in the open air, the Prince has his meals out-of-doors while his baby sister lies kicking in her pram closely guarded by their large Aboitan dog.

Whenever possible, the Duke and Duchess have tea with their children, the Duchess attending herself to her small son's needs.

Edward is walking firmly now, and Alexandra is learning. Both in their country home in Buckinghamshire and town houses in Belgrave Square the children have separate night nurseries.

### Happy Augury

PRINCE SIMEON'S birth caused wild jubilation in Sofia. He arrived after six weeks' anxiety about his pretty mother's health.

At 5.30 a.m. when he was born a salute of guns was fired, the Bulgarians began three days' festival, and when he was only fifteen days old he was photographed so that a special stamp could be printed to commemorate the birth of the heir to the throne.

One of his most devoted nurses is his little sister, Marie-Louise, who is nearly five. When she is a little older she will begin her education, with a French, an Italian, and an English governess installed at the palace.

Prince Simeon's birth should be a happy augury for Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard. Princess Juliana announced on the wireless the fact that there would be an heir to the Dutch throne on the same day that Prince Simeon arrived.

The Queen of Italy became a grandmother twice within three months. Prince Simeon's mother, Queen Joanna, is her daughter, and Prince Victor Emmanuel's father, the Crown Prince of Italy, is her son.

All Italy heard Victor Emmanuel's voice when he was only a few months old.

His christening, at which he was given eleven names, was broadcast to the nation.

The black-eyed Italian Prince has a pretty sister, Maria Pia, aged four. They live at Naples, brought up very simply and naturally, at the Royal palace overlooking the harbor.

Two of the loveliest of the baby royalties are the little daughters of Prince Gustav Adolf and Princess Sibylla of Sweden. Princess Margaretha, who is nearly four years old, came to London with her mother just

after the Coronation and witnessed many impressive functions.

She met Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, and learned a few English words. Then she returned to Sweden to be present at the jubilee celebrations for King Gustav. Their great-grandfather, despite his advanced age, is the most beloved playmate of Margaretha and baby Digmata.

Probably the most important of all the Royal babies, from a family point of view, is Prince Harald.

### Elizabeth's Cousin

HE is the first Royal prince born in Norway for hundreds of years. As his grandmother, Queen Maude, is a sister of the late King George, he is therefore a cousin of England's little Princesses.

Besides his adoring mother, Princess Maertha, he has two little sisters to look after him—Princess Ragnhild, aged eight, and Princess Astrid, aged six. The most democratic of all the European Royal families, the little Princesses may shortly be attending a school instead of being educated at home.

They live at a beautiful country

estate near Oslo and lead a vigorous life, playing all kinds of sport, especially ski-ing. All the three children are fair-haired and blue-eyed.

There is a hint of tragedy in the dark eyes of little ten-year-old Prince Tomislav, heir presumptive to the throne of Yugoslavia, whose father was assassinated in France.

Tomislav is now separated from his closest playmate, his brother Peter, who remains in Belgrade as King, while Tomislav is a pupil at Sandroyd School, in Surrey. Besides the usual school lessons, Tomislav is learning to play the piano and shows exceptional promise.

A tragic little family is growing up at Laeken, in Belgium—the three children of King Leopold and his beautiful wife, Queen Astrid, who lost her life in a car accident two years ago.

They are living with their grandmother, Queen Elizabeth, whose personality makes her the perfect companion and guide for young children. Prince Baudouin, heir to the throne, is eight years old.

A spirited little boy with shining brown eyes, he is very alert and intelligent, and his dearest hobby is gardening. His older and younger sisters are his constant companions.

The presence of tiny children in the palaces often gives a human touch to ceremonious occasions.

Little Princess Maria of Italy is very fond of her grandfather, the King. She has been told that whenever she approaches him she must curtsy.

But she is always so exuberant when she sees him that she rushes up to him with arms outstretched, generally remembering her duty at the last minute.

"Ooh, my curtsy," she says, and bows down in an eleven-hour attempt to retrieve her dignity.

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and quality of the B.S.A. Players. The New Year brings many further outstanding stars to their personnel.

But the popularity and success of this all-Australian venture in providing pro-



THREE OUTSTANDING symbolic figures who will be seen in the Pageant of Nationhood on Wednesday—Miss Astrea Anthony, representing Peace; Miss Beth McKay—New South Wales; Miss Doreen Fahey as Pearl, one of the figures symbolising Australia's wealth.

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grammes not only for Australia, but for the English-speaking world, does not mean that 2GB listeners will not continue to hear the best of American transcriptions.

Already programmed to commence on January 31 is "One Girl in a Million," a story with a tremendous appeal to all classes of listeners, particularly the womenfolk, which has been one of the most successful programmes broadcast in America during 1937. It has been heard from coast to coast creating extraordinary interest.

The title, while strictly appropriate, reveals one of those peculiar trends in nomenclature which seems to be sweeping the entertainment world.

"One Girl in a Million" is a simple story of Sally May, a winsome little

This feature will be broadcast from 2GB four nights a week at 7.30.

And just to prove that this is no mere isolated instance of the trend in numerical nomenclature, 2GB announces that during the year it will present "Lady of Millions," a programme which will have great interest for Australian listeners for it features no less an artist than that great Australian-born actress, May Robson, who has achieved a remarkable feat in being starred in talkies and radio at the age of 76.

The opening date for "Lady of Millions" has not been decided as yet, but in the meantime listeners will find delightful entertainment in "One Girl in a Million."

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cabaret entertainer who has won the love of Don Whitehall, gay young son of a millionaire whom Sally believes up till after her marriage to be a lad down on his luck.

It raises the old question of whether a girl should marry a man in order to reform him, for not only has Sally May a grim fight to make against the opposition of Don's mother, Mrs. Whitehall, and his ex-fiancee, Lilla De Witt, society debutante, but she has also to fight the playboy tendencies of her husband and establish him in the profession in which he was first interested.

It is a simple enough story, sprinkled with gay romance, drama, tears, and action, and there are few girls, and, indeed, men, who will not side with Sally May in her fight for the right to happiness.



# What Women Are Doing

## Airwoman For Films

MISS PAULINE NEWBURY, formerly of New South Wales, who has paid a very fleeting visit to Sydney, will sail in the Ackaroa on February 28 on a return trip to London.

Miss Newbury learnt flying at the Stag Lane School at the same time as Jean Batten. Since then Miss Newbury has appeared in the role of an airwoman for Elstree Films. She is also a keen motorist and has covered 25,000 miles while touring both islands of New Zealand.

## Favorite Pastimes are Flying and Motor-racing

THE Hon. Elizabeth May, daughter of Lord May, of Weybridge, England, at present holidaying in N.S.W., is a competent airwoman, having flown solo all over England and Scotland. She holds her A certificate, which entitles her to use all types of machines for private use and to carry private passengers.

She is also a keen motorist, and races both motor cars and boats. Five years ago she won an outboard motor race from London to Antwerp and back, in a dinghy.

On a former world tour Miss May travelled right through India in her own car, and is convinced that this is the best way of seeing any country. While in N.S.W., where she is to stay some time at a cattle station near the Queensland border, she hopes to do some car-driving.

Later she will go to New Zealand and probably the Fiji Islands.

## Trained Social Worker From U.S.A.

MISS ZELLA RYAN, a trained social worker from the United States, on a holiday visit to Australia, and New Zealand, has been in Sydney.

She is a graduate of the California University, where she majored in psychology. On taking her degree she was attached as psychologist to a mental clinic in New York.

During the depression she engaged in social work in San Diego with the State Emergency Relief Association and with the Works Progress Association.

The visitors, as the social workers were called, because their work was to interview applicants for relief in their homes, were all paid workers. They had to work out a budget of how much each applicant should receive in direct relief. For a family of two this would be about \$6/12/- a month.

## Chaperon to Canadian Girl Athletes

CHAPERON to 22 attractive girl members of the Canadian Empire Games team, which arrived in Sydney last week to take part in the 150th Anniversary Celebrations, Miss Ann Clark is keenly interested in women's sport. She is president of the Canadian Women's Amateur Athletic Federation, an office she has held for two years in succession. Previously she was honorary national secretary for four years and is still honorary secretary for athletics in British Columbia, and has served on committees for Empire and Olympic Games.

Miss Clark spends much of her spare time mountaineering and skiing. She says that much emphasis is placed on health in women's athletics in Canada. Each member of the Federation is issued with an amateur card. This card is only issued after the girl has passed a medical examination, which enables the Federation to state whether she is more suited to track or field athletics.

"It is amazing the results we have achieved by this co-operation with national health organisations," Miss Clark said. "In the past six years we have had no trouble with our girls in the matter of overstrain."

## Doctorate of Dental Science

MISS ANNIE PRAED, the first woman to obtain a licence in dental surgery and to graduate as a Bachelor of Dental Science at the University of Sydney, added to her honors when she was admitted to the Doctorate of Dental Science at the Great Hall, University of Sydney, on January 17.

Dr. Praed has fulfilled all the conditions prescribed for the admission to the Doctorate of Dental Science. Her thesis, entitled "The Problem of Excessively Resorbed Alveolar Ridge," was considered by the Faculty of Dentistry to be an original contribution adding to the knowledge and understanding of dental science.

## To Plead For Native Rights

MRS. M. M. BENNETT, of West Australia, recently spent a few days in Adelaide en route to Sydney, where she will attend the Day of Mourning which has been arranged by the natives of New South Wales as their contribution to Sydney's 150th birthday.

Mrs. Bennett has devoted the last thirty years to the problems of the Australian native, and when in Sydney she will make a strong plea on their behalf for equal service, equal status and equal rights. Mrs. Bennett spent her early life on her father's station in Queensland. At present she is engaged in educating aboriginal children at the St. Margaret Native Mission in West Australia. In the course of long experience Mrs. Bennett has found that the alert mentality of the average native child is really amazing, and the practice of cheating is quite unknown. Mrs. Bennett strongly advocates the introduction of a woman representative to the board of Commonwealth and State aboriginal authorities.

## Returned After Two Years' Study in Paris

AFTER obtaining her degree of Licence des Lettres at the Sorbonne, Miss Nancy Taggart returned to her home in Sydney last week. She spent two years in Paris studying French literature and art, with vacations in Italy, Germany and Switzerland. Miss Taggart, who is a B.A. of the University of Sydney, plans to take up work under the Department of Education.

## Has Her Own Electrical Business

SINCE 1922 Miss Cooke, of Melbourne, has had her own electrical business and has been an electrical specialist. She does electrical repairs to all heating elements, and her workroom is full of irons, kettles, hot water jugs, radiators, and even stoves, waiting to be repaired.

Miss Cooke is very businesslike and brisk. She began as a milliner, but when she discovered that milliners might work as hard as men, but could not hope to earn anything like the same amount of money, she decided to learn a man's job.

She had a natural aptitude for electrical work, which she began at home. Then she worked for her brother for a time before opening her own business.

## Woman M.L.A. to Take Part in Celebrations

AMONG the many interesting visitors to Sydney for the celebrations is Mrs. Clarence Weber, Victoria's first member of Parliament, who was elected last year for Munnawadding.

She will stay most of the time with her brother, Mr. G. Flishe, at Narrabeen Lakes, but, as she is tremendously interested in all youth movements, arranged to go into camp at Thornleigh on January 28 to attend the Australian Council of Youth Conference.

At the International Conference of Women she will talk on women in politics, and hopes to remain to take part in the parliamentary sports from February 14 to 21.

A keen tennis player, she also played cricket for many years, but at the sports doesn't intend to restrict her activities to these two, and will try her hand at everything.

## Spent Eight Years Farming in France

A LIFE of widely varied experiences has been the lot of Madame N. Philippoff, who arrived in Australia recently to join her husband, who preceded her by nearly a year. When a girl, during the revolution in Russia, Madame Philippoff walked 2000 miles, "because there were no trains," and finally made her escape. Then she became a student in Edinburgh and graduated a Bachelor of Science.

She gained practical experience during the eight years she spent farming in France.

## Staff Changes in Y.W.C.A. Throughout Australia

DURING February and March many changes in the staff of the various branches of the Y.W.C.A. throughout Australia will take place.

A new addition to the staff in Melbourne will be Miss Alma Hartshorn, and Miss Carruthers, also of Melbourne, who has been Travelling Activities Secretary for 1937, will now be Secretary for Training.

Miss J. Morey, general secretary of Geelong branch, will go to Sydney to take charge of the girls' work department, as successor to Miss M. Williams, who is going to Europe for a holiday. Miss D. Rae, who has been associated with Melbourne, will succeed Miss Morey at Geelong.

Miss D. Powell will take over club work in Brisbane, and her duties with the Sydney senior clubs will now be carried out by Miss M. Godlee.

Miss A. E. Maud, of the Toowoomba Association, will have to take over Miss Archer's work in the Perth Association.

Through the McKay trust, the Y.W.C.A. supports a caravan to travel round the scattered clubs in Toowoomba district, and Miss Archer is to have charge of these clubs.

## Worker for Girl Guides and Kindergarten

"WHEN you see the great improvement in a baby after being cared for by the nurses at the Creche and Kindergarten, you feel like continuing the work," said Mrs. P. Pashen, president of the Valley Creche and Kindergarten in Brisbane.

The average attendance at the Valley is thirty children a day, so the work is evidently appreciated by the working mothers. Mrs. Pashen has been president for a number of years, and thoroughly enjoys the work.

Girl Guides, too, occupy her time. She has for several years been president of the local association of the Coopers-Greenoughs branch of the Girl Guides. When money has to be raised and problems have to be faced the captain and companies look to the committee for assistance. This they receive. After a very strenuous year Mrs. Pashen is looking forward to a rest while her committees are in recess.

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## Financier and Owner of Nine Farms

FINANCIER and owner of nine farms in Saskatchewan, Canada, Mrs. Clara Bell Gibson has arrived in Sydney on her third visit to Australia, where she has many friends. Mrs. Gibson is a familiar figure on the wheat exchange of Yorktown, her home town, as she controls all the dealings in grain from her farms herself.

But although Mrs. Gibson has achieved success as a financier she does not consider it a suitable occupation for women, as she thinks the strain too great. She would never have dabbled in finance, she says, if she had not had the farms left to her so that she had to carry on.

Mrs. Gibson makes regular visits to her farms to supervise their management whenever she is in Saskatchewan.

## Campaigning in the Cause of World Peace

PROCLAIMED by the American Press as a dynamic force, Mrs. Preston Stanley Vaughan, of Sydney, has recently been conducting a whirlwind campaign in America on behalf of the British-American Cooperation for closer co-ordination between the British Empire and the U.S.A. against world war.

Mrs. Vaughan has addressed audiences of many thousands at men's breakfast meetings, general conventions, boards of education, and clubs throughout America. Her chief mission is to bring the power of British and American women to bear upon National Legislatures in order to link together the destiny of peace-loving English-speaking peoples, especially in relation to Far Eastern problems.

## Teaching Under Exchange System in New Zealand

MISS KITTY EDWARDS has arrived in New Zealand to teach under the League of Empire Exchange system for a year.

She will be in Dunedin for the first three months and in Auckland for the remaining nine months.

New Zealand only allows six exchange teachers there every year, and Miss Edwards waited two years for this chance.

Prior to sailing she was teaching at an infants' school in Ealing, London.

She trained at Brighton College, attached to the Reading University, and obtained her teacher's certificate after two years.

## Girls' Club Has Many Activities

MISS DORA SCHLENCKER, of Brisbane, founded the Girls' Club of the Brighton Road Congregational Church two years ago. Since then interest in the club has grown, and now members are most active. Meetings are held weekly at which the girls make garments which are sent to the Creche and Kindergarten at Fortitude Valley.

However, it is not all work and no play for members. They have social, dramatic, and literary evenings, and recently enjoyed a day's hike. Their latest effort was to arrange a party for about 25 little children belonging to the City Mission. This was so successful that Miss Schlencker intends to make it an annual affair.

## Eisteddfod Competition Winner Repeats Success

THE only singing competitions Miss Margaret Fox, of Brisbane, has ever entered, she has won. Last year she had her first success when she won the first prize for sacred solo at the Kurilpa Eisteddfod, and again this year she met with a similar experience. She is a contralto.

In her early childhood she showed distinct talent for the piano, and before she gave it up for singing she passed some very important pianoforte examinations.

Miss Fox is a contralto.

Miss Fox is a contralto.

## Affectionately Remembered By Former Pupils

MANY Sydney matrons will recall the days when they studied elocution under Mrs. Nellie Martel, who, 30 years ago, was a very popular teacher of that art in Sydney.

In a recent letter, Mrs. Martel mentions having bought a beautiful house at 18 Landbrooke Gardens, W11, London, and spends much of her time in working for a nearby church, giving entertainments for the choir and so forth.

Although so many years have elapsed since Mrs. Martel left Sydney, a proof of her popularity is the fact that even now she receives letters from some of her former pupils.

## Here's a Remedy for GASTRITIS FIRST DOSE BRINGS RELIEF

Pain, constant pain, gripping pain that doubles you up in sheer agony. You are paying the penalty of neglecting slight indigestion. Your stomach has turned sour. Acidity is causing those terrible gripping pains. The stomach lining is being attacked, eaten into. You will become a chronic dyspeptic unless you do something immediately.

Get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the finest, quick-action remedy for digestive disorders. Relief comes from the very first dose. De Witt's Antacid Powder conquers indigestion and stomach troubles quickly, because:-

1. On entering the stomach it neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.
2. It spreads a soothing and protective coating of colloidal kaolin over the inflamed stomach walls, keeping the biting gastric acid from the inflammation, and so the stomach regains its proper state of health while allowing the ordinary processes of digestion to go on.
3. Another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.
4. It tones up the stomach. It ends acidity—thus there is no need for you to keep on taking medicines. You enjoy your food, are ready for meals and happily comfortable afterwards.

Stop living in pain and the danger caused by indigestion. Go to your Chemist to-day. Ask for and see that you get—

## DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The most economical and successful indigestion remedy. Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, in sky-blue canister, price 2/6.



Miss Zella Ryan  
—Brethren.



Mrs. P. Pashen  
—Ned Matland.



Miss Fox  
—Norton Trevelyan.



"THIS is good," said Peter, intrigued.

Daphne smiled, and tried to look like one for whom custom has staled simple charms—succeeding about as well as a two-year-old babe. Peter told her the home news, and gave her all the messages, and she only interrupted once, to ask languidly:

"Where did you find Miss Charles?"

"Who? Oh—on the steamer from Dover. Pretty girl, isn't she? Used to go to school with Kitty." (Kitty was his sister). He added, with a twinkle: "She's going on to Switzerland to-night."

"Oh," said Daphne, vaguely, as if she had no interest whatever in Miss Charles. She thereupon changed the subject to herself, and told him what fun she had been having; of the studio parties, and of Raoul.

"This Raoul," said Peter, with a casualness that matched her own. "I seem to have heard a deuce of a lot about him lately. Who is he?"

"Why—you met him last night," said Daphne, with an innocent air.

"Oh, that kid." He dismissed Raoul with a relieved grin.

"He isn't a kid. He'll be twenty-one next month, and he's a dear. His father's the Marquis Duplessis, and he has a lovely home in Avignon. I've seen a photograph of it."

"Indeed," said Peter. "Well, I'm

## Prevent SURFER'S ITCH (TINEA) with Lifebuoy

Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather, containing the famous health element, sweeps away all the dangerous germs of infection.

TINEA GERMS MAY BE ANYWHERE—SO I PLAY SAFE. I GIVE MY FEET REGULAR LIFEBOUY CARE



## WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR ME?

A Scientific Future Forecast covering finance, travel, health, occupation, lotteries, lucky dates, marriage, etc. Questions Answered.

Send P.N. 2/6. Birthdate, year, and Stamped Addressed Envelope. Dept. C, Box 3093NN, RAMON G.P.O., SYDNEY.

## YOUR FUTURE?

Your 1938 prospects, occupation, love, marriage, travel, finance, speculation, lucky periods, health, lotteries, and Questions Answered.

Send P.N. 2/6. Full Birthdate and stamped addressed envelope. TELFORD SHAW, Box 3141P, Dept. T, G.P.O., Sydney.

## ASTROLOGY

What are my future prospects? When will my luck improve? Will I realize my ambitions? What is my Lottery luck? Marriage? Travel? Finance? All Questions answered and full Reading for 2/6. Send P.N., birthdate, stamped addressed envelope. A. Moore, Box 3473B, G.P.O., Sydney.

# Continuing CAVALIER

from Page 14

hungry. Aren't you? Let's have lunch."

Daphne swallowed her indignation, and they had lunch. Peter left the choice to her, and she led him to a little restaurant on the left bank which she said was famous among Parisians for its wines and its cuisine. Afterwards they wandered among the second-hand books and bric-a-brac stalls and curio shops. Peter had said, over lunch: "Well, show me Paris, Duffy. I'm in your hands."

She was faintly scornful when he wanted to choose presents to take home, and whispered, when the stout vendeuse's back was turned, "They're probably made in Birmingham," and she powdered her nose with a resigned air while he made his purchases.

When they were sitting again under the chestnut trees watching the stream of life go by, and the sun going down behind the delicate tracery of some of the loveliest architecture in the world, he asked easily:

"WELL, what would you like to do this evening? The Folies Bergeres?"

Daphne wrinkled her nose at him and giggled. "Nobody but tourists go to the Folies," she said, quoting Raoul, but there was a trace of wistfulness in her voice.

Peter gave her a keen look. "This tame young aristocrat of yours—can't by any chance one of the impoverished kind, is he?"

She flushed angrily. "I don't know what you mean. But if you're hinting that he might be after my money, he's got plenty of his own."

"I see," said Peter. "Only loath to part with it, as the French generally are."

When she reached the studio she was sobbing. Mignon, distressed, hovered over her, patting her softly and reiterating:

"Q'est-ce que c'est, chérie?"

To which Daphne would only answer, between sobs, "He'll be sorry. Oh, the beast! To say such a thing. . . . Oh, go away, Mignon, and leave me alone. No, I don't want any coffee. Non, non, non!"

But hardly had Mignon, with a resigned shrug, retired to the farthest corner of the studio and her own affairs, than she was summoned by a cry. Daphne was kneeling up on the divan, her face still splashed with tears, set in an expression of stubborn determination that Peter would have recognised.

"Mignon!" she cried. "We'll have a party to-night. You ring up everyone, quickly, and tell Raoul to come round at once. We can shop for us—and I'll get some flowers and make the room nice. Vite, vite, Mignon!"

MIGNON needed no second bidding. Five minutes later the studio was in a bust of preparation, and Daphne, all traces of tears forgotten, was welcoming Raoul, who burst gaily up the stairs. Parties were no novelty in the studio. In fact, they were almost a nightly occurrence. Daphne had not paused to reflect on how often, since she had known Raoul, she and Mignon had, at Raoul's instigation, entertained the other students from the art school and other friends of Raoul's, all gay, light-hearted, young people who paid for their party in laughter and wit. But since Mignon had not a penny, it was after all Daphne who paid in hard cash. This thought occurred to her now, unbidden, as she thrust a list and a bundle of crisp notes into Raoul's hand. The fact that he took her money without question had never before seemed strange. It was the rule of life in the Quartier—give and take, with no non-sensical English scruples if the person temporarily in funds happened to be a girl. But Raoul was not like the other students, hard up. He had plenty of money. She hated herself for the nasty little thought, even as it came into her mind, and hated Peter doubly because he had suggested it. She smiled at Raoul with more than usual warmth to make up for the disloyalty to him in her thoughts, and he whispered:

"I am so glad you are happy again. I feared, last night, that you were angry with me."

Angry with him! As if she could be! She shook her head and gave him a little laughing push into the passage.

"Hurry, hurry! And don't forget the caviare."

"I will run all the way," promised

Raoul, blowing her a kiss over the banisters.

At nine o'clock the studio was crammed full. All the lights were blazing. Pierre and Mignon and some of the others were dancing to a wheezy gramophone one of the guests had brought. The studio, like a raddled beauty, was transformed by the lights and flowers and a gay colored shawl of Daphne's draped over a screen to hide the kitchen arrangements. There was a buzz of laughter and talk. Everyone but the dancers was crowded round the chair on which Raoul stood, giving one of his famous impersonations, to shrieks of laughter and applause, when the door opened, and there stood Peter.

Daphne was not entirely taken by surprise. She had had quarrels with Peter before—ever since she learned to talk, in fact—and she knew what to expect. But she had counted on the lights, the gaiety, and the curious stares of a roomful of strangers disconcerting Peter.

ing on to his arms, laughing up at him. They knew, as well as Daphne did, who had bought the champagne. They clapped their hands and their eyes glittered in a way Daphne had never noticed before. A voice whispered in her brain:

"They're greedy, greedy. Just a lot of cheap parasites."

She hated them, and she hated Peter, who hardly glanced at her. Raoul brought her a glass of champagne, and seeing her furious face, exclaimed in surprise.

"Daphne! What is it? Are you not enjoying the party?"

"No, I'm not. And I don't want that stuff. You can drink it. Oh, Raoul, do something for me. Let's go away from this stupid party and go for a drive. They'll never miss us."

In the taxi Raoul, his head pleasantly whirling with champagne, put an arm round Daphne and kissed her, and found to his rapturous and bewildered delight that Daphne, her



GENERAL AND MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S HOUSE in the former capital, Nanjing, is now used as a residence for Japanese officers. The picture shows Japanese troops with Chinese banners which were found in the house when it was captured.

But Peter was not at all disconcerted. He looked calmly round until his eyes found her, sitting on the edge of a table in her ruffled peach-colored dress, and then he said:

"Hello, Duffy. May I come in? I came to say I'm sorry."

What could she do? He stood there, pretending to look penitent, and everyone in the room waited, their eyes going curiously from him to her, and back again. Already Peter had their sympathy—that quick, Gallic sympathy that goes out to anyone not afraid to wear his heart on his sleeve—and their eyes were ready to soften into friendliness, their lips to smile, for Peter.

"Come in," said Daphne, and managed a smile, but over the intervening heads her mischievous eyes said to Peter's. "Don't think I've forgiven you. I hate you."

Peter came in, and made hay in the sunshine. He became, in an incredibly short time, the popular hit of the party. He danced and flirted with all the girls. He whispered with Raoul and Pierre in a corner, and the three disappeared, to return with their arms full of champagne bottles. Corks popped and champagne gurgled into the glasses. The girls crowded round Peter, hang-

ing on to his arms, laughing up at him. They knew, as well as Daphne did, who had bought the champagne. They clapped their hands and their eyes glittered in a way Daphne had never noticed before. A voice whispered in her brain:

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"WHAT can they do to stop us?" Daphne asked jeeringly.

"Everything. They can refuse to accept you as their son's fiancée, and if he won't come to heel they can give him the choice of you or his inheritance. But they're not going to get the chance. If you think I'm going to let any potty French family say you're not good enough for their precious son, you're mistaken."

"Why?" asked Daphne. Some of the ice had melted from her eyes, and during Peter's inspired flow of eloquence she had not been attending very closely to his words. Her eyes had wandered, from the hand like iron on her arm, to the eyes blazing green fire at her, to the cowlick of ginger-brown hair above those eyes. But now she was looking down, at her own hands, clasped on the table.

"Why?" said Peter. "Because I promised your mother I'd see you didn't get into any sort of a mess over here; because I came here to bring you home; because I—" he hesitated, then brought it out baldly (he was still very angry), "because I love you, dash you."

"Oh," said Daphne, in a small voice, "then why didn't you say so before?"

And the bewildered Peter found himself looking into a pair of eyes as blue as the sea on a summer's day, and as smiling.

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Tens of thousands of grateful women know that Marmola Prescription Tablets genuinely enable you to reduce, safely and gently. You can continue to eat what you

like, at the same time avoiding strenuous exercise and the very positive danger of weakening caused by drastic purgatives and salts. Four times a day they take a little Marmola tablet, containing in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning into useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer.

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Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/3 per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3879, SS, Sydney, N.S.W.

## Simple Remedy for Bad Stomach Gives Swift Relief

No Need of Strong Medicines or Diet. Safe and Simple Recipe Keeps Stomach in Fine Condition

If you are a victim of Stomach Trouble—Gas, Sourness, Pain or Bloating—you may have quick and certain relief by following this simple advice.

Don't take strong medicines, artificial digestants, or pull down your system with starvation diets. For within reason most folks may eat what they like if they will keep their stomach free from souring acids that hinder or paralyze the work of digestion.

And the best and safest way to do this is to follow every meal with a teaspoonful of Salix Magnesia—a pleasant, harmless, inexpensive prescription that promptly neutralizes acidity and keeps your stomach sweet and clean.

A week's trial of Salix Magnesia, which any good chemist can supply, should quickly convince you that 80 per cent. of ordinary stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary. Be sure to get Salix Magnesia.

## Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's Vasculoid is guaranteed to banish any form of Pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vasculoid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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"They're greedy, greedy. Just a lot of cheap parasites."

She hated them, and she hated Peter, who hardly glanced at her. Raoul brought her a glass of champagne, and seeing her furious face, exclaimed in surprise.

"Daphne! What is it? Are you not enjoying the party?"

"No, I'm not. And I don't want that stuff. You can drink it. Oh, Raoul, do something for me. Let's go away from this stupid party and go for a drive. They'll never miss us."

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In the taxi Raoul, his head pleasantly whirling with champagne, put an arm round Daphne



COMMENCING THURSDAY JANUARY 27<sup>TH</sup>

# GRACE BROS. SUMMER SALE

Goods shown here NOT available until 9 a.m. THURSDAY next!

A GRACE BROS. 'LETTER OF CREDIT' will enable you to purchase your goods at Spot Cash Sale Prices, secure immediate delivery and pay for them in small weekly payments.

FULL PARTICULARS: Letter of Credit Office, Ground Floor, Furniture Bldg.

END YOUR CAR PARKING WORRIES AT GRACE BROS. Free Parking Area and plenty of room to park your car at Grace Bros. No need to rush your shopping—**park your car free**, and shop leisurely.

## 1/30<sup>th</sup> of REGULAR PRICES

Mail Orders supplied.

MAIL  
ORDERS  
SUPPLIED.

DO1.—SILK RAYON LINON MISSES' FROCK on tailored lines, trimmed with white buttons and buckle. Ideal for laundering. In shades of Almond Green, Lemon Pink, Saxe Beige, Mauve. Lengths 33, 36, 39 inches. Usual Value - - 16/6 SALE SPECIAL - - 5/6

DO2.—CONTINENTAL CREPE-DE-CHINE FROCK, guaranteed crushproof and stainless. Bodice neatly made with inset yoke and button trimming. Skirt has good pleat. In shades of Dusty Pink, Dark Blue, Rose Beige. Sizes 33, 36, 39 inches. Usual Value - - 18/9 SALE SPECIAL - - 6/3

DO3.—CONTINENTAL CREPE-DE-CHINE (guaranteed crushproof and stainless) SMART TAILORED SHIRTMAKER FROCK, just the thing to launder! In shades of Dusty Pink, Powder Blue, Light Beige. Lengths: 39, 43, 45 and SSW fitting. Usually 21/- SALE SPECIAL - - 6/11

Keep her always looking nice with a  
**FRESH SCHOOL  
BLOUSE & BLAZER**

DM4.—GIRLS' BRITISH TAILORED LAWN BLOUSES. Guaranteed for wear and good service. In regulation or convertible necks.

Bust sizes: 22, 24 and 27 inches.  
Special - - - 2/6  
LESS 10 PER CENT. - 2/3

Bust sizes: 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 inches.  
Special - - - 2/11  
LESS 10 PER CENT. - 2/8

DM5.—GIRLS' SCHOOL BLAZERS IN GOOD QUALITY FLANNEL. Bound with plain and two-tone cords. To fit girls 3 to 16 years. Usually - 7/11  
Special - - - 5/11  
LESS 10 PER CENT. - 5/4



MR1.—A garment of distinction. Nice quality **FLAT CREPE REDINGOTE COAT**—a fitted garment that will appeal to all, being suitable for both small and large figures. Front panels are finished by scallops from neck to waistline. In Black and Navy. Sizes: SSW, SW, W, OS, XOS, and XXOS. Usually - - 20/-  
**SPECIAL SALE - 12/-**

ME2.—Sale Special Extraordinary! **SAND CREPE SHIRTMAKER FROCKS**, suitably styled for all sizes. Neat rever collar, yoke with mock pocket, trimming. Inverted pleat in skirt. In all wanted shades, including Black, Navy, Brown, Blue, and Green. **Special Value at 15/-, now only 6/6**  
**SALE BARGAIN - 6/6**



GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD. BROADWAY, SYDNEY PHONE M 6506



BRADDOCK, the man, was aware of it, was in his turn instinctively conscious not of Susan Blaine, the owner of the wealthy Blaine run, but of Susan Blaine, the woman. Her frigid contempt brought thought to focus once more on the matter of trespass.

"My hat, if you please, sir—"  
Braddock ignored the hat.  
"You are Susan Blaine?" he asked quietly.

A tone of the small head sent the fair hair back defiantly.  
"I am Susan Blaine."

He nodded.

"I should have known it. But are you crazy to be out here alone?"

"I am not afraid, sir."

"You are not afraid of me?" he asked curiously.

"No. I have heard that men fear you. I do not."

"That sounds very like a challenge—" he began.

## NO TRESPASS

She interrupted him.  
"It is intended to be such. You stole this strip from my father—I take it back from you. I warn you. I will not permit trespass."

"But—"  
"Please go. My servants, whom I sent on an errand to the home-stand, will be here at any moment."

Braddock laughed.  
"Then you have waited for me here, doubtless for some days?"

"Yes."

Curiously enough, the crime of trespass had passed from his mind. He was concerned now neither with sheep nor cattle. For the first time in ten long years he was looking at a woman through the eyes of manhood. In all that time he had given this girl no thought. She had been but a child when first he rode to these plains. In the building up

and breeding of his herds there had been no place for any woman. This strange nocturnal was rousing something within him, a sense not of resentment but of loneliness and a life half lived and incomplete. As he stared at Susan Blaine an unaccountable desire for friendship, for companionship, even for this woman herself swept through him.

Perhaps both Braddock and Susan found propinquity and the night shaping thought in a manner astonishing to both. Susan herself had imagined this man to be ruthless and wholly savage. His reputation as she knew it was both an indictment and a warning. Pride masked her genuine fear of him, an awakening interest compelling her to admit that physically at least he was wholly a man, good to look upon, his bronzed, dark face and

Continued from Page 6

tall, powerful frame inexplicably reassuring in spite of what men said about him. And what had been said, she admitted, concerned itself only with the resentment of men. His faults were the devil in his eyes, his hard flats, his determined progress. As she watched him, she could see no devil in his eyes. They were quizzical and a little mocking, as was the little smile touching his stern lips. It was disturbing. Had he been a friendly man that smile would be very likeable. But he was Craig Braddock, and it must be remembered.

As they stood there, eyes searching eyes, and minds looking to determine whether, as in all instances of man and woman since primeval days, the man or the woman would dominate, external things faded momentarily into the forgotten night. There was, while their eyes held, no thought of cattle, of sheep, of the Black War threatening, of the stars above or the vast unknown land on whose fringe they stood, of the growing colony, of Sydney, with its new hackney coaches, its joy in the smooching of the transportation system, its busy streets and growing coastal trade. They had no thought for the thunderings of Wentworth and the demand for self-government. They cared not at the moment for the problems of the spreading population, or that men were already saying that New South Wales was beginning its destiny, a destiny that would lead it and Australia eventually to equality with the great nations of the earth, and that those who came after would look back upon such as he and she as the pioneers whose courage and tenacity opened up the illimitable west. These things concerned them not. Mighty cities, prosperous towns, colossal irrigation, the wizardry of transport, gigantic mass production and equally gigantic mass slump were all the womb of the future. They stood watching each other in the days of simple things, the days of the first growth. The rich, proud land Australia was to be almost within their own life-span was a dream as yet unfolded. They thought not of these things, out of each other. And around them was the matrix of the night, the high stars above, the red fire beside them, the plains marching away to far and unknown places. So they stood, Craig Braddock and Susan Blaine, intent upon each other. She had waited for this meeting for days, had planned it, and he was here. He said deliberately:

"GET your horse,

Miss Blaine, and go back to your homestead—"

"She shook her head.

"Get on your horse, sir, and go back to your own land."

"You are stubborn, and foolish."

"I am acknowledged to be stubborn, but I—"

He laughed at her.

"I am not thinking of land at the moment—"

"Of what then?"

"Of you."

Susan shrugged, wondering a little that his words pleased her. He went on:

"Have you forgotten the word that went from hut to hut, from run to run, the word that was passed to every white man in the west?"

"Will you pick up my hat, sir?"

was all she said.

But now he was not listening to her, out to the howl of a dingo far away in the darkness. His nimble mind had shown him a way out. There was no danger for her here on this plain, or for him, but that far cry brought the faint smile to his lips again. Already there were rumors of a Black War, already there had been raids and death. Spear and bullet had emptied out life both white and black. The word was that the blacks were appearing from Portland Bay to the Darling Downs, and that they had vowed to take back their lost lands from the trespassing whites. Braddock listened to the howl of the dingo. It was a superb chance to improve the hour and the night. He inclined his head to listen. Again came the blood-chilling cry. She said quickly:

"Why are you listening like that—"

"It is only a dingo."

His eyes were not now on the handsome girl standing before him, but on the sheep. He pointed to them.

"Look at your sheep—"

"I do not understand you—"



THIS WHITE spectator sports frock is chosen by Maureen O'Sullivan, M.C.M. player, for her cruise wardrobe. The buttons and crocheted belt are of particular interest.

Braddock turned quickly. His face was stern.

"Get on the horse—on my horse—"

But she was walking away from him. Out went his arm, coiled itself round her waist, and then lifted her into the saddle. As she struggled and kicked at him in swift fear he rasped:

"Blacks, you little foot—"

With a leap he was in the saddle behind her. A touch of the spur and the black horse sprang towards the south. Susan ceased struggling. Blacks! There was a menace there far greater than the resentment of Braddock.

"Blacks—" she choked.

"The warning was passed," he panted. "You heard the howl of the dingo—they're creeping up. Hang on to me, and don't hinder me, or I'll have to . . . kill you . . ."

There was stark truth in his words. If the blacks cut them off they would spear Braddock, but before he died she knew he would kill her. And she would thank him to do it. A sob tore at her throat.

"Hurry—hurry—" she gasped.

The wind was whining past them as the black horse pounded along Blacks! Susan clung to Braddock. Gone now was all pretence, there was fear in her eyes, terror in the clutch of her small hands. Braddock felt the young body pressing against him and considered the lie worth the telling. Susan Blaine, after all, was very much a woman. And it had come to him that she was the woman he wanted.

On a low ridge loomed the shack, slab-built and solid, with stockyard and a stockman's hut beyond it. Braddock threw her from the horse as it propped and awayed before the door.

"Get in," he snarled. "They're after us—"

Relieved of its weight, the horse staggered away. No qualm or compunction pricked Braddock as he watched the frightened girl. No qualm had touched her when she had tricked him out of a strip of desirable grazing.

"The shutters—bar them!" he threw at her. "Luckily we have food and water and firearms—"

The shutters were slammed and barred. Like a wild animal the girl pressed back against the slabs while he loaded the muskets and pistols. The blacks were death because of their rising anger against the whites who had dispossessed and slaughtered them, but if that danger passed—what then? She would still be alone with Braddock.

"Lucky I found you to-night," he said curtly.

"Oh, heavens, yes—" she whispered.

He grinned.

Please turn to Page 51

"Boil clothes clean in 2 minutes? I can't believe it!"

"DON'T BE SILLY, MARY. IT'S QUITE TRUE! I'LL SHOW YOU THE

# RINSO

## 2 minute boil

AND SHE DID!

WATCH THIS! I'LL SOAK YOUR WHITES FOR HALF AN HOUR IN WARM RINSO SUDS, RUBBING A LITTLE DRY RINSO ON STAINS AND MARKS.

NOW I'LL BRING THEM TO THE BOIL AND BOIL FOR 2 MINUTES ONLY.

A THOROUGH RINSE, AND YOUR BIG WASH IS ALL READY TO GO OUT ON THE LINE!

1/2 HOUR'S FUEL SAVED—CLOTHES DAZZLING WHITE

Never before have women known a way to boil clothes sparkling clean in 2 minutes; nor any way to get rid of all hard rubbing. But since the recent discovery of the swift Rinso 2-minute boil method, which cuts down boiling time by about half an hour, they have unanimously decided never to waste fuel on long boiling again. Are you enjoying the free hours this scientific washing short-cut brings?

Give your coloureds and all delicate articles in the wash a few minutes' gentle run-through in lukewarm Rinso suds. No rubbing is needed because the suds are so rich . . . and so you'll find that everything looks newer and lasts longer.

LUKEWARM RINSO SUDS—WONDERFUL FOR SILKS, COLOURS, WOOLLENS!

Rinso FOR THE FAMILY WASH

A LEVER PRODUCT



# Books

## These Were the Braves of Our Early Cradle Days Women Whose Names Will Live

Since anniversaries are the appropriate season for remembering the past, "The Peaceful Army" makes a happy landing in this 150th January of Australia as "a memorial to the women pioneers of Australia."

The volume, dedicated to women of the past, has been written by the women of Australia's present—writers of note who may some day be named in a breath with the mothers of the race they write in praising.

IN assessing them, these pioneers, we assess ourselves: "Of the brave, the brave are born." (It is Lady Gowrie who finds the quotation for us, in her foreword to "The Peaceful Army.")

The editors, Dame Mary Gilmore, Dora Wilcox, Miles Franklin, Marjorie Barnard, and Flora Eldershaw, have chosen one figure to represent every sphere of women's endeavor.

Easily the most engaging figure of them all is Mary Reibey, whose story is told by Dymphna Cusack.

Mary was one of three girls who arrived in Sydney on October 1, 1793, on the East Indiaman The Royal Admiral, a "floating hell," more overcrowded than any of the ships of the First Fleet. These were Ann Wilson, 18, Ann Holmes, 16, and herself, who was labelled "— Scott, 15, transported for life."

"Scott," clocks the identity of the girl of whose life our biographer tells us: the girl who "for the next 63 years was to move against the stirring pagant of Australian progress."

Her real name was Mary Haydock. "Scott" came of a respectable Lan-

eyes turned on the young couple as they made their way over the rough road; women convicts watching with envy the consummation of a romance that must have seemed like a fairy tale to them.

Mary, radiant in an Indian muslin frock Thomas had secured in one of his cargoes, her dark curls clustering around her wide, high forehead, her merry brown eyes more sober than usual under their exquisitely arched brows.

### Not a Farmer

THEY lived on the Hawkesbury farm, and their first son was born there in 1796.

But Raby wasn't a farmer. Although he acquired a number of farming properties in the way of trade, he gave up trying to ape the squire very soon. . . . leased them, and came to Sydney to run a store.

Mary's business acumen, we learn, enabled her to help actively in its management.

"Thus from her earliest days she watched at close hand the development of the great proprietorial fortunes of the colony, begun for the most part in fraud and extortion and developed in brutality and oppression. With her keen powers of ob-



MARJORIE BARNARD and Flora Eldershaw tell the story of Elizabeth Macarthur in "The Peaceful Army."

shire family. At 13, she had ridden a neighbor's horse in some tomboy escapade and (it is scarcely believable even of those sickening, cruel days) had been sentenced to death.

The sentence was "mercifully commuted" to transportation.

Mary had spent two years in a filthy prison, when The Royal Admiral carried her to Botany Bay, freedom and life.

Thomas Raby, 25-year-old officer on The Royal Admiral, son of an old English family, fell in love with her and asked her to marry him. "His fellow officers regarded him as nothing but a quixotic young fool!"

He thought otherwise, and sacrificed family, career, everything for a convict bride.

Raby, in two years, was established as a trader in Sydney, and the proprietor of a farm on the Hawkesbury.

Mary was granted a pardon, and in September, 1794 they were married in the wattle-and-daub St. Philip's Church, which stood where Hunter and Bligh Streets, Sydney, join to-day. This is how the wedding is described.

A crisp morning in early spring; the pungent scent of bush flowers drifting into the church; the carolling of magpies, and the clank of chains as road gangs go by. Curious

servation she was not slow to realize that the accumulation of private fortunes rarely played a part in the constructive development of the colony from a penal settlement."

Raby went seal-fishing, traded in coal and timber, while Mary minded the store. He built a residence-warehouse, he changed his name to Reibey.

Both had the sense to keep out of the shameful Rum Rebellion which punctuates so many pioneer careers of their times with shame.

### Time of Unrest

THE colony as wide open with unrest. Labor was so costly that Macarthur had the support of all the big landowners when he opposed the suggestion that emancipated convicts should be given small farms, insisting that these "idle, worthless poor" should be obliged to employ themselves in the service of honest and vigilant masters.

The "honest and vigilant" were at the moment cornering the foodstuffs of the colony. . . . flour was 2/6 a pound, bread 5/- for a 2lb loaf, tea 6/- an ounce.

The officers of the New South Wales Corps, with their special trading privileges, were responsible for this position.

Conducted by  
Leslie Haylen



MRS. DYMHPNA CUSACK, who wrote the story of Mary Reibey, in "The Peaceful Army," a memorial to the pioneer women.

Thomas Reibey set out on a last voyage to India, and returned with such a cargo that his biographer calls him the "first universal provider."

The voyage killed him. A sunstroke at Calcutta left its mark, and the following year he was dead.

For more than a century his family served Australia; the last of the name, the Hon. Thomas Reibey, died in Tasmania in 1912.

Meanwhile, "the potentialities he had divined in his young bride had developed to a degree that made theirs a marriage rare in any time, and especially so in the nineteenth century. It was a real partnership."

Mary took charge of the business, handicapped with seven children, and a "past," as an emancipist.

She moved to larger premises, ran a hotel, let to tenants several of the best farms on the Hawkesbury, bought ships, got a grant of land, and when in 1820 she sailed for England she sold out for £20,000.

However, she was soon back in New South Wales, and once again in business.

She survived the financial storm of the early 'forties, and devoted herself to church work, building herself a large "country house" at Newtown, and in May, 1855, died in it.

"She had known happiness, sorrow, and success, and it was the work of such men and women that justified the colony's claim to govern itself, which she lived to see achieved."

### Denials Published

FOR some reason the widow Reibey before her death was confused with the emancipist heroine of Cobbold's "Margaret Catchpole," and she found herself under the necessity of having denials published abroad, commissioning the Bishop of Tasmania to carry this work out for her on his visit to London.

A contrasting figure is Elizabeth Veale, daughter of a small Cornwall-and-Devon landowner, who, between 1784 and 1788, married one John Macarthur, an ensign, retired from the army on half pay.

John volunteered for the N.S.W. Corps, and took his wife and child to Australia. Elizabeth reveals her own character.

"I was considered indolent and inactive; Mr. Macarthur, too proud and haughty for our humble fortune or expectations. . . ."

She was 21, he 30, when in 1789 they sailed in the Neptune, most notorious ship in the notorious second fleet.

Macarthur quarrelled with the master at once. They went ashore and fought a duel. . . .

It was typical of the man's whole career.

Macarthur's life is well known. Few know, however, how much of his fortune is due to the careful management of his vast Australian properties during his exile in England. "Indolent and inactive. . . ." she was a giant of energy.

And it is this quality above all others that shines crystal-clear in these pioneer women, this above all that remains for the emulation of their descendants.

"The Peaceful Army." A memorial to the pioneer women of Australia 1788-1938.

## THE SAINTED ONES

They were the sainted ones—haloed by courage,  
As by endurance they were crowned.  
For they were women who at need took up  
And plied the axe, or bent above the clodded spade:  
Who herded sheep; who rode the hills, and brought  
The half-wild cattle home—helpmates of men.  
Whose children lay within their arms,  
Or at the rider's saddle-pommel hung,  
And at whose knees, by night, were said familiar prayers.  
Ah! Though the towers of Ilum topped the skies,  
Yet here were women rising higher still.  
Of such as these was born the Anzac and his pride.

Ode to the pioneer women, written by Dame Mary Gilmore in "The Peaceful Army."



"Come on—stop chewing petals and get busy! Imagine finding flowers on the living-room floor—we'll pick the loveliest bouquet for mother! We'll tear off all these old leaves and break the stems good and short. . . ."



"Aw—brace up! Picking flowers isn't such hard work. Show some of the old ginger! I know we're both sticky as yesterday's bib. . . . but just keep going and you won't notice it."



"Say—wait a minute! Your shoulder's prickly and red! Nope—kissing doesn't make it well. . . . Let's get the Johnson's Baby Powder and give our selves a sprinkle. That soft, downy powder'll make a new baby of you!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is soft as satin; it is made from the very finest talc. It is recommended by doctors and nurses as the best babies can have.

**Johnson's BABY powder**  
"Best for Baby - Best for you"

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Talc Toothbrush, Modess, Etc. A137





FOUNDING OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, 1829.

Painting by John Allcott.

The Governor, CAPT. JAMES STIRLING, having landed at Rous Head, is proceeding with his staff to where a detachment of the 63rd Regiment was drawn up to read his commission and issue the official proclamation establishing the colony. The Parmelia Transport (left), H.M.S. Challenger (centre), and H.M.S. Sulphur (right) are anchored in Cockburn Sound. Garden Island is shown in the background. Rous Head is extending to the right, on the other side of which is the mouth of the Swan River.





FOUNDING OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1836.

Painting by John Allcott.

The Governor, CAPTAIN JOHN HINDMARSH, at the proclamation ceremony at Glenelg, at Holdfast Bay. MR. GEO. STEVENSON, standing beside the Governor, is reading the proclamation under the famous old tree (now called Proclamation Tree) near ROBT. GOUGLIS' tent and hut. The waters of the bay are distant 1½ miles.



# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and  
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are summoned to investigate the strange case of  
**M. DUCHAMP:** Eminent Parisian chemist, who, hypnotised by a strange block of metal, is now lying dead in his laboratory. However, strangely, Duchamp returns to life, and in Mandrake's absence binds  
**SUZETTE:** His lovely daughter, shoots at

**DR. ANDRE PETAIN:** Her fiance, and disappears, with Suzette. Mandrake returns, realises that  
**THE COBRA:** A wizard at hypnosis, telepathy, and chemistry, has Duchamp in his power, and with Lothar and Petain follows his trail. They catch the train on which Duchamp has been travelling, but Duchamp has already left it. On the train a burly henchman of the Cobra's receives telepathic orders to kill Mandrake and his friends. **NOW READ ON.**



YOU SAY WE'RE BEING WATCHED BY THE COBRA'S AGENTS? WHAT SHALL WE DO?

THE COBRA ALWAYS STRIKES QUICKLY, WE'LL STAY HERE IN THIS COMPARTMENT, ANDRE, AND WAIT FOR HIS FIRST MOVE!



FRIGHTFULLY STUFFY ON THIS TRAIN. I MUST GET SOME AIR.

BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER---



IT IS ANDRE, THE YOUNG DOCTOR, THE SWEETHEART OF THE GIRL. WANTS AIR, EH? HE'LL GET IT!



UH--

THE COBRA'S AGENT TRAILS THE UNSUSPECTING FIGURE--



AND THAT--TAKES CARE OF THE FIRST ONE!



BACK IN HIS COMPARTMENT, THE AGENT CARRIES ON A SOUNDLESS, TELEPATHIC DIALOGUE WITH THE COBRA, THROUGH THE GLOWING BLOCK!



I HAVE DESPATCHED THE YOUNG DOCTOR SWEETHEART OF THE GIRL. IT WAS SIMPLE. HE WAS DEAD BEFORE HE HIT THE GROUND.

I UNDERSTAND. I AM TO DESPATCH THE MAGICIAN AND HIS SERVANT, BY THE SAME METHOD. IT WILL BE DONE.



BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY WE'RE PASSING THROUGH, ISN'T IT? MY! LOOK AT THAT BRIDGE!

BRIDGE? WHERE?



I NO SEE-- UH--



NUMBER TWO! A LIGHT BLOW AND THE SPEEDING TRAIN TAKES CARE OF THE REST. IT HAS BEEN TOO SIMPLE! ONLY THE MAGICIAN REMAINS! I SHALL GET HIM NEXT!



I'M LOOKING FOR MY FRIENDS. ONE IS A SLIM CHAP WITH A MOUSTACHE, THE OTHER IS A BIG FELLOW WEARING A LEOPARD SKIN. HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?

NO, I DON'T BELIEVE SO.



THIS TRAIN IS MOVING AT A FAST CLIP. BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY, ISN'T IT?

OH, YES. NO PLACE LIKE FRANCE IN THE SPRING.



THERE'S NO ONE IN THE CLUB CAR, NOW'S MY CHANCE!



SPRING IS FINE HERE, BUT AUTUMN ALSO HAS ITS POINTS.



AS THE COBRA'S AGENT IS ABOUT TO STRIKE--



DROP THAT KNIFE!

WHAT THE--!



YOU HAD A CLOSE CALL THERE, MANDRAKE.

BUT--BUT!



I CERTAINLY DID, MANDRAKE. I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU AND I WANT TO THANK YOU.

TWO MANDRAKES APPEAR

TO BE CONTINUED



# AUSTRALIAN DOCTOR'S WIFE pays HIGH tribute To the KING

"No ordinary man could have done what he has done"

"The King's health is good. Despite the strain of the Coronation and heavy official duties since then, he has never been better and happier in his life. No ordinary man could have done the job he has done."

MRS. LIONEL LOGUE, charming wife of the West Australian doctor who has cured the King of his speech impediment, and who knew His Majesty as a friend as well as her husband's patient, expressed these views on the King's health when interviewed in Melbourne.

Mrs. Logue during her stay in Victoria is the guest of the Governor, Lord Huntingfield, and Lady Huntingfield. She will visit Sydney later for the 150th Anniversary Celebrations.

Although Mrs. Logue and her husband viewed the Coronation ceremony from the Royal box, and despite the fact that she is a personal friend of certain members of the Royal Family, she doesn't like talking about it.

Mrs. Logue said the King had stood up to the strain of Coronation Year wonderfully well. "No ordinary man could have done so. But he is not an

ordinary man although his home life is as simple as it can possibly be.

"In all the years that my husband has been attending him, His Majesty has never been late for an appointment."

Referring to the Queen, Mrs. Logue said: "Queen Elizabeth is a beautiful woman in miniature. All her features are small but perfect. Her complexion is exquisite, and she has the deepest blue eyes I have ever seen. They are nothing like the blue we see here; more like the blue of the violet."

"My husband," said Mrs. Logue, "attends the King two or three times a week, according to His Majesty's engagements. He often meets the little Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, who are beautifully-behaved, perfectly normal little girls with lovely speaking-voices."

## London Garden

MRS. LOGUE was born in Victoria, but left for England when eight years old. She has only made brief visits since, and has not seen her native land for fourteen years.

She has been visiting relatives, including Mrs. A. M. Dale, of South Yarra, who is eighty-two years old.

## Sweden Honors Garbo

By Air Mail from Our London Office

FEW are prophets in their own country, but Greta Garbo, famous screen actress, has received unusual recognition from her native city, Stockholm.

A picture theatre in her honor has now been built in the city, just as in Paris there is a "Theatre Sarah Bernhardt" in memory of the famous French actress.

Cinema in Swedish is "Bio"—an abbreviation of the word Biograph—so the new building has been appropriately called "Garbio."

It stands in the district where Greta was born and lived as a child, and many of Greta's former schoolmates who still live in the district always attend the first night of a new Garbo film.



MRS. LOGUE

white linen frock with small black buttons all down the front, and a white hat.

She had an excursion planned for later in the day with Lady Huntingfield to hear the bellbirds in the hills.

Mrs. Logue, who is an excellent bridge player, is also a keen gardener. She speaks enthusiastically of her garden at home. "I am lucky enough to have five acres of garden at my London home on Sydenham Hill, not five miles from Hyde Park corner."

"It is rather an achievement in London. Two acres are just natural woodlands, and I have thousands of bluebells, too."

"I am an inveterate gardener, and

as I make a real job of it I always wear trousers when working."

"I have also grown Australian gum-trees in my garden, but they are only eighteen inches high."

"While I am here I intend to gather any amount of Australian seeds of flowering gums and other trees, and see what I can do with them."

"Already I have had a gift of acacia seeds from Adam Lindsay Gordon's grave. Mr. Moir, secretary of the Adam Lindsay Gordon Association, hearing of my interest in gardening, sent them to me. All these will help to make my London garden a little spot of Australia," concluded Mrs. Logue.



You can't DRUG  
your way back  
to health!

## WHY DRUGS ARE WRONG!

Harsh medicines purge you so severely your delicate intestinal muscles are soon left weak and limp. If you continue taking harsh medicines constantly it will be only a matter of time before your bowels will be unable to function without artificial aid. A great many of the most serious illnesses which come with middle age are the result of the constant and unrestricted use of medicines.

The natural way to cure common constipation is to correct the condition which causes it—usually insufficient "bulk" in meals.

## WHY "BULK" IS RIGHT

"Bulk" is the fibrous element you get

in certain rough grains, vegetables and fruits. Nature intended that your bowels should get this "bulk" to exercise and keep them regular. However, most of the foods we eat, such as white bread, meat, fish, eggs, milk, butter, and cheese contain little or no "bulk."

Scientists have proved that the most successful type of "bulk" is supplied by bran because it does not break-up within the system. Kellogg's All-Bran gives you this "bulk" in its most concentrated form. All-Bran is a natural food—not a medicine. It forms a soft mass which gently sponges the walls of the intestines, absorbs waste matter, and gives the intestinal muscles the natural exercise they need.



## This Commercial Traveller tried to do it!

"I don't often get a chance to eat regular meals as I spend a lot of time travelling round the country towns for my firm. Up until six months ago I was constantly worried by constipation, and I was always taking some sort of medicine. Another 'commercial' told me about Kellogg's All-Bran. I'm convinced that eating All-Bran is the natural way to keep well. Now I ask for it in every hotel at breakfast time. Take it from me you can't drug your way back to health. I've proved that All-Bran keeps me regular the healthy way. No more harsh medicines for me."



## This Sales Girl tried to do it!

"I work in a big store, and I don't get much exercise. I thought I'd avoid any risk of constipation by taking medicines each morning. Once I started to take medicines I couldn't do without them. Our section head sent me up to the sister in charge of our Staff Welfare—and it was sister who told me that you can't drug your way back to health. She made me promise to eat two tablespoonful of Kellogg's All-Bran each morning, explaining how the 'bulk' in All-Bran keeps you well. I felt better in less than a week and I haven't had a sick day since."

## HOW TO ENJOY ALL-BRAN

Kellogg's All-Bran is an appetising, nutritious, each morning, you will be free of sweet breakfast cereal. Sprinkle it over constipation by this time next week. your favourite cereal or stewed fruit; or After that it is sufficient if you eat enjoy it on its own, just adding milk it three times weekly. If All-Bran and sugar. If, from to-morrow, you start doesn't keep you regular see your eating two tablespoonful of All-Bran doctor immediately.

Your Grocer Sells All-Bran.



## This Housewife tried to do it!

"Headaches made my life a misery. I knew the trouble, so I started taking medicines to keep myself regular. Well, I had to keep on with them, and in the end I was almost a slave of that medicine bottle. It seemed hopeless to try and keep well without drugging myself with something. Then I heard a friend praising All-Bran, so I bought a packet for myself. That All-Bran freed me of constipation within a week. So now I give the whole family All-Bran for breakfast. After my experience I'm certain that you can't drug your way back to health."





## BUILDING A NATION'S HEALTH DURING 150 YEARS

When the Pilgrim Fathers went to America in the "Mayflower," they neglected to take with them cows or goats or any milk-producing animal. Due to the lack of this vital food, 60 per cent. of the children died during the first year. Because of the lesson so tragically learned, every succeeding ship carried cows and goats.



No children came with the first fleet to Australia, and this problem did not arise. Very early in our history, records show the importation of cows and goats for milk.

To-day, Sydney consumes 35,000,000 gallons of milk annually. In a modern civilization, milk is the one indispensable food.

INSERTED BY THE MILK BOARD.

# With MILK

## TRAVEL



Write, call or phone MA4496

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St. Sydney.

## END CORNS WITH Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

A few days with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will see the end of your corns or calluses, no matter how hard, old, or deep-seated they are! Warning! Don't risk blood-poisoning by attempting to cut your corns or burn them with caustics. The modern, safe, sure way is Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! They are thin, protective, soothing and healing—made in special sizes and shapes for hard corns, soft corns-between-toes, callouses and bunions. Send for booklet, free and post-free.

Wholesale Distributors: FARLEIGH, NUTTHAM PTY. LTD. 1-15 Foveaux Street, Sydney. FARLEIGH, NUTTHAM (QLD.) PTY. LTD. 33 Charlotte Street, Brisbane.

## WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN  
President Astrological Research Society

### Aquarians Are Dreamers and Planners

The "Aquarian Age"—which the world entered a mere eighty years or so ago—will continue for about two thousand (2000) years.

While it governs the world and its peoples, it will be found that radical changes take place; that the old is scrapped for the new; that we, the human puppets of time, demand scientific and irrefutable facts in place of the blind beliefs of the last era.

THIS era was known as the Piscean Age, and it, too, was about 2000 years in operation.

Places are astrologically represented by two fishes, one swimming upstream, the other down; yet as each is chained to the other, neither can move far in his own direction.

It depicts a period of waiting, whilst certain influences controlled the world and its people, preparing for the scientific changes which would follow.

Aquarius is represented by a man who stands and pours out water from an urn. The water symbolises changes and knowledge, and bespeaks the scientific turn which such knowledge will take.

By looking back into the immediate past it can be seen that it is only during this past 80 years or so that all the scientific advances of which we are so proud, have come to the fore.

It is not so long ago that Stevenson's train was regarded as "an invention of the devil," yet to-day its wonders are reduced to good-natured ridicule when compared with our aeroplanes, telephones, radios and all electrical gadgets.

Aquarius has ruled over the month from January 20 to February 19, so that all individuals born during this period will be in especial harmony with the "Age" itself.

It will be found, in fact, that it is mainly the Aquarians of this world

who produce the most remarkable new ideas.

Many of these ideas will be too eccentric altogether—or else too advanced for present-day use. For the Aquarian is often a dreamer who lives one hundred years ahead of his time.

### Women's Chance

HE must learn, in order to be of value to his world, to produce his ideas in practical form . . . in other words, to bring his inspirations down to earth.

Women will also find that the world has many channels through which they can express their own particular types of brilliance to greater advantage than could the men.

Women with humane, inventive and original viewpoints will attain positions of great authority, particularly as advisers, organisers, designers and leaders in new enterprises. Women's papers are assured of great popularity, for the womenfolk will strive to educate their fellows along new lines of thought and endeavor.

All these things will apply not only to men and women born between January 20 and February 19, when Aquarius rules the heavens, but also to those during whose birth hour Aquarius was "rising" over the Eastern horizon (thus showing how they will "express" their capabilities), or in whose individual star-maps the Moon or the planet Mercury are shown to have been passing through this so-important zodiacal sign.



A HAPPY GROUP of girls who will portray various roles on the floats in the 150th Anniversary Celebrations this week. Seated in front centre is Miss Mary McGowan. The others from left are: Misses G. Hocking, A. McMichael, Nancy McMichael, Beth McKay (Miss N.S.W.), and M. Bissett. They were snapped during rehearsal at the Annabella Department and Mannequin School, which supplied many girls for the festival floats.

### The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise the following information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Quite fair on January 26, 27, and early 28.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Be extremely cautious in all you do this week, especially January 23 and 24, and February 1. Difficulties may beset you. Wisdom and quiet living will be best.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Live quietly on January 20 and 27 and early 28, but work hard and begin new enterprises or make changes on January 31 and February 1. Do not waste these days. Seek promotion and ask favors then.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): Just fair on January 25; poor over the week-end.

**LEO** (July 21 to Aug. 24): Take all precautions against losses, partings, oppositions, and general setbacks by living cautiously. Especially on January 31 and February 1. Take no risks then, whatever you do. Housework best.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Fair enough on January 28 (after noon), 29 and 30.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 23): You can achieve excellent results from hard work and

high ambitions if you stop freely on January 31 and February 1. Get after the things you want then. Seek advancement, make changes and begin new and important enterprises. Be optimistic and confident.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Be cautious in all that you do this week. Be particularly careful on January 31 and February 1 for delays, annoyances and difficulties may be your lot if you are too venturesome. Routine best.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Quite fair on January 28, 29 and morning of 28. Plan small improvements and work hard.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Not spectacular. January 28, 29, and 30 fair.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Opportunities are very likely for you this week. Make the most of January 31 and February 1 to begin new ventures, make changes and seek advancement. Set high goals and strive towards them.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Just fair on January 25 for you.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## The BRIDE'S COLUMN

"HERE comes the Bride! And doesn't she look positively gorgeous, Betty?" "She certainly does. But personally, I never thought the wedding would be such a success . . . the way Beryl's arranged everything is nothing short of a miracle. I remember, a fortnight before the wedding, she was SO worried and confused trying not to forget all those little details of wedding etiquette that I thought she'd never go through with it."

"Why, Betty, I thought you'd heard she obtained a book on wedding etiquette from Beharfelds . . . it explained everything . . . and what is more, it was FREE. The 'Bride's Book' it was called . . . got up so beautifully, too . . ."



Yes, no wonder the wedding was a success with the Bride's Book to help it along.

### TO HELP YOU

Now, I want you to be one of the happy ones. The Bride's Book tells you everything you want to know about the wedding. You will not have to worry about any of those hundreds of problems which crop up when you are planning your wedding and home.

Problems that arise before, during and after the ceremony are fully explained. This beautifully printed book also has authoritative chapters on home-planning which will help you no end when you are setting up home. Fill in this coupon now, and either present it at Beharfelds, or post it NOW.

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Home Planning Bureau,  
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George Street, SYDNEY.

Please send me the particulars I have marked with a cross, without charge or obligation.

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### It answers your call

The famous Creme Charmosan answers every call you make upon it.

That's why it is the biggest seller and most famous cream everywhere. If your skin is rough and plain looking, then Creme Charmosan will bring back to it the charm and freshness of youth. For this great cream removes many faults and marks signs of age from your skin and takes them from your looks.

What a blessing to the "not as young" Creme Charmosan holds your youth divinely for hours.

It is a charm against the sun, dust and wind.

Creme Charmosan is the good fairy of skin loveliness. Why have a plain spot on your face when you have the answer to your dreams?

### Creme Charmosan for skin youth

Obtainable . . . The choice of the skin. Adorned by the younger set. Big jars for post-dressing. Table 2/6. Handing sales 4/-.

Everywhere, including N.Z. Charmosan face powder is French. It gives radiant charm to your skin. It can be used with sweet witchery hour after hour . . . you can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like. Charmosan face powder "stays put." How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder pad for hours! It's the best powder money can buy, and costs only 2/6 for a large box. You can get it in all shades, including suntan. 2's 3/6. Face powder of stage and film stars. It brings enchantment to your skin, no matter what your age. Sold everywhere at chemists, drapers and stores, including St. Zealand.

**BANKERS** are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if you send for postage to Depart. "A" M. Clifford, 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.



# This is How a Man Looks to . . . .

HIS OFFICE BOY



HIS SON



HIS MOTHER



HIS FRIENDS



HIS VALET



HIS WIFE



HIMSELF

## SEVEN STAGES OF MAN

SHAKESPEARE says that a man in his time plays many parts—well, here are seven parts a man plays daily. Pictured above you see the pointing finger of fury which represents you in the eyes of the office boy; next comes the picture you present to your son—a knight in shining armor. Then comes mother's picture of you, "Only a big boy really hardly able to look after himself."

Your friends know you best as a party spirit and a good fellow.

But your valet knows you as a cad who wears tan boots with a navy-blue suit.

To your wife you are just a voice behind the newspaper—a coffee bowser and a clutching hand which reaches for a hat and dashes for the 8.15 a.m. train.

To yourself—well, you are just yourself—the fellow you DO know all about.

## HANDSOME COUPLE

Continued from Page 5

As if a snake had suddenly appeared in front of her, the chestnut reared, pawing at the air.

Barbara was taken completely unaware. Derek had pulled his horse round and was walking it back towards her, grinning in response to her own triumphant laughter. She was sitting loosely in the saddle, the bride hanging between her gloved fingers, so that when the mare did decide to have an attack of temperment she had no chance.

The horrified Derek saw the chestnut rise, and caught a swift glimpse of Barbara's face with the laughter still frozen on it. Then she was out of the saddle, slipping backwards over the mare's rump, the bride lost. Her undignified progress did not stop until, with a bump that must have come near to loosening all her teeth, she hit the ground—in a sitting position. The mare jumped away and then, suddenly quiet, lowered her head and commenced to crop at the short grass.

Derek was out of the saddle like a shot. Dropping the bride over the bay's head, he ran the few yards to where she half sat, half lay, calling "Barbara" in a breathless way as he ran. Reaching her, he knelt at her side, his arms instinctively going out to support her.

"Are you hurt?" he asked. Now, had Barbara been really injured by her fall, she would, no doubt, have derived a vast amount of comfort from the anxiety that was apparent in Derek's voice. As it was, she had just been sufficiently jarred, and in a sufficiently undignified manner, to feel annoyed that anyone should ask such a foolish question. She raised a hand and pushed back a strand of hair which had come loose and was hanging unbecomingly over her face.

"No," she said in a tone meant to be as sarcastic as a real lady will ever allow herself to be. "No, of course, I'm not hurt at all."

In one of lesser degree, her voice would even have been described as peevish. But Derek was much too relieved to notice such subtleties as this. He breathed deeply.

"Thank Heaven for that!" he said.

He felt suddenly as if a terrific weight had been lifted off him. The violence of his reaction was such that he felt he wanted to about, to laugh—do anything to express his relief. Unfortunately he did the wrong thing. He spoke again, and, to make matters worse, he said the wrong thing.

"You've got a streak of dirt right down your nose," was his insane comment.

As everybody is aware, no attractive woman likes to know that for some few seconds she has been allowing a male to look at her at a time when her nose is dirty. Much less does she like it when she is conscious that he has also seen her descent from a horse's back in the most indelicate manner in which it is possible to perform this feat. Even as Barbara made an instinctive move for her handkerchief, she could willingly have slapped Mr. Derek Cameron. But his next remark, made just as she was dabbing ineffectively at her nose, aroused her indignation to boiling point.

"Your hat's all crooked," he grinned.

WITH difficulty Miss Worth prevented herself from screaming aloud. Of course, she realised, her hat must be crooked, just as her nose must be earthy. With an angry tug she pulled it straight, and then, involuntarily making a wry face, essayed to rise.

Derek moved forward again immediately to help her, but, in spite of the bruised feeling it gave her to move, she refused his offer of assistance.

"I can manage, thanks," she told him coldly.

Even then, in the immensity of his relief that no damage had been done, he failed to catch the significance of her tone.

"Sure?" he said disbelievingly.

"Quite sure, thank you."

To prove it, she scrambled to her

feet, and stood, still somewhat dishevelled, directing at the browsing chestnut a look that boded ill for that temperamental lady. Derek was still obliging.

"Shall I give you a hand to mount?"

This time, she had to accept his offer; shaken and stiff as she was, she knew that she would be unable to get into the saddle unaided. Coldly, she nodded, and moved over to the mare. Derek walked with her, leading his own horse by the bridle.

Waiting for her to gather the reins, he stooped with cupped hands to give her a lift. She gave him her foot, and, easily and lightly, he swung her up. Unhappily, as he did so, he saw something which, up to that moment, he had missed: those faultless jodhpurs, fashionably light-colored, now carried as a sign of their wearer's late misfortune, a large and horribly symmetrical grass stain.

What happened then must not be scored as a piece of gross boorishness against young Mr. Cameron. It must be borne in mind that he had been thoroughly frightened, that this emotion had given place, just as suddenly, to one of relief, that he was, in short, in that somewhat disturbed state of mind in which people laugh or cry over nothing, just as a means of releasing nerves which have been overstrained.

That green patch, seen for a moment before being hidden in the saddle, brought about Derek's release. It was too much. It conjured up a picture of Barbara sliding over the mare's tail, of the laugh frozen in horrified fashion on her face, of the wholly ungraceful bump with which she had come to earth. Derek Cameron was but human, and since, being a man, he could not resort to tears, he began to laugh.

It was only a small laugh at first, a series of well-controlled chuckles. But it grew, until, by the time he turned to mount the bay, his shoulders were quivering uncontrollably.

It was at this stage that Barbara noticed.

At first she could not believe her eyes. That a fiance should have been tactless enough to refer to such things as dirty noses and crooked hats was bad enough; that he should be able to laugh over an accident which might well have been fatal was unforgivable. Miss Worth was not accustomed to being laughed at, much less at a time when she knew she was not looking her cool and immaculate best. It had never occurred to her before in all her spoiled life. Her reaction was prompt. A spot of color appeared in her cheeks, the grey eyes became definitely stormy.

"You seem to be highly amused over something," she snapped.

THIS time, there was no mistaking the quality in her voice. One foot in the stirrup, Derek turned, conscious of the fact that he had blundered badly, but still with a smile lingering about the corners of his mouth. He essayed a stammering, apologetic remark, but before he could get any distance with it, Barbara cut him short again.

"Might I ask what it is you find so laughable?" she demanded.

For one dangerous second it was on the tip of Derek's tongue to blurt out the truth, to tell of that really very funny grass stain. But even a gentleman who has been as near hysterics as any male can ever be without going under to it has some sense. Talk of that grass stain at the present juncture, he realised in the nick of time, would be indelicate, to say the least. Nevertheless, some explanation had to be given. For a moment he hesitated, groping for an idea. Then:

"I was just thinking we'd hardly be called a handsome couple at the moment," he said inanely.

It was the last straw, the final proof to Barbara that she looked just awful: dirty-nosed, untidy,

ridiculous; a veritable hag; everything, in fact, that the Barbara Worth who was known to everybody as the more decorative member of a Handsome Couple combination was not accustomed to being.

It was too much; years of adulation and flattering had not prepared her for it. Her face flamed; her eyes blazed. While Derek, one foot still in his stirrup, gazed at her fascinated, she regained control of herself sufficiently to speak.

"You beast!" she said in a tone that assured him that she meant it. "You insufferable . . . oh!"

Words failed her, leaving only action as a means of expressing her fury. Blindly, quite unaware of what she was doing, she raised her riding-crop and brought it down across the bay's quarters. The moment she had done it, she would have cut off her arm to have taken the blow back. But it was too late then; the bay was careering madly along the track with Derek, her Derek, the man she loved in spite of his tactlessness, his laughter in the wrong place, dragging along bouncing horribly, that one foot still caught in the stirrup.

The days that followed were definitely unpleasant ones for Barbara Worth. In addition to the knowledge that Derek lay in hospital, badly battered, according to his doctor, she was forced to confront the fact that she had acted in a manner to be expected, perhaps, from some slattern who knew no better, but certainly not from such a poised and well-bred young lady as she had always regarded herself to be.

To do her justice, however, it was Derek who caused most of the sleepless hours she spent tossing restlessly in her bed at night. He was in the most expensive room in the most expensive hospital the city afforded; he was receiving the most skilful medical treatment money could buy, but these thoughts brought no consolation.

Please turn to Page 46



SHE loved him, she discovered, far more than she had suspected in those carefree days when the two of them had been so taken up with giving to the world their celebrated and perfect rendering of the Handsome Couple, and now, to think of him lying in pain through her headstrong bad temper was torture.

Things were made worse by his refusal to see her. His mother visited him daily; even some of his friends had been allowed to go to him over the past week, but she, the one person in the world who had most cause to want to talk to him, to humble herself and ask forgiveness, was barred.

For the first time in her life, Barbara Worth found out what it was to be denied something she wanted badly, to suffer all the pangs of a guilty conscience, and to love with the bitter conviction that she was despised and hated by the object of her love. It was drastic treatment for a spoiled young woman.

Derek Cameron awoke in hospital with only a very vague idea as to how he could have got there. For the first couple of days of his sojourn as star inmate all he could realise was that he was in hospital, that he felt perfectly rotten and that, so far as he could discover, his head was completely covered with bandages which had holes cut in them for his eyes and mouth.

None of these things was very comforting.

Gradually other things became plain to him. He remembered that morning in the park, Barbara's fall, his laughter, her sudden striking of his horse, and then the jerk and the horror of that bumping progress along the track. Memory stopped there, fortunately for him.

AT first the pain and shock kept him from thinking of Barbara except as the purely impersonal figure whose action had set off the train of events which had landed him in the antiseptic-smelling bed in which he lay. But soon, as he commenced to mull over other thoughts came, and they were unpleasant ones.

Strangely enough, he felt no resentment for the actual pain she had caused him. It was something else he could not forgive: the fact that, through her, he had been exhibited as a ridiculous, bumbling bundle of clothes being ignominiously dragged through the dirt by one leg. The fact that Barbara might regard the spectacle as being more terrifying than undignified did not occur to him: all he could realise, as he lay brooding, was that he, the debonair Derek Cameron, had been made to look supremely foolish. It was unforgivable.

When visitors were at last allowed, Barbara attempted to see him. He refused, violently. Here again his motives were quite other than those she ascribed to him. His action was in no way due to any falling off in his love for her; angry and unforgiving he might be, but he could not kill his feeling for her quite so easily as that. No, he could not bear to face her with the suspicion that all the time she was remembering how foolish he had looked hanging from that stirrup, and with the knowledge that, swathed in bandages, he was a far from heroic spectacle.

Young Mr. Cameron was not accustomed to looking either foolish or unheroic, and the knowledge that both roles had fallen to his lot was hard to take. It did not occur to him that he and Barbara had characteristics other than good looks in common.

And so, he remained, like Achilles in his tent, sulking, seeing his mother because he couldn't very well refuse to, despite the vague distaste aroused by her cloying sweetness, and, when the time came when they were allowed to visit him, talking with false heartiness to his more intimate friends—not because he wanted to talk to them, but because, after all, a man always had to be glad to see any of "the fellows" and to indulge in an exchange of hearty masculine small talk.

MEANTIME, to the dismay of the romantic and plain young nurse who attended him during the day, and who had read in all the newspapers about the engagement of

Continued from Page 45

Barbara Worth and Derek Cameron, and who subscribed most heartily to the idea that they were indeed a Handsome Couple and a Perfect Match, he persistently refused to see Barbara, despite her almost daily attempts to get into touch with him and so perform her grand ceremony of self-abasement.

It was too bad; indeed, to the young nurse, who remained to the end a nameless figure in uniform to both Derek and Barbara, it was a tragedy. So much so that this anonymous probationer, greatly daring, decided that she could stand it no longer, and, quite unconscious of the fact that she was usurping powers usually reserved to the gods, took matters into her own hands.

This she did on that occasion when Barbara, despairing at last of doing anything by telephone, came to the hospital to see whether her presence there might not have the effect of breaking down Derek's resistance. It was pure luck that, as she entered the reception hall, the romantic and plain young nurse happened to be going out for her afternoon off.

It is a tribute to newspaper photographs as well as to Barbara's own

#### SINCE THE AUTUMN

So, since the autumn when we  
lost each other,  
I have remembered all you told  
me.  
How I must crush the pain of  
wanting you,  
Hold to my heart this closer  
ecstasy.  
Now in the air I know I hear  
your laughter,  
Walk in the darkness unafraid,  
and find  
Joy in the flowering of your  
wisdom,  
Peace in the beauty of your  
mind.  
So, since the autumn when we  
lost each other,  
Softly upon my brow the sweet  
wind's breath  
Whispers of you, and in a calm  
deep wonder  
I celebrate the birthday of your  
death.

—YVONNE WEBB.

individual type of beauty that the nurse recognised her as soon as she saw her. And it is a further tribute to Romance that, having seen her, that plain and dowdy young woman should have acted as promptly and instinctively as she did.

Even as Barbara looked around for the desk at which she should announce herself and the purpose of her visit, she found herself confronted by a small figure who said breathlessly:

"Oh, you're Miss Worth, aren't you? Do you want to see Mr. Cameron?"

More than a little taken aback, but well in command of herself, Barbara admitted both her identity and her desire to see the patient mentioned. Before she had properly finished:

"Room number eight," said an excited voice. "Through the doors there, and fourth to the right."

Before Barbara could thank her, the odd young woman had disappeared, as if spirited away, back to those realms from which the messengers of the gods only emerge now and then to disentangle the affairs of mortals.

Feeling much the same emotions as those experienced by a soldier scrambling over a trench parapet in the cold grey dawn to attack a waiting enemy, Barbara advanced, passed through the double swing doors, turned to the right, stopped before another door marked with the numeral eight, and tapped. She had no sooner done so than she became conscious of the loud beating of her heart; the whole hospital, she thought, must hear it.

Call for Free Advice, or, if unable, send 2d. stamped addressed envelope to "EYE CULTURE," No. 1 St. James Buildings, 197 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W., for advice and free booklet "Perfect Eyesight Without Glasses."

It seemed an age, although it could not have been more than a few seconds, before the door opened. A sister appeared. Be-

fore Barbara could say anything, she spoke.

"Oh, a visitor," she said pleasantly. "If you wouldn't mind waiting, we won't be a moment. We're just taking Mr. Cameron's bandages off."

With that the door shut again, leaving the girl to try and control the agitation which had swept over her.

Inside, everything was going well. The bandages, in fact, were off, displaying wounds which, judging by the doctor's satisfied muttering, were behaving in a thoroughly gentlemanly fashion. To Derek, as she returned from the door, the sister said, quite casually, "a visitor," and he, concluding naturally enough that it was one of his men friends, braced himself for a session of hearty small-talk which would come at a moment when all he wanted to do was to examine his face in a mirror to see just how ghastly it looked.

At last it was all over. The doctor had made his exit with a few final instructions to the sister, and she, having cleared up, arranged the bedclothes neatly and punched the pillow into comfortable shape, was now leaving. As she went out of the door she glanced over her shoulder.

"I'll show your visitor in," she said.

Derek grunted. Glass in hand he was looking at the scars which crisscrossed his face. They looked worse than they were. In time, such was the skill with which they had been treated, they would be virtually unnoticeable. But, although the doctor had assured him of this, Derek was in no mood to believe it; pessimistically he regarded the wreckage, not even looking up when he heard the door open and close. All he did by way of welcome was to throw out a remark in the manner of a strong man festering over his own misfortunes.

"Just looking over the ruins, old boy," he said. "Pull up a chair."

Having got this piece of masculine insincerity off his chest, he looked up. His next remark was altogether out of character.

"You!" he gasped. At the same moment, Barbara saw his face fully.

"Oh, Derek!" she cried. "Your poor face!"

It might be thought that any man would be entitled to take umbrage at hearing his features described as a "poor face," but it must be admitted that Mr. Derek Cameron, with a weeping, conscience-stricken girl on his hands, or, rather, half on his knees, was not conscious of any feeling of resentment.

Rather, he felt that, in some uncanny fashion, life had suddenly taken on a more roseate hue, that, after all, these scars over which he had been glooming so intently were but transient things, that love was, as he had always thought, a grand and glorious affair.

So pleasurable was this mixture of feelings that he allowed Miss Worth to keep up her sobbing and self-condemnation long after the moment when he should have commenced to administer forgiveness and consolation. But much must be overlooked in an invalid.

(Copyright)

AT length it occurred to him that something more than happy dreaming was demanded of him. He did it. There was no need for words. A few weeks in hospital had not impaired the invalid's power of expressing emotion in terms of action. As for Barbara she was only too willing to be comforted.

It might have been a minute or half an hour later that they came back to earth and regarded each other. When they did so, Barbara could not restrain another self-condemnatory remark.

"But, Derek, your face," she said. "When I think that it's all my fault..."

It was the wrong moment, however, to talk about faces. Derek picked up the mirror from the table alongside his bed. Pulling her close to him, he held it up so that both their faces, side by side, were reflected in it. Barbara gasped. But it was her own appearance that shocked her now. Her eyes were red with weeping; her make-up more than a little streaky with tears, her hair anyhow, her hair by no means tidy.

Derek grinned as she made an instinctive grab at her bag. He caught her arm.

"A handsome couple, I think," he said.

But there was no sting in his voice, only an intimate note of joking. Barbara stiffened.

"Oh, Derek! Never say that again."

His astonishment was genuine.

"Why? Surely you know I was only joking."

"Yes, I know. But the last time you said it..." Barbara gulped. "Don't you remember? It was that that made me so mad..."

For a moment, he didn't understand. Then recollection came. He caught a picture of himself standing, one foot in the stirrup, in the park, shaking with laughter and trying to invent a cause for his mirth. He saw Barbara sliding over the chestnut's rump to plump down in that ridiculous sitting position, he saw the grass stain as she mounted. And as this last picture formed in his mind, he began to grin. The grin turned to a chuckle, which in turn became a laugh. In spite of herself, Barbara smiled in sympathy.

"But what," she demanded, "is the joke. What..."

Derek tried hard to choke back his mirth.

"You," he gasped. "In the park... sliding over the mare's tail. And then that grass stain..."

His laughter got the better of him. He rocked. "That grass stain..."

Barbara was infected now. She was laughing nearly as heartily as he. But she continued to press him to explain about the grass stain. Between spasms, he told her. It was all very silly, but it might have been the richest joke in the world the way they laughed, tears pouring from their eyes, their sides aching.

Outside in the corridor two sisters heard the loud peals and smiled at each other.

"Number eight seems to be cured," remarked one.

She was only up on half the facts of the case. That laughter meant that two people were cured, and cured of a trouble more serious than could be caused by any riding fall.

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# THE MOVIE WORLD

January 29, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

## Calling Australia!

### Moviedom News As It Happens

From John B. Davies and Barbara Bourchier

From New York and Hollywood

#### Garbo's Feet

**A**N effort will be made in Garbo's next picture to dispel ideas about her supposedly big feet.

There will be a scene in the film in which she buys a pair of shoes, and the camera will make it evident that the feet are Garbo's own.

She wears size 6½ shoes, which, if anything, are a trifle smaller than the average for a woman of her height.

#### Cautious Freddie

**L**IKE the lawyer he plans to be when he grows up, Freddie Bartholomew does not believe in signing papers without reading them.

Recently, when M.-G.-M. was renewing his contract calling for some \$20,000 a year, Freddie was ordered in by the battery of lawyers, stenographers, clerks, and executives to sign the new instrument.

But he refused to sign until a clause was inserted providing him with an extra dollar a week pocket money.

#### Driver Will Act

**C**APTAIN GEORGE E. T. EYSTON, who drives cars at five miles a minute, will soon go into the pictures for Warner Bros.

The film will recount the history of motoring, the climax centring on Eyston's 309.6 m.p.h. in The Thunderbolt on the salt flats of Utah.

#### Colman for England

**R**ONALD COLMAN is to visit London again soon.

Like Garbo, Ronald "likes to be alone," but he seems to be more adept in avoiding the newspapers.

Last time he was in London he remained incognito even when he lunched in the very heart of newspaperdom at The Cheshire Cheese, Fleet St.

He even signed the visitors' book, but he was two days out in the Atlantic before this was discovered.

#### Kissing Simplified

**T**ECHNICOLOR has eliminated a very annoying problem of the black-and-white picture—how to kiss a leading lady without smearing her make-up.

The make-up for black-and-white is thick and heavy. But the make-up for technicolor is so light as to be almost unnoticeable.

This light make-up has one marked disadvantage.

Through it blanches are very apparent to the keen lens of the color-camera.

Actresses who blush during passionate love-scenes with men they scarcely know are confronted with a serious problem.

#### Baby for Thin Man

**• Myrna Loy is now in the £1000 a week category, having signed her name to a new contract with M.-G.-M.**

Her next picture reunites her with William Powell. It will be "The Return of the Thin Man."

Mrs. "Thin Man" will be expecting a baby in the picture.

Now they are at it again in the Gainborough Islington studios in a picture called "Alf's Button Afloat." These comedians work on no recognised lines, and, if there is a script, nothing is surer than that they won't use it.



#### DIRTY WEATHER

**• A whole island is blown to bits in "Hurricane," the spectacular Goldwyn film. Above, left: Mary Astor, wife of the Governor of the island. Centre: Mamo Clark, with Raymond Massey, the Governor. Right: Jon Hall, the new star, and Dorothy Lamour, the native couple at the centre of the story. Below, left: Jerome Cowan, Mary Astor, and C. Aubrey Smith. Centre: Mary Astor and C. Aubrey Smith. Right: Jon Hall in gaol.**

#### Ragged Earl

**B**ERT LAHR threw a ragamuffin party, offering a prize for the most convincing ragamuffin. The winner was the Earl of Warwick.

#### More from Crazy Gang

**W**HEN the pictures were backing vaudeville off the boards, the management of the London Palladium amalgamated three pairs of comedians, Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allen, and Norton and Gold, called them the Crazy Gang, and kept their music hall packed for several years.

It was inevitable that the gang, having held the films at bay, should finally succumb to them.

Their picture, "Okay for Sound," proved a great box-office draw throughout England.

Now they are at it again in the Gainborough Islington studios in a picture called "Alf's Button Afloat."

These comedians work on no recognised lines, and, if there is a script, nothing is surer than that they won't use it.

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	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
		Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
ADDRESS	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
CITY	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
STATE	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

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# STARS Shine LONGER

## Varied Roles Can Keep Them At the Top

By ESTHER JAYNE  
from Hollywood

STARS did not last long in the days of silent films. Three or four years of fame, and waning popularity condemned them to small parts. Many of them to-day are extras.

But the rule has now been reversed, and it is the exceptional player who cannot retain popularity for five years or more.

THE explanation is the unlimited scope of the talking screen.

In silent days it was difficult for any player to get out of the groove of "typing"—a beautiful heroine could never hope to succeed in character roles; a villain who could rise out of his rut into comedy parts was a miracle worker; a handsome hero lost his public when his profile began to deteriorate.

When sound came to the screen, however, players began to win success in new fields of characterisation.

### Myrna Modernised

MYRNA LOY forsook Oriental roles for those of smart, modern heroines; Wallace Beery, who once had been a villain, turned from comedy to character-acting.

Adolphe Menjou found himself winning even greater popularity in character parts than he had as a well-groomed man-of-the-world.

Alice Brady changed from an ingenue into a favorite comedienne; Joan Crawford, once a typical jazz flapper, transformed herself into a sophisticate.

Gary Cooper laid aside the cowboy costume for roles of a suaver sort.

Retirements from the screen are now rare.

To realise how securely the stars have held their places in the public's preference, one need only glance over the star list of five years ago.

Practically every star still living is quite as popular to-day.

Ronald Colman has been at the top for well over ten years. So have Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer.

William Powell five years ago was just beginning to establish himself as a popular hero after ten years of deep villainy and light comedy.

Warner Baxter and Warner Oland were prominent then, as now. Marlene Dietrich was just getting her big start. So was Clark Gable.

Joan Crawford was a most popular star; Constance Bennett was big; Freddie March was just winning his first big popularity.

Lionel and John Barrymore were already favorites of the world public. Bing Crosby was just starting to attract attention.

Carole Lombard, having not yet found her flair for comedy, was still much in demand as a svelte type of leading lady.

Victor McLaglen's vogue was already ascending.

This list could be carried on through scores of well-known names.

The old stars remain; and whatever new ones are in the public eye to-day have been added to the list, rather than substituted.



### GALLERY OF STARS

*Gene Raymond*  
(R.K.O.-Radio)

His next film will be "She's Got That Swing."

The old stars do not let themselves be replaced; they continue to offer competition.

The Gables, Montgomerys, Powells, and Coopers have not let themselves be overshadowed by the Robert Taylors, Franchot Tones, Fred MacMurrays or James Stewarts.

If they find the competition in their old field too difficult to combat they merely change type.

Barbara Stanwyck, Janet Gaynor and Constance Bennett have mellowed their personalities to fit new roles.

Clark Gable has softened his characterisations.

Yet it is still inevitable that stars will fade if they cannot change.

A vogue only lasts a short while. Clara Bow faded out of the limelight.

Mae West will find herself forgotten soon, unless she can change her characterisation; it was popular while it was new, but the public has always proved its opinion that enough is enough.

There are a few exceptions to this rule of the picture world.

Singers will always remain popular as long as they can sing well.

But even Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Nelson Eddy, Nino Martini, and Lawrence Tibbett are called upon to do more straight characterisation than formerly.

The same holds for dancers. Fred Astaire

and Ginger Rogers, Eleanor Powell, Bill Robinson, Jessie Matthews and Jack Buchanan will retain their popularity as long as they can continue to tap out their rhythms with originality and sparkle, but even they must do a bit of straight acting between dances.

Exceptions, too, are the cowboy stars, best of whom is Bill Boyd, who probably will be welcomed in his Hopalong Cassidy roles as long as he wants to do them.

### Comedians Remain

AND the comedians, of course, are always in demand, because there are never enough good comedians to tickle the public's fancy.

Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, the Marx Brothers, Eddie Cantor, Laurel and Hardy, W. C. Fields, Hugh Herbert and all the rest of the old-time funny men will continue to draw big salaries as long as they can stand the pace.

The newer favorites—the Rita Brothers, Bob Burns and Martha Raye, Ben Blue, Robert Benchley—are secure in the knowledge that nothing short of accident can lessen their popularity.

Besides the factors mentioned, there are other reasons for the lengthening span of a star's career to-day.

Studio production methods are not the least important.

Better lighting, improved make-up technique, finer cameras and film, and more expert hairdressing contribute to the ever-fresh appearance of ageing stars.

The illusion of youth is easily preserved long after youth itself has gone.

The stars to-day help in this by devoting less time to late-hour parties, and more to sports in the sun and open air.

Nowadays a star's leisure hours are occupied by tennis, golf, yachting, riding, swimming or hunting trips, fishing, cycling, or just walking.

There is a fetish for keeping fit in Hollywood which the stars take with them even onto the set.

The studios have provided the "stand-in" who does all the long hours of posing before scenes are actually photographed, to save the star from wilting with fatigue.

Meanwhile, the star rests or plays, and thus is fresh and vibrant when he finally does get before the camera.

So Paul Muni, Kay Francis, Edward G. Robinson, Marlon Davies, Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell, Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne, John Boles and Loretta Young are still as popular as ever.

They will remain so for a good while longer than if this were the year 1925, and their pictures were silent.



# FILMS TO COST LESS THIS YEAR

## But More Technicolor and Many Musicals

THE publicity people will not say so, but Hollywood films this year are going to be less colossal than usual.

Peering through the fog of ballyhoo at the shape of films to come, we find that there is a serious slump in the industry.

THE head men have headaches, drastic economy is demanded, many players and technicians are out of work.

Falling box-office returns both in America and abroad explain this tightening of belts.

War and politics are spoiling China, Japan, Spain, Italy, and Germany as markets for the Hollywood product.

Also, it seems to be dawning on picture patrons in most parts of the world that the brains behind a film matter more than the money put into it.

So they have not always been giving the colossal, stupendous film the patronage required if the studio is to get its money back.

Still, there were some big films finished or in production before the economy panic. They will be seen in Australia before long.

"In Old Chicago," by 20th Century-Fox, is an outstanding one.

The sequence showing the great Chicago fire is one of the most costly and also one of the most impressive spectacles that have been put on the screen.

### Big Disney Show

THERE is not much doubt that one of the most interesting releases of the year will be Walt Disney's first full-length feature in technicolor, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

Disney is one of the few real geniuses of the film, and if "Snow White," which took several years to make, is as good as it sounds, it is something to look forward to.

Sam Goldwyn, who does not do things by halves, has turned out two expensive shows in "The Hurricane" and "The Adventures of Marco Polo."

"The Hurricane" is made from a story by Nordinoff and Hall, who wrote "Mutiny on the Bounty." It climaxes with an impressive storm sequence.

In "Marco Polo" Gary Cooper plays the Venetian traveler who made a famous voyage centuries ago to the Court of the Great Khan.

For contrast, this versatile producer is at present making "The Goldwyn Follies," a hefty musical seasoned with classical ballet.

During last year two films—"A Star is Born" and "Prisoner of Zenda"—gave new proof that David Selznick is a producer whose work has a special polish and quality.

He can make a film which is big without being pretentious, and his production of "Gone With the Wind" is probably the most eagerly anticipated in Hollywood at present.

But it has not begun yet, having been held up by the slump.

### Lombard Skylarks

CLARK GABLE is tipped for the role of Rhett Butler, hero of the famous novel.

"Nothing Sacred," Selznick's crazy comedy with Carole Lombard and Fredric March, is doing well in the States at present.

In this picture the two stars are journalists who laughably hoax New York.

"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," in technicolor, is another Selznick show, and should be fun for the youngsters. It stars Tommy Kelly, a 10-year-old who has not been before.

Warner Brothers are making a

splash with "Robin Hood," in color. Errol Flynn has the title part which Douglas Fairbanks swaggered through years ago.

It should give Flynn a better chance than he got in his last costume film, "The Prince and the Pauper."

Warners are going in for color pretty seriously this year.

One of their bigger productions in this medium will be "Gold Is Where You Find It," entirely made on location in the backwoods. Claude Rains and Olivia de Havilland will star.

Hats off to the studio if they can make a success of color in an outdoor film. So far the green of trees has been a bugbear of the colorists, who do best with indoor sets like those in "Vogues of 1938."

Several Warner musicals will reach us in the coming months.

"Varsity Show" is the first. It is collegiate and hot, and stars Dick



●NOT DIETRICH, BUT ISA MIRANDA, the Italian star, who has gone to Paramount. We shall see her for the first time in "Lady of the Tropics."



●KATHARINE HEPBURN chats with Cary Grant between scenes of "Bringing Up Baby," new R.K.O. comedy.

Powell with Waring and his Pennsylvanians.

"Hollywood Hotel" will follow, with Dick Powell, Glenda Farrell, and Benny Goodman's band.

The "gold-digger" series will be continued, but this time the mercenary blondes will operate in a Paris setting. Rudy Vallee will probably appear in the film.

With "Double Wedding," the Powell-Loy comedy, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have already scored a hit in America.

It is a film of the kind which Hollywood excels at—the farce with sophisticated flavor.

Predictions are being made that the vogue for crazy comedy is due to flicker out shortly. But the crowds who have rallied to "The Awful Truth," "Topper," "Double Wedding," and "Nothing Sacred" don't seem to strengthen the prophecy.

Irving Berlin, who wrote for "Top Hat," is down to compose the tunes for an Astaire-Rogers show. It has been tentatively titled "Carefree," and will probably be their last appearance together.

R.K.O. is busily developing the talents of these dancing stars in straight-acting parts.

In "Stage Door," although co-starred with brilliant Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers got away with more than her share of the floral tributes.

"Having Wonderful Time," comedy

of romantic problems in a holiday camp, stars Ginger with Douglas Fairbanks, jun., and she will also be seen with James Stewart in "Vivacious Lady," as a night club dancer who marries a professor.

And a film with Ginger opposite Charles Boyer is planned.

Fred Astaire's first solo-starring film

By JOHN B. DAVIES  
From New York

is "A Damsel in Distress," from a Wodehouse story.

Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant will carry on the wild comedy parade with "Bringing Up Baby," in which they are compelled to hide a gift leopard on the farm of a maiden aunt.

Several interesting musicals are due to emerge from R.K.O.

Operatic Lily Pons is surrounded by funny men—Oakie, Horton, and Hiore—in "Hitting a New High."

Nino Martini in "Music for Madame" sings compositions by Rudolf Friml,

and the studio is also billing a costly musical revue called "Radio City Revels."

Twentieth Century-Fox is carrying on with the policy that has worked so well for the studio in the last few years.

That policy is to keep a high average level of brisk entertainment, rarely aiming at fine art or mammoth spectacle.

Their musical biography of Irving Berlin, titled "Alexander's Ragtime Band," looks promising.

Alice Faye will be in it.

But so will Ethel Merman, whose torch-singing is torture for many of us.

Cantor will make "Sing While You Sleep" for this studio.

Shirley Temple, when she has finished "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," will go into "The Little Princess."

This picture is related in some way to the life of the English princesses. In what way we don't yet know; it looks like dangerous ground.

### Nelson Eddy Busy

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER have three major musicals coming. "The Firefly" is another operetta starring Jeanette MacDonald.

Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy will be together in "Rosalie," under the dashing direction of W. S. Van Dyke.

Eddy will also appear with Jeanette MacDonald in a costly version of "The Girl of the Golden West," with songs by Romberg.

Clark Gable is making "Test Pilot" at present.

Joan Crawford's next picture is "Mannequin." Her fans are all wishing that she may get some more worthy work to do than has come her way lately.

"Marie Antoinette," with Norma Shearer, is one of the two-million-dollar turns that are delayed by the slump.

The studio will be more likely to make money out of it, we imagine, if they take care to avoid the pomposities of speech and style that were noticeable in "Marie Walewska," their last period extravaganza.

"A Yank at Oxford," with Bob Taylor; "Madame X," with Gladys George; "Three Comrades," made

from an excellent novel by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front"—these are among the interesting items on the Metro list.

Paramount already have in their basket three pictures of the type which hoardings term "epic."

"Ebb Tide," technicolor version of an R. L. Stevenson story, is the first, and the German character actor, Oscar Homolka, makes his Hollywood debut in it.

### Lubitsch at Work

CECIL B. DE MILLE has produced a large pirate film, "The Buccaneer," with Fredric March and Franceska Gaal, a new foreign import.

Claudette Colbert's first showing will be with Charles Boyer in "Tovarich," adaptation by Warners of a very popular play.

The title is Russian for "comrade," and the film, which is about exiled Russian aristocrats working as waiters, is one of the more attractive comedies of the season.

Claudette also appears with Gary Cooper at Paramount in a Lubitsch comedy, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

Columbia, which has a habit of turning out smash hits like "The Awful Truth" among a number of minor films, may well have another winner in "You Can't Take It With You," which screens a famous Broadway comedy.

Grace Moore's "I'll Take Romance," by Columbia, will show in Australia shortly.

Universal will continue their shrewd exploitation of Deanna Durbin's unusual talent in "Mad about Music," and then in "Three Smart Girls Go To Town," which will reunite the cast of "Three Smart Girls."

The same studio has a programme ready for the exquisite Parisian actress, Danielle Darrieux. Her first is "The Rage of Paris."

The Universal publicity department is instructing us to pronounce Mlle. Darrieux's name, "Dare You." This pronunciation will astound Frenchmen as much as "See-moan Bee-moan."

Widest open question of the coming months—will the drama starring Paul-Lette Goddard and produced by Charlie Chaplin materialise?

Not many think so.





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## HOLLYWOOD'S Toughest BOYS

### Scrapes of the "Dead End" Gang

By JEAN SPAULDING  
from Hollywood

Among its legion of child players, Hollywood has never seen a gang to approach for toughness the six boys who were brought in for the Goldwyn production, "Dead End."

They were previously employed in the Broadway stage production of the show, which depicts life in a New York slum.

DISGRUNTLED prima donnas have been trying to do it for years, but it remained for these small boys to snub Hollywood in so effective a manner that the film colony sat up and took notice.

These lads shattered a long-standing Hollywood tradition, achieved what has been the burning ambition of every star since movies began—to tell an ace director how his picture should be made.

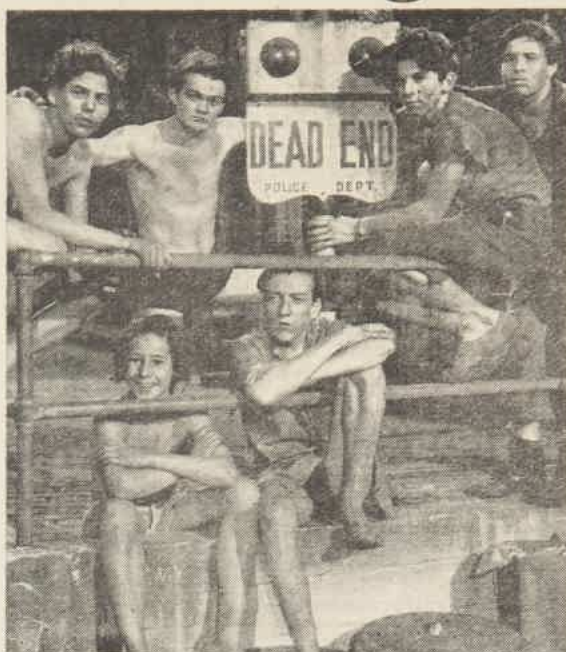
Their lack of the opportunities of travel and of previous film experience by no means gave them a sense of inferiority.

The visitors took an immediate dislike to Hollywood and wasted no time in telling Hollywood what they thought of it.

First, they didn't like the station at Pasadena. "Looked like a comic cartoon," they said.

Gabriel Dell was affronted by the size of the oranges in the groves they passed on the way in. "No bigger than moth balls," he sneered.

Gabriel brooded about the diminutive oranges until larger troubles encountered with the Board of Education drove them out of his mind.



● CRIMINALS IN THE MAKING. These boys in "Dead End" show the brutalizing effect of slum life with alarming realism.

The boys had to get work permits from the Board. The doctor who examined them said they didn't look very tough.

They wanted to crack him, but were hustled out before they could go into action.

"We shoulda mobilised dat guy," said Bobby Jordan, who is known as Angel in the film. "Mobilise" is New York East Side talk for attacking anyone in a gang.

"This place is the bunk," Huntz Hall said. "Me for New York."

And that just about sums up what the "Dead End" kids think of the world's glamor factory. They don't like Hollywood very much. In fact, they don't like it at all.

### Director Heckled

BUT if the film colony squirmed uncomfortably under the straightforward criticisms of this sextet of youngsters, it was horror-stricken when they took charge of the direction of "Dead End."

Any picture, regardless of magnitude, has but one assistant director on the staff.

Further, the assistant director's job is to assist, and woe betide the one who offers advice freely to his superior.

We can sympathise then with William Wyler, whom Goldwyn had engaged to direct "Dead End."

Mr. Goldwyn and, in fact, everyone else, considered him to be perfectly capable for the job. Not so these actors from New York's waterfront, however.

They knew that Wyler had made "Dodsworth" and "These Three," and they admitted that he had done a pretty good job on each.

But they felt that since they had acted in the stage production they were within their rights in assuming directorial capacities.

Their chief complaint against Mr. Wyler's production was that the swear words had been cut out of the script.

It was useless to explain that certain words and phrases that can be said on the stage are offensive on the screen. They resented such tamperings.

"There ain't anything left in our parts," said Bernard Punsky, sadly.

"Takes de heart out of a guy," Huntz said, overwhelmed by it all. "Takes de heart out of you, dat's what it does."

The boys didn't take this unkindness out of all without a fight.

Despite repeated threats and importunings, they tried slipping in a couple of words, hoping that Wyler wouldn't catch them.

Wyler always did, though, and when he objected they shrugged.

"We said that in the play," they would counter, "and it got a big laugh."

They gave in at last, but what they lost in art they made up in private comment. Hardened electricians and carpenters wilted under their eloquence.

When it came to action, Mr. Wyler's associates were very expert. They knew just how a scene should be played—knew just how it was played on the stage.

Often they remarked to Humphrey Bogart, who plays the part of the gangster: "That ain't the way Joe Downing done it on the stage. He went at it altogether different."

"Thanks, kids," Bogart would reply, and then disappoint them by playing the role in the Bogart way.

That made the boys feel sorry for him.

"Maybe he's a dope," Leo Gorcey decided. "He's a nice guy, but he's a dope, I think, maybe."

Because they are natural actors, the self-appointed assistant directors often created bits of "business" that met Mr. Wyler's approval.

But for the most part the director, as well as the adult stars, Sylvia Sydney, Joel McCrea, and Bogart, were able to manage quite well without the freely-offered advice.

The only thing that received the boys' unqualified approval was the set.

That was very "okay." It was so okay it made them homesick, they said. It even smelled like East Fifty-Third Street.

Where it will all end, nobody knows. Hollywood is still rather stunned by the impact. Maybe the boys will go Hollywood eventually.

Hollywood hopes not, however.

## Glamor Queens Bore Britain

BRITISH cinema managers, 5000 of them, have placed the box-office appeal of stars for the last year in the following order:

Shirley Temple, Clark Gable, Gracie Fields, Gary Cooper, George Formby, William Powell, Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Taylor, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Laurel and Hardy.

Although Wigan-born George Formby, son of a famous Lancashire comic of the hey-day of music-halls, ranks fifth, not one of his pictures has had showing in the West End of London.

He works exclusively in British

pictures, and his great following is in the provinces.

This list, which is compiled purely on the money-making power of the stars, makes strange reading.

Practically none of the great feminine stars—the Garbo, the Dietrich, Grace Moore, Lise Rainer, Claudette Colbert—get a mention.

Seven of the ten are men, or, to be more correct, six-and-a-half counting the nimble Fred as half the famous Astaire-Rogers combination, while Shirley Temple heads the poll.

This seems to show that though man pays the box-office piper it is woman who calls the film tune.

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You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

## HE KEEPS HIS JOBS THOUGH TURNED

House Painter Who Takes Kruschen Every Day

How many painters can continue to work when they are over 70? Here is one who can—and he still does some of the most trying jobs in his trade. How does he do it? He tells us in this letter.

"I have been in the habit of taking a few grains of Kruschen Salts in a cup of tea I have had for a great number of years. I may state that I am now 70 years of age, being born on July 18, 1864. I am a house painter by trade and still at work. I can work off any height, no matter what height, or in cradles which are hung outside high buildings. I have been asked many times how I stay so well, as I only look about 50. Well, I tell them all that I take Kruschen Salts regularly every day."—J.S.A.

Kruschen is a combination of natural salts which stimulate your kidneys and digestive tract to healthy regular activity. They ensure cleanliness, and keep the blood pure.

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IN less time than it takes to slip into your bathing suit you can dissolve away unwanted hair. Have velvety smooth arms and legs without a trace of hair or stubble. Simply apply this dainty scented cream—wash it off—the hair is gone as if by magic! Absolutely no odor. No mess or bother. This amazing discovery is sold everywhere under the trademark New "VEET." No other method is so quick and easy. Get rid of that ugly hair to-day the up-to-date scientific way—with New "VEET." 2/6 and 4/6 (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.



# HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From John B. Davies, New York; Barbara Bouchier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London

**CLARK GABLE** was embarrassed when he walked on to the set of "Test Pilot" the day after papers had announced the results of a nation-wide poll in which he had been voted 1937's "King of the Screen."

Spencer Tracy, who co-stars with Clark in the picture, had decided to give the "King" a little ribbing, and the moment Gable arrived on the set the entire company greeted him with "Hail, hail, The Beautiful King!"

Myrna Loy, his leading lady in "Test Pilot," who had been voted "Queen of the Screen," was subjected to a similar reception.

## DOTS... and DASHES

● Walt Disney inventing a new character for his cartoon shorts, named Gus the Goose. ● Ginger Rogers taking five hundred crippled children to a Christmas performance of a children's play. ● Mary Maguire seen here and there with young socialite, Alfred Vanderbilt, but they say Director William Wyler is still favorite. ● Wayne Morris working in two pictures at once at Warners... and having as his leading lady in each his off-screen fiancée, Priscilla Lane. ● Allan Jones and Irene Hervey equipping one room of their home as a hospital in preparation for the arrival of an heir. ● Dick Powell giving wife Jean Blondell a specially built car for Christmas. ● Jimmy Dunn telling friends he'll soon marry Frances Gifford, R.K.O. starlet and winner of many beauty contests.

**GREAT** were the celebrations on the set of "Mad About Music" on the fifteenth birthday of Deanna Durbin.

Sharing in the party were Deanna's parents, Herbert Marshall, who co-stars with her, and everyone employed on the show.

Among the best presents were a beautiful bike and a complete make-up kit in a fitted leather case—the last from the director of her first two pictures.



● **SHE WON'T STARVE.** Married recently to Jackie Coogan, Betty Grable has been made beneficiary of his huge life insurance policy. And she is getting bigger roles from Paramount.

**MARLENE DIETRICH** is more than a little annoyed with executives of Paramount studios who caused her to hurry back from a European trip in the belief her next picture, "French Without Tears," would go into production immediately.

On her arrival, Marlene found the film would not begin shooting for several weeks.

Marlene's little daughter, Maria, was left in England with her governess, and had to spend Christmas without her mother for the first time.

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No excuse for cutting corns

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**BECAUSE** Henry Fonda's wife is in New York awaiting a visit from the stork, Bette Davis, Henry, and the entire company of "Jezebel" have been working double time—sometimes till one or two in the morning.

When Henry Fonda agreed to do the picture, it was on condition he could be back in New York by a certain date to greet the new arrival.

The studio promised this, and all was well until Bette developed a facial infection and the picture was delayed for five days.

**CARY GRANT'S** chief recreation is rushing from one night club to another. Reason—his favorite sport is dancing.

**CLARK GABLE** evidently believes one good turn deserves another. Some time ago he faced the charges of an English woman, who claimed he was the father of her thirteen-year-old daughter, who was born in England.

A girl named Fran Doerfler came to Hollywood from Seattle as a witness on Gable's behalf.

She told the court that Clark had been her boy friend in Seattle at the time the Englishwoman claimed he was in England, and that he had wanted to marry her, but had been refused as he wasn't making enough money to support a wife.

Miss Doerfler's appearance came as a surprise to Gable, who had not seen her for years.

Her testimony helped greatly in clearing his name and getting his acquittal convicted of fraud.

When the case was settled, Gable didn't forget his old sweetheart.

As a gesture of gratitude, he arranged a screen test for her.

You'll see Fran Doerfler in his next picture, "Test Pilot," for at his special request she was given a small role.

**A NOVEL** "sit-down" strike occurred during production of the Harold Lloyd picture, "Professor Beware."

They were all on location in the desert.

Thinking it would be unbearably hot, they had all taken light clothing. But something slipped, and the weather suddenly became chilly.

Finally the entire company went on strike, refusing to continue their work until the studio provided them with heavy underwear.

An S.O.S. was sent out to all nearby villages, and eventually every member of the company was provided with long woolies.

**RETURNING** from a concert tour of the U.S., opera singer Grace Moore was eager to tell of the wonders of her new protegee, a ten-year-old child singer from Miss Moore's home town.

Under the auspices of Miss Moore, the little girl is coming to Hollywood with her parents to make screen tests and sing at the famed Coconut Grove.

**AFTER** a long absence from the screen, Elizabeth Allan will soon resume her acting in a role that will offer the best opportunity of her career—the feminine lead in "The Citadel."

However, she won't have to break the vow she made on leaving Hollywood some time ago—that she was deserting the movie capital for good and would make her permanent home with her husband in England.

"The Citadel" will be made in M-G-M.'s studio in England under their new English producing programme.

Business keeps Elizabeth's husband in England, and her long sojourn in Hollywood nearly wrote him to her marriage.

**"VIVACIOUS LADY,"** the new Ginger Rogers film, is costing R.K.O. a lot.

The picture was started months ago with Ginger and Jimmy Stewart in the leading roles, and with character players Donald Crisp and Fay Bainter in important supporting parts.

It had been before the cameras for some time when Stewart was stricken with arthritis, and was unable to continue work.

So R.K.O. shelved the film.

By the time Jimmy had recovered, his services were required at his home studio, M-G-M., so "Vivacious Lady" was again postponed.

Now both Jimmy and Ginger are available, but the entire film has to be remade as Donald Crisp and Fay Bainter are away working on "Jezebel."

**BORIS KARLOFF**, despite his terrifying roles, will not read detective and horror stories because he does not consider them literature.

**RAY MILLAND**, Dorothy Lamour, and the crew of "Jungle Love" headed for Palm Springs, a hundred miles away, to shoot jungle scenes in a specially-built "jungle."

Came a rainstorm, and they were forced back to the studio.

A few days later they returned to the desert. Another rainstorm forced them back.

So far the company has made three round trips between Hollywood and Palm Springs, and as one wit remarked it probably would have been cheaper to send them all to Africa in the first place.

**JANE WITHERS** has a new standard—and the lucky girl believes there really is a Santa Claus.

This Canadian girl, an ardent Withers fan, secured Jane's home address and decided to call on the child star for the purpose of getting an autograph.

Most stars refuse to see fans who call at their homes, but the lucky little Canadian was not only made welcome by the Withers and given her autograph, but she also left the home with a job as Jane's stand-in!

**JOE YOUNG**, who runs one of the leading Chinese restaurants in the West End by night and plays Chinese roles in British films by day, is versed in Chinese philosophy. One proverb he quotes says: "Man cannot become perfect in a thousand years," he may become corrupt in a day."

So she might be spared the pain of a Christmas in Hollywood with many tragic reminders of her daughter, Jean Harlow. Mrs. Jean Harlow has been on a four weeks' trip by boat to Havana and New York. The entire trip was a Christmas gift from William Powell.

## "RHEUMATISM IS IN MY BLOOD" DRIVE IT OUT THE CAUSE IS WEAK KIDNEYS



How often have you heard it said—"Rheumatism is in my blood"? It IS in your blood. It got there because your kidneys are weak and cannot filter the impurities and poisons—especially excess uric acid—out of your system, and the result is the formation of cruelly sharp uric acid crystals, which tear their way through the tender tissues, causing acute inflammation and, at times, unbearable pain.

Medical science agrees that rheumatism, backache, lumbago and all kindred troubles spring from one cause only—weak and sluggish kidneys—and that the only sure, safe, speedy and reliable method of obtaining relief is to restore the weakened kidneys to healthy action. De Witt's Pills give

**QUICK RELIEF—LASTING BENEFIT** in every case, no matter how long you have suffered.

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Stiff, swollen joints loosen up. No more agonising rheumatic pains. Hands with joints enlarged, encrusted with deposits of uric acid, can again be moved easily. Gone are those dizzy spells, the haggard look that kidney trouble gives. De Witt's not only make you pain-free, but give you really youthful vigour and vitality. Why stay in pain and danger when this splendid remedy gives such quick relief? Get your supply of De Witt's Pills to-day.

## DEWITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/3, 3/4 and 5/9. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.



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So dainty that it will not even stain linen, 'Dettol' is a highly efficient killer of germs. It is pleasant to smell, entirely non-poisonous and an excellent deodorant. 'Dettol' as part of your toilet routine gives you the assurance and peace of mind that comes from knowing for certain that you're dainty and fresh. Ask your doctor.



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NOTE

## PRIVATE VIEWS

## ★★★ THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

Paul Muni. (Warner Bros.)  
(Week's Best Release.)

WE were led to believe in advance that "Zola" is an unusual, a serious, an important picture.

And it is. Its subject is the life story of Emile Zola, French novelist and reformer of the last century.

Like most biographical films it is a bit episodic and disjointed.

It has its dull spots, and the opening scene—young Zola in his Paris garret—is one of them.

But most of the time it holds your interest tightly.

And Muni's performance as Zola is a subtle, sustained characterisation that we are not likely to forget.

Particularly good is his picture of the elderly Zola—grown plump, rather pompous, rather smug.

The most dramatic part of the film is in the period of Zola's old age, when he champions Captain Dreyfus, victim of the French military conspiracy which disgraced Europe.

Dreyfus was sent on a faked charge of treason to the prison at Devil's Island.

The show is pretty sombre. Muni is no comedian, and fun and games appear to have taken very little part in the life of the crusading novelist.

The film's big merit, far outweighing its occasional heaviness, is that at moments it gets across a moving impression of Zola's untameable spirit, his determination to expose what is corrupt.

The scene where he defies the Government censor is one of these moments. His court speech in defence of Dreyfus is another.

Two factors went to make those memorable passages.

One was the good writing of the screen play. The other was the acting of Muni.—Century; opening January 26.

## ★★★ THE AWFUL TRUTH

Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, (Columbia.)

THE boasts of the posters, in the case of "The Awful Truth," are not awful lies. The picture is very funny. A handsome set of fish-knives should

be sent to the film executive who first thought of taking Cary Grant out of throbbing romantic roles, and Irene Dunne out of soulfully vocal ones.

And who recognised that these two were born to show the idle rich being ridiculous.

In "The Awful Truth" they are one of those pairs, not unfamiliar on the screen, who fight although they love.

It is a good specimen of the modish comedy which mixes witty, rather sophisticated dialogue with knock-about antics suited to amuse the most family audience.

The couple are separated, and Irene has custody of their dog, while her husband has a court order permitting him to visit it once a month.

Irene turns for comfort to a rich young visitor from Oklahoma, Cary to a night club singer called Dixie Belle.

Ralph Bellamy, as the Oklahoman, gives a study of a big-hearted bore.

## Shows Still Running

★★★ **Maytime:** Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; operetta.—Liberty, 20th week.

★★★ **100 Men and a Girl:** Deanna Durbin, Leopold Stokowski; novel musical.—State, 4th week.

★★ **Souls at Sea:** Gary Cooper, George Raft; sea drama.—Prince Edward, 6th week.

★★ **Stella Dallas:** Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles; emotional drama.—Embassy, 5th week.

★★ **The Perfect Specimen:** Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell; comedy.—Plaza, 4th week.

★★ **Night Must Fall:** Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell; superior horror.—Lyceum, 3rd week.

which adds a lot to the comedy and to his status as an actor.

Enjoyable to see is the pain of smart New Yorker Irene Dunne when her simple rural Romeo sings to her of his home on the range, where seldom is heard a discouraging word.

Irene Dunne does her work with an airy touch right through, and has one conspicuously clever scene.

That is where, in order to confuse her husband at a party, she sings Dixie Belle's undyinglike number, "Gone With the Wind," with accompanying skirt effects.

Cary Grant does not miss any available laughs.

"The Awful Truth" is worth facing whenever the mood for midsummer madness visits you.—Regent, showing.

## ★★ ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN

Eddie Cantor, (20th Century-Fox.)

THE scene of the new Cantor musical is old Baghdad.

The city of the thousand and one nights is peopled by a thousand and one nuts, of whom Cantor is the chief.

But, although geographically remote from America, the show is tied up to some degree with current American politics.

The silly sultan, played by Roland Young, gives Eddie charge of the Government of Baghdad, and Eddie's administration is a burlesque of President Roosevelt's New Deal.

Still, much of the humor is of a sort that you can appreciate without knowing anything about American politics.

When, for instance, Eddie fits number-plates to the camels.

Or when Roland Young announces his plan to end disputes between capital and labor: "I'll make every one labor, and I'll take all the capital."

On the musical side, the show is not up to some previous Cantor shows. Eddie has no terribly funny song.

But three fat colored ladies called the Peters sisters harmonise charmingly, and Tony Martin sings amorously.

There is one spectacular trick sequence, where Cantor rides through the air on a magic carpet.

This film is not another "Kid From Spain," but Cantor is still good for many laughs.—Mayfair, showing.

## THEATRE ROYAL

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GRADING SYSTEM★★★ Three stars—  
excellent.★★ Two stars—  
good films.★ One star—  
average films.

No stars . . . no good.

## ★ BIG CITY

Spencer Tracy, Luise Rainer.  
(M.-G.-M.)

"WAKE me up and help me lose  
These big city blues . . ."

Inevitably, towards the end of this disappointing melodrama, you mutter these lines from the old folk-song.

And suddenly your plea is answered. For no reason at all, a brawl breaks out between an army of taxi-drivers

and a group of sporting celebrities including Jack Dempsey, Strangler Lewis, Bull Montana, Snowy Baker, and other veteran bashers.

During this glorious melee Luise Rainer becomes a mother in a nearby ambulance.

The sudden switch from drama to farce like this would be inexcusable if the drama were the kind that can be taken seriously.

But it is not. Two of the best players in Hollywood have been wasted on a story that should have been kept for a B-grade film.

It is about a feud between rival taxi companies, in which Luise Rainer, wife of one of the drivers, is innocently implicated.

Approaching maternity makes life sadder for the poor girl, though it does not alter her appearance.

The picture begins with an excellent light sequence, but deteriorates as more stress falls on Luise's poignant plight.—St. James; showing.

## ★ ANNAPOLIS SALUTE

James Ellison, Marsha Hunt.  
(R.K.O.)

CLEAN living and loving at the big Annapolis naval college are the themes here.

A pleasant, fresh film of a simple kind, with a realistic background.

James Ellison and perky Van Heflin are midshipmen rivals for a sweetly pretty girl.

Facts are taken to indicate that Annapolis middies are very much officers and gentlemen.

But when a friend says to Ellison "Will you dance with my sister?" the reply is "What does she look like?"—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

## ★ MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND

Phil Regan. (Republic.)

THERE is a certain amount of good stuff in this patchy musical.

The inspired hotcha of Cab Calloway's band outclasses everything else, but it only lasts a few minutes.

Phil Regan is a new crooner with an agreeably modest manner, Ann Dvorak is lovely, and Leo Carrillo is an amusing ass at intervals.

His role is that of racketeer turned manufacturer of gramophone records.

But the personnel is weighed down in the second half of the show by the mechanism of a dull plot.

Plots are the curse of musicals.—Capitol, showing.

## LUNG TROUBLE

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No. 2 (a month or so later): "I feel ever so improved. My voice is returning. I am eating and sleeping better. It all seems so wonderful to me."

No. 3 (same patient later): "I am pleased to say my cough has ceased. I have got a dreadful lot of mucus up. Since inhaling Membrosus I am feeling ever so much better."

No. 4 (still later): "I am ever so thankful to feel so well from the results of your wonderful Membrosus. My throat was so raw at times it used to bleed when I ate. It never gives me any trouble at all."

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QUEEN FARIDA, OF EGYPT, beautiful seventeen-year-old girl, who will share the throne of the Pharaohs with King Farouk, her youthful husband.

## EGYPT'S Second QUEEN Since CLEOPATRA

Seventeen-Year-Old Girl

Is Modern Lady of the Nile

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our London Representative

The marriage of Queen Farida to the youthful King Farouk of Egypt sets another beautiful woman on the throne; the second queen to rule in the land of the Pharaohs since Cleopatra.

The first was King Farouk's mother, Queen Nazli, who shared the throne with her husband.

Now comes beautiful 17-year-old Farida as the first lady of the Nile.

EGYPT, cradle of civilisa-  
tion, changes but little.  
Outwardly modern, it is,  
however, still living in the days  
of Antony and Cleopatra.  
To-day, Egypt has a modern  
King and Queen, but they are  
bound by force of tradition  
and ritual as strong as that of  
centuries ago.

Just as the ordinary Moslem takes  
a bride, so, too, when a Farida marries  
a Farouk it must be under the laws  
of the Koran—the Mohammedan  
Bible—which makes women virtually  
the chattels of men.

To Cleopatra, born centuries before,  
there was more freedom and romance.  
To-day, with Egypt still clinging to  
her ancient laws on matrimony, free-  
dom, as modern woman understands  
it, is still missing, but romance could  
not be denied.

The couple are genuinely in love,  
but ceremonial which takes no recog-  
nition of women makes this love  
match an unusual one to western  
eyes.

### Glamor of the Past

THERE were banquets at which the  
King attended. There were cheer-  
ing crowds to acclaim his wedding, but  
this modern girl waited in an ante-  
room while Farouk and her father  
completed the marriage arrangements,  
according to Moslem law.

Something of the glamor of Cleo-  
patra hovers about the richness and  
beauty of the presents showered on  
the young bride. The King's present  
was a lovely jewel-encrusted diadem.

The Queen Mother has given Farida  
magnificent family jewels of priceless  
value. The brothers and sisters of  
King Farouk, with true Egyptian  
munificence, gave cups and trays of  
pure gold.

From the Sudan, historic spot in a  
land which is the birthplace of history,  
the chiefs sent the couple an ancient  
sword said to be possessed of legen-  
dary power to keep its kindly owner  
"happy and victorious" all the days  
of his life and his wife obedient.

The Moslem law sets a great store  
on wife obedience, and the young

### Dignity and Charm

ENGLISH visitors returned  
from Egypt who have been  
privileged to meet Queen  
Farida say she is a beautiful  
girl, charming, well-bred, and  
with magnificent brown eyes.

She is a smart dresser and  
very modern and well informed  
in outlook. Although only 17  
she looks older and carries her-  
self with a quiet dignity which  
is impressive in one so young.

Queen has bowed to the law in relation  
to her marriage.

People are now asking: "Will Farida  
be a modern consort to a modern  
monarch, or live a life of semi-seclu-  
sion after the manner of the Moslem  
women?"

The liberal section of feminine  
thought in Cairo hopes that she will  
follow the Queen Mother. Although  
women in Egypt have no privileges as  
citizens, the Queen Mother has done  
much to improve the lot of Egyptian  
women generally.

Recently there has been a more  
concerted move among Egyptian  
women for a larger measure of indi-  
vidual freedom, which would result  
in the modernising of their lives and  
their homes.

In Queen Nazli, they have a modern  
of the moderns. Just forty, possessed  
of good looks, and an excellent figure,  
she dresses elegantly in French  
models, uses make-up discreetly, al-  
though she favors rather vivid lip-  
stick.

Of medium height with a lovely  
figure and magnificent bronze-colored  
hair, the Queen Mother is an arrest-  
ing and majestic figure.

She is well known in England and  
Europe as a woman of widest culture  
and the most modern ideas.

She is also a very smart dresser.  
With tiny feet, slim ankles, and tiny  
hands she dresses exquisitely and in  
good taste. She loves to visit London  
incognito and see the plays. Her  
favorite entertainment is a Noel Cow-  
ard comedy or a Somerset Maugham  
play.

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Sydney.

"CAN you shoot?"  
"Yes."  
The grin widened.  
"We'll see. You take that side—I'll take this. Shoot to kill."  
"Yes—" she managed to say.  
"If you hear a dingo howl—shoot at the sound."  
The deafening roar of his own musket silenced a far cry. From her side now rang the signal, and she flinched as her musket belched its leaden death into the night.  
"Get him?" Braddock panted, not looking at her.  
She shook her head.  
"I—I don't know—"

## NO TRESPASS

"Load quickly," he advised.  
She did so. Again his musket exploded. Susan pulled the trigger again. Into the hut crept the heavy powder fumes. She felt her shoulder.  
"Jar your shoulder?" he asked.  
"Yes."  
"Well, don't cry about it—"  
Furiously she snapped:  
"I am not crying, sir—"  
Even then he was thinking that with a couple of rooms added the shack could be made comfortable

even for her. It seemed so natural for her to be here with him, although it was the first time she had crossed his threshold. And the crude hut had taken on a new charm and grace all at once. It is amazing, he was thinking, how a woman gives life to a place, especially such a woman as pretty Susan Blaine.

"Oh, I can't shoot again," she panted.

"Load for me, then," he retorted.  
"And do stop crying—"

Susan's face was tearful, flushed, and indignant.

"I repeat, sir—I am not crying—" Braddock chuckled soundlessly. Three times more the dingo howl sounded close to the hut, and each time he sent a heavy ball whining towards the sound. Then came the last cry, but too faint and far away to answer with a bullet.

"They've gone," he said gruffly.

"We're all right now."

"Will they come back?" she stammered.

He had difficulty in not laughing at her.

"No. Are you hungry?"

She nodded, and he looked directly at her as she shrunk from him.

"Don't be frightened of me."

She drew herself up at that.

"I am not frightened of you, sir."

He smiled at her.

"There's no need to be. Are you all right?"

"Yes."

"Well, about that strip of land—"

Her rising hand silenced him.

There was something now in her eyes he had not seen before, the cold flash of pride was gone, and he wondered.

"DON'T. I owe you too much."

By sheer will power he kept his face straight.

"You know," he drawled, "you owe me your life?"

The blue eyes were gazing directly at him. The color in them fascinated him. It seemed to change with her mood.

"I shall not forget it, sir," she murmured.

He nodded as he turned to throw wood into the stove, and it was her turn to smile. It had needed but one glance to tell her she was safe with Craig Braddock, that the hut that was his home was neat and clean, and that the books on the plank shelf were old friends of his.

"But about that land, Miss Blaine," he went on.

She shrugged.

"What land?"

He gave her a surprised look.

"The land you claim from me."

"You are mistaken," she said calmly. "I claim no land."

Going to him she bent over the fire.

"You'd better do something with that long hair of yours," he advised. "It is too disturbing..."

"Is it? I'll put it up," she said with a laugh. "I had forgotten it was down. The cabbage-tree hat held it nicely."

He studied her, head a little on one side.

"You should never wear a hat," he said.

"Why not?" she asked quickly.

He watched her hands as they rolled the mass of flaxen hair.

"Hair like that should flash in the sun for all men to see," he said gravely.

She flushed a little.

"WILL you cook—"

or shall I?" she asked.

He looked at the rusty oven.

"Better leave it to me—"

She enjoyed the meal he set before her, but more than the food she enjoyed watching him as he moved here and there, and when he sat down near her; and to her astonishment dawn lit the plains and dimmed the lamp while they sat and talked. Once she had surprised a fleeting smile on his lips as though he were chuckling silently at some hidden joke; and once he had seen a twitching of her lips as though some secret thoughts were amusing her. Both seemed reluctant to acknowledge the dawn.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Continued from Page 38

"I'll get the horses," he said at last.

They passed some distance from the sheep camp. Susan said she would send men for the cart. The sheep were still there spreading over the grass.

"I'll have them driven away," she said.

"No need to do that," he answered her.

"But it's your land," she insisted.

"Let's make it... common land between us," he said with a laugh.

"After all, it has established a bond."

AND with a laugh she agreed.

"Common land, common bond between us it is. Well, I haven't far to ride now—"

They rode very slowly in silence for a while. She said presently:

"I'll send the horse back—"

He looked away from her.

"I was hoping you would bring it yourself," he said casually.

She looked away from him.

"Perhaps," she replied equally as casually. "I will."

He watched her gallop towards the pretentious, three-roomed Blaine homestead. His hand patted the black horse's neck.

"Darkie," he whispered. "If she ever finds out there isn't a black within fifty miles—look, lad! She's waving to us—"

Susan was smiling as she waved and stared back at the distant horseman on the ridge.

"Blacks—" she laughed. "The liar. But I'll take his horse back to-morrow—"

Braddock rode slowly back over the tracks, a smile on his lips, the echo of a song trailing behind him. To think of the blacks at the right moment had been sheer inspiration. But as he rode up to the covered cart the smile vanished and the song died. Dangling from the canvas was a broken spear, and slanting up from the ground where he had lifted Susan to the saddle were three more, their points buried deep where they had struck.

No trespass!

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# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

January 29, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

## BEAUTY NEEDS Change Of AIR

Not only for the sake of your health, but for your face and general good looks you need a change in your daily routine...

By JANET

**D**OCTORS are emphatic that everyone, especially those who work hard, need a vacation at least once a year. They are concerned, of course, about your health, but have you ever considered what a holiday does for your looks?



ANOTHER PLAYER who realises the value of a complete change far removed from her work is Irene Bentley, who retires to some remote spot in the country and leads a thoroughly rural existence for a week or so.

A VACATION is a marvelous wrinkle-eradicator. Really, we cause most of the wrinkles in our faces by the nervous tension of our lives. We frown and put lines in our foreheads. We tense our mouths and draw lines about the lips. We keep late hours, overwork, worry and fret ourselves ill and the result shows in our faces. They become drawn and haggard from fatigue, and next thing we know there are deep furrows running from nose to mouth.

And when we take a holiday what do most of us do? If we work hard all the year we wear ourselves out a little more by an endless round of parties and late nights, and by tearing round all day in the ardent pursuit of pleasure or strenuous sports. If we live a life of leisure all the year we usually take a lazy holiday.

If you want to improve your appearance then take a vacation that is a rest, which actually means a complete change.

If you work hard all the year, and your life is full of many activities, then two weeks in bed in some quiet place (on a farm in the country if you live near the sea, or at a seaside home if you live in the country) will do miracles, not only for your looks, but for your nerves.

If your daily life is a monotonous one, with little to do in the way of work then you will find more benefit from taking a fairly active holiday, such as caravanning or camping, or a nighting trip to another State, or a cruise on a boat where you will be

moving all the time, seeing new places and meeting new people.

This rest or change has the effect of causing you to relax mentally and physically. The tenseness goes from your mouth, your frowns disappear, your cheeks lift because you find reason to smile more, and you feel happy and more interested in things around you.

In addition, the change of food and air and lots of sunshine do things to you generally. You begin to feel revitalised, and the result soon shows in your face, in your hair, and even your walk.

You can go further, too, and give your face a change in cosmetics. This often has an amazing effect on the skin. If your skin is dry, feed it with lots of nourishing cream and oil, and if it is oily, make a point of thorough cleansing several times a day, and try a new astringent.

### Shiny Make-up

**Y**OU may even like to try a shiny make-up, which, as well as being good for your skin, is often astonishingly attractive. This is the way to do it. Massage your face with cream, then wipe it clean with face tissues. A certain shininess will remain, of course.

Then rub into the cheeks a very little cream rouge, put a very light smear of paste eye-shadow on the eyelids, and apply lipstick fairly heavily. Use a bright lipstick, and finish off by applying a smear of cream on top of it with the tip of the little finger. No powder is used, except just on the nose.

Perhaps it is impossible for you to get away for a holiday. Family ties or other duties hold you. Then try to give yourself a complete rest at home. Make a point of refusing all invitations to go out, especially at night and go to bed at 9 o'clock every night. Have some facials and hair treatments and experiment with some new cosmetics. Do this even if you



WHENEVER possible Gloria Stuart, 20th Century-Fox, spends a few days quietly at home and indulges in her favorite hobby of gardening by way of recreation.

have to let household things slide, even if the family have cold dinners for a week. Nothing will really go wrong. The house won't fall down, and the family won't suffer because you take a few days off to devote more time to yourself.

One woman I know does the thing properly, and once a year she goes into hospital for a week. She spends the whole time in bed, living on milk, milk foods, and fruit, having lots of sleep, and keeping her face slathered with face cream. When she reappears in her particular circle, she looks at least 10 years younger.



THOSE who must carefully guard their good looks, such as film stars, know the value of a vacation that is a complete rest or change. Ann Sothorn, R.K.O., spends a few weeks on a farm, and comes back to her work feeling rejuvenated and looking it.

## LISTEN-IN WHEN Good Looks ARE DISCUSSED

You May Learn Some Valuable Beauty Secret That Will Help You Improve Your Appearance

If you are beauty wise you will be a good listener. Whenever a group of women are gathered together the conversation usually gets around to some topic concerning looks and figure sooner or later.

**I**F you listen to what other women have to say, you will often pick up some beauty hint that will solve some special problem of your own.

Here are some bits of conversation overheard at an afternoon party recently, when the subject happened to be the eternal one of reducing.

Said one smart woman: "I've got the most marvellous idea for using reducing lotion. I found I couldn't get enough action into my wrists to apply the lotion with vigor, so I decided to find some better medium of application. I took one of my shoe trees—the springy kind with wood pieces on either end and metal between—and wrapped the large end in cotton wool.

### With Muslin

"THEN I covered the cotton with muslin which I stitched on with heavy thread.

"Every morning and night I put some of the reducing lotion over the 'reducing trees' and give a vigorous patting over the too heavy parts of my body.

"I have heard of rolling pins being covered, then moistened with reducing lotion, and used for rolling away excess poundage, but I think the shoe-tree reducer is better because its use requires but one hand. This makes it easier to pat over the upper arms and back and places that would be difficult to reach if both hands had to be used."

### Lining for Girdle

**A**NOTHER woman offered this idea. "I discovered a splendid way of overcoming certain difficulties I experienced in wearing a rubber foundation garment. Three years ago I started wearing a rubber reducing girdle and, while it did prove reducing, it caused a slight rash on my body that was most uncomfortable. I liked the foundation garment, so decided to overcome the slight difficulty I was having with it.

"I tried wearing a silk slip under the foundation, but the slip would always 'slip' up and it really didn't absorb the moisture. Finally I hit on this idea: I bought three lightweight vests. Then I made a double stitching with my machine just where the

top of the rubber girdle would come. (I made the stitching so that the threads would not unravel when I cut the garment.)

"I cut off the garment just above the stitchings and made a small hem in the top of the shirt. Then I put several snaps around the silk binding at the top of the rubber girdle and put snaps to match on the top hem of the shirt. I also put snaps on the bottom of the shirt and girdle.

"Snapping the lining into the girdle is so simple and takes such a short time that I change it every time the garment is worn. Of course, I launder the lining every time I wear it and I also use a damp cloth for wiping off the inside of the rubber garment. Having three linings, I always have a fresh one on hand."



## IRENE for lovely Eyelashes

Don't deny yourself the added beauty that Irene will give your eyes. YOU can have the long, dark, silky eyelashes that have been the hallmark of beautiful women all down the ages.

Irene is a harmless, streak-proof mascara. It will make your lashes grow amazingly. You can have your lashes black or brown, or blue or green, as your coloring dictates. Irene works wonders. Try it.

All Chemists and Toilet Goods Counters.

1/4.

1'6 IRENE  
Mascara



# BODY BEAUTIFUL

By  
JANET

## EXERCISE Keeps You YOUNG...

It Keeps Body Supple and Mind Alert. It Keeps Extra Poundage and Advancing Years at Bay

GET the habit of exercising daily—that is, if you want to stay young, if you want to keep your figure, if you want to feel efficient and full of energy. Exercise is one of the surest and safest of all roads to beauty.

MOST of us are busy people. We work all day in an office, factory, or shop, or we stay at home and do housework, cook, and look after a family.

It doesn't leave much time, you say, to look after one's figure, to exercise, and take beauty courses. But, never forget, "Where there's a will, there's a way," and even if your time is fully occupied you can still utilise some of that time to exercise.

In fact, it is often possible to turn daily activities of working and walking to gymnastic account. Apart from the value of walking to train, tram, or bus, even round the house some of your walking can actually be made an exercise.

Walking upstairs, for instance, when done with intent to turn a necessary effort into a conscious exercise can prove a most valuable aid in this business of exercising and keeping young.

Our first "stair exercise" is simply one of regular, correct breathing, and consists merely of breathing in deeply on one stair and breathing out on the next.

In order to gain the greatest advantage from normal stair-climbing, set your foot, toe first, on each step and then, as you tense the knee to lift the body, press the sole of the foot on to the step and then, as you straighten your leg, come down on to your heel so that the whole foot lies squarely on the step.

Be careful to straighten your leg for each lift from stair to stair; do not shuffle up with bent knees. Set your foot down from above on to each step. Do not slide it

on, and be careful not to turn your feet outwards or in. In one of the exercises shown on this page, though it looks simple enough in the picture, a single attempt will



LEFT: Try this backward stretch exercise while walking round the room. It is excellent for the whole body. ABOVE: Slumping is splendid for loosening the muscles after any strenuous exercise.

show you that "there is something to it!" Shoulder and arm muscles will come in for a good deal of strain. Nevertheless, smile!

Seat yourself on the floor with legs stretched straight out before you. Press your hands on the floor close to your sides, keeping arms stiff. Allow your shoulders to keep their natural position. Do not lift them. Allow your head to droop naturally. Then, using the muscles of shoulders and arms, raise your base from the floor, and, keeping your legs straight and stiff, swing your body to and fro between your arms. Your toes should barely touch the floor, for the whole weight of the body should be

borne by arms and shoulders. This exercise is of great advantage to under-developed arm muscles.

Next, while the body is swinging, attempt to throw it into the position shown in our second illustration, and, having succeeded, repeat the performance several times.

When not exercising, remember to hold yourself correctly. Posture is most important; a protruding rear, as well as a forward-thrust middle, is unlovely, and wrong. Keep the body as straight as possible. If you allow it to slump, foot and leg muscles will be unduly weighted. An unsightly carriage is not only aesthetically, but also physically, unsound.



FIRST MOVEMENT of leg and shoulder exercise, which is also good for the back. Sit on the floor with legs stretched straight before you, with hands pressed to the floor close to your sides.



SECOND MOVEMENT of leg and shoulder exercise. Raise yourself from the floor, using the muscles of shoulders and arms. Toes should barely touch the floor.



## FAULTY ELIMINATION

Suspect Faulty Elimination when a child, no matter how strong he looks, seems to be suffering from lack of vitality. Faulty Elimination is insidious. Unlike Constipation, you cannot detect it by a simple check. Faulty Elimination means that those vital cleansing organs—Kidneys, Liver and Bowels—are all failing in their work of removing unsuspected poisons from the blood stream. These dangerous poisons cause Sluggishness, Temper, Nerves, "Crankiness," etc. The treatment that will thoroughly, yet safely, rectify the trouble is a course of genuine Laxettes. At the first warning give genuine Laxettes and thus promote complete bowel action, relieving the over-worked liver and kidneys. Children love the delicious taste, and Laxettes are just as good for men and women too. All Chemists and Storekeepers sell genuine Laxettes—1/6 the large tin or 6d. the trial size. WARNING: Unless you see the word Laxettes on the lid of the tin they are not genuine.



**LAXETTES**  
Rectify Faulty  
Elimination



# Awnings Lend Picturesque Beauty to Homes...



ABOVE, you see a gay garden sunshade replete with table and, at right, a round-headed window made more attractive by an awning. This type of awning suits admirably the Spanish type of home, but would be rather out of place on a bungalow.



DON'T YOU AGREE that the garden umbrellas showing in the picture above lend a picturesque charm to the home and its surroundings? How pleasant to sit here among the flowers and greenery and sip a long, cool drink! The awning you see at the window is the collapsible type.

AWNINGS add to the charm of the home shown above, the residence of Judge Markell, Warrawee, N.S.W. This beautiful Australian home will be admired in many parts of the world, for it was here that several scenes were recently filmed by Cinesound for "Broken Melody." Watch out for this picture.

*A little chat about those gaily-colored blinds that so effectively defeat sun and glare...*

By Our Home Decorator

HOW cool and inviting a house appears, even on the hottest day, if well equipped with sun-blinds or awnings! And what could be nicer than lazing in the coolness behind—or beneath—such protective and decorative affairs?

HERE you glimpse a typical Californian home with red-and-white awnings to match walls and tiles. This is the home of Frank Morgan, of M.-G.-M. picture fame.

## NUGGETING NATURE: (4) THE LYRE BIRD

BUT THERE'S ONE THING THAT NOBODY CAN IMITATE—AND THAT IS THE PERFECTION OF A NUGGET SHINE



It's no use expecting to get the equal of a Nugget shine from anything else but Nugget, for there's nothing quite so good as Nugget whether for smartness or to make the shoes last longer. And it comes in Black, Dark Tan and various other shades of Brown and Tan. Also Nugget White Cleaner.

# NUGGET SHOE POLISH

ON a sizzling hot day, recently, I had occasion to visit two homes. The first house I entered was quite dark because all the window blinds had been drawn to keep out the sun's rays; windows were closed, doors were shut against the heat. And yet the house seemed more like an oven—so airless and stuffy.

The other, comfortably protected with sun-blinds, seemed delightfully airy and cool by contrast.

All home-lovers would most probably like to add such attractive protection to their homes, but feel the expense is too great. But I am sure that if they gave the matter earnest consideration, and did a little "budgeting," they could equip one or two windows as well as the porch or verandah with these summer necessities. And the pleasure and comfort derived by the whole family would be a happy reward for any small sacrifice.

### Make Them Yourself!

YOU can buy to-day the smartest materials, and necessary fittings, at very reasonable prices, and if your husband is any sort of "handyman" he could erect the blinds easily and well.

On the other hand, furnishing stores will do the whole job for you. They will send an expert to your home (unless you live miles from town or city), measure windows or verandah, select colors to match outside walls, and erect awnings in keeping with the architectural style of your home.

On this page, you have several delightful glimpses of homes featuring gaily attractive awnings and attractive garden sunshades.

Don't you like the awning decorating the round-headed window, pictured top-right? What a picturesque touch it gives! The others illustrated are fashioned of block stripe canvas, excepting the collapsible type decorating the window, lower left.

## MRS SIMPSON TURNS THE TABLE!



TAUBMANS DYNAMEL will give a brilliant color finish to all your furniture and accessories—inexpensively, and easily! Anyone can do a good job with Dynamel. It flows on smoothly without leaving any brushmarks, dries in one hour, and becomes a hard, mirror-bright washable surface.

### FREE ANNE STEWART'S BOOK

"The Colorful Home", Anne Stewart's famous 24 page book in full color, shows how easy it is for you to make YOUR home more inviting and modern at very little cost. For free copy, mail this coupon today.

FREE Anne Stewart, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peter, Sydney. Please send me my FREE copy of "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ A24

\*Listen to Anne Stewart every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday 2UW 10.20 a.m. 3AW 11 a.m. 4BK-4K 10.45 a.m. 5AD-MU-PT 11.30 a.m.



## Needlework Notions

# NEW DESIGNS for YOU

Enchanting linens for decorating tables and practical garments for small people to wear.

**L**AVISHLY-EMBROIDERED table linen is a price-less asset to any homemaker. It lasts a lifetime and gives a lifetime of pleasure. It is a proud possession in that it never fails to draw forth words of praise and admiration from family and friends.

**C**ONSIDER all this, you who may think the working of a complete set for the tea-table or dinner-table too great a task to undertake.

Then study the loveliness of the rose design table set featured on your right.



## Feeder Jacket

Newest way of protecting wee folks' clothes at mealtime.

THIS pique feeder jacket may be obtained in blue and white or pink and white, carrying a dainty design ready for embroidery.

It is made to fit children from 12 months to 3 years of age. It will stand up well to constant wear and washing, and costs only 1/6 from our Needlework Department.

The set is obtainable in white, cream, blue, pink, or green best quality pure Irish linen. Here are the prices:—

36 x 36 inch cloth, price, 7/6; 45 x 45 inch cloth, price 8/9; 54 x 54 inch cloth, price 11/6; 72 x 72 inch cloth, price 19/6; 72 x 80 inch cloth, price 25/-; 72 x 108 inch cloth, price 30/-; 12 x 12 inch serviettes, price 1/- each; 15 x 15 inch serviettes, price 1/6 each; 24 x 24 inch serviettes, price 1/9 each; 8 x 8 inch d'oyley, price, 1/-; 5 x 11

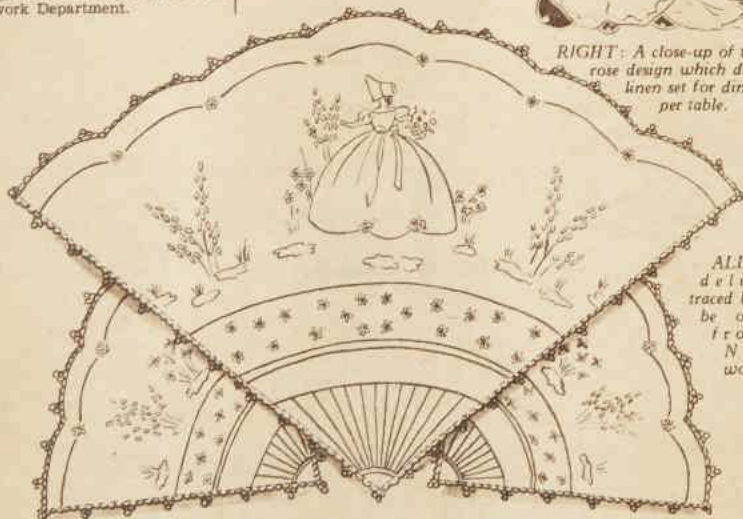
## Fan-Shaped Mats for Your Dressing Table

THE fan—devastating weapon of the gay 'nineties—has gone the way of heavy curves and bustles, but its memory comes back again with these novel fan-shaped mats.

The design, savoring, too, of old-world charm, is traced on good-quality linen and may be had in white, cream, blue, pink, or yellow linen. Edges are spoke-stitched for crochet.

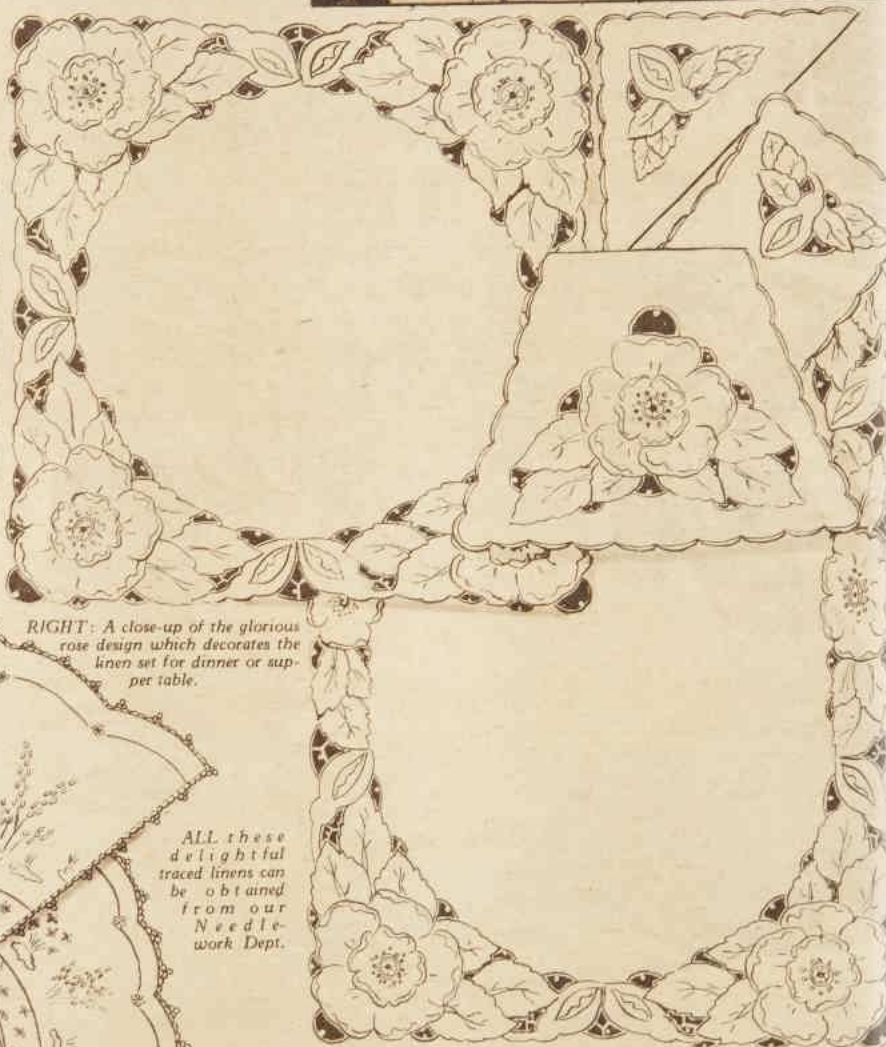
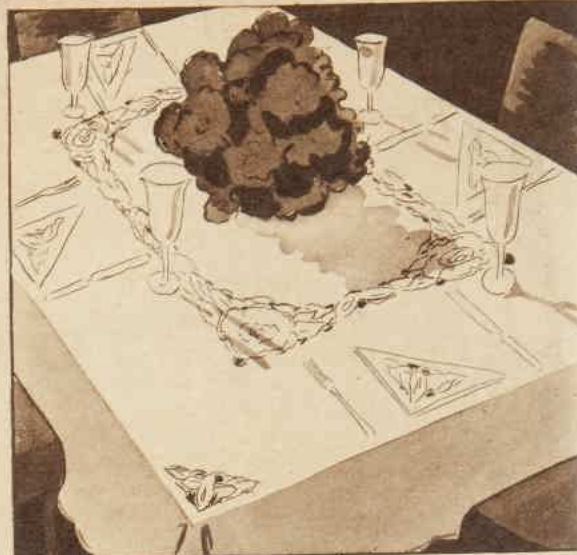
The centre mat measures 12 x 18 inches, and the side mats each measure 8 x 8 inches. The set costs 2/6 from our Needlework Department.

The stitches used in working the design are mostly stem-stitching, with lazy-daisy flowers, and satin-stitched petals. The "lady" is worked in stem-stitch.



RIGHT: A close-up of the glorious rose design which decorates the linen set for dinner or supper table.

ALL these delightful traced linens can be obtained from our Needlework Dept.



## DESIGNED for Your CHERUB

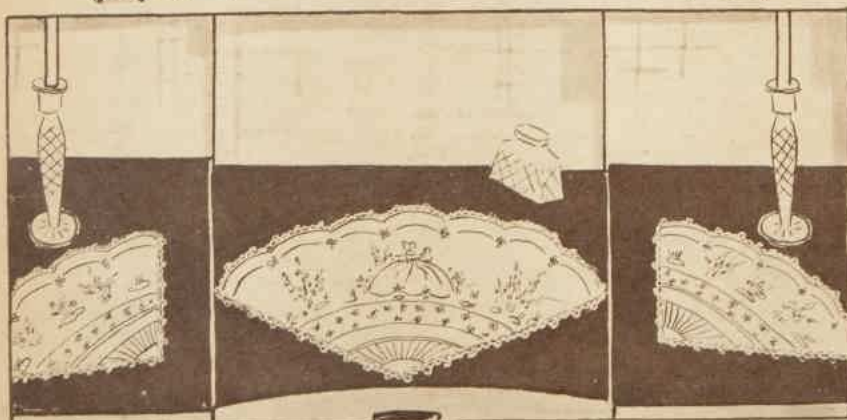
### Romper Suits in Blue Linora

HERE you see the snappy little suit, designed to fit little chaps from 6 months up to 15 months of age. It is fashioned of best quality linora in a pretty shade of blue.

This material is very hard wearing, and launders beautifully. It is also fadeless.

The cute little motifs which adorn it may be worked in a very quick time, and after the embroidery is completed the suit can be run up in no time.

Cut ready for making, and traced ready for embroidery, this outfit costs only 1/8 from our Needlework Department.



WHAT A PRETTY addition to your dressing-table these quaint fan-shaped mats would make. The set may be had, traced with the design shown above, in white, cream, blue, pink or yellow linen. Choose your favorite shade, and send to our Needlework Department for the set.



# Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

## Smart New Notes for Summer Frocking



Inexpensive . . .  
Reliable Patterns  
Available Now.

### UP-TO-THE-MINUTE

**WW2006.**—This charming afternoon style has the popular swing skirt, buttoned front, and long ties of contrast. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

### SPECTATOR SPORTS

**WW2007.**—A very neat, simple design for spectator sports wear with demure Peter Pan collar. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 3/8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

### GRACEFUL MODE

**WW2008.**—Full bodice, slim-fitting hip-line, and flared skirt combine to make this delightful street frock. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

### SMART ENSEMBLE

**WW2009.**—Smart ensemble, comprising straight tailored dress with broad revers, and collarless coat with inverted pleat at back. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, for frock, 2 3/8 yards for coat, and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

### PLAYTIME FROCK

**WW2010.**—Brisk little frock for children aged 6 to 12 years, sleeveless and with skirt pleated. Material required: 2 3/8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

### WITH BOLERO

**WW2011.**—This becoming, high-waisted mode has white contrast vest, graceful skirt, and is topped with an insouciant little bolero. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 3/8 yards, 36 inches wide and 3/8th yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

### BABE'S ROMPERS

**WW2012.**—Romper for babes aged 1 to 4 years, easy to make, and delightfully cool to wear these summer days. Material required: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

### SLIMMING STYLE

**WW2013.**—Businesslike, slimming style with flared skirt, and softly gathered top, ideal for black or navy. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 7/8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

### Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one pound six.

ADLAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.  
MELBOURNE.—Box 400F, G.P.O.  
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.  
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.  
PERTH.—Box 491G, G.P.O.  
SYDNEY.—Box 4259TY, G.P.O.  
If calling, 108 Castlereagh Street.  
TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney Office.  
Should you desire to call for the pattern please see address of our office, which will be found on page 2.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

Post Office Box .....

Pattern Coupon, 29/1/38

### Dainty, Tailored Pyjama Suits

THREE-IN-ONE CONCESSION PATTERN COSTS 3d.

Our three-in-one pattern for this week provides for the three exquisite trousseau pyjama suits shown at right. Complete pattern, including instructions, for the three costs 3d. To obtain, fill in coupon at left, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our pattern department.

Material required: 36 inches wide.

For No. 1: 4 yards.

For No. 2: 4 yards, and ½ yard lace.

For No. 3: 4 3/8 yards.

### PLEASE NOTE

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.



OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



# FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

## To Cure Child Who Stutters

By MARY TRUBY KING

There are few, if any, habits more distressing than that of stuttering. Parents can help to prevent this affliction as well as to cure it, and the following article will tell you how.

*Stuttering is a manifestation of nervousness in children, and may be described as a "co-ordination neurosis."*

**G**OOD, articulate speech is brought about by the more or less perfect co-ordination of three physical mechanisms presided over and directed by three separate centres of the nervous system. Each of these centres has to be drilled to play its part in due time and harmony with the other two.

The three mechanisms are as follows:

Firstly, the bellows—in other words, the chest, which needs to be alternately inflated and compressed, so as to maintain a fairly steady flow of air.

Secondly, the larynx—a marvellous little musical pipe in the throat, through which the air from the bellows passes, regulated by the vocal chords.

Thirdly, the articulatory and resonating mechanism—of which the main chamber is the mouth, where the muscles and cavities of the jaws, cheeks, and tongue play their part.

The marvel is that any child can ever learn to co-ordinate these three separate mechanisms properly, seeing that each is in itself complex, needing co-ordination within its own sphere quite apart from the task of acting in harmony with the other two.

Obviously, such a wonderful complexity of voice control should not be overtaxed or unduly stimulated in the very young.

People with a nervous temperament

—quick, alert, responsive and super-sensitive—are more likely to suffer from any form of defective power of control than those whose reactions are slower, and who, on the whole, would be classed as less bright and clever, but more stable.

It is a great mistake to over-stimulate children—especially by bringing them out to recite, sing, and otherwise perform before an audience.

Apart from the fact that such habits usually mean loss of precious sleeping time for the child, the consequent over-stimulation of the brain and nervous system is thoroughly bad, and may lead to various nervous manifestations such as stuttering, twitchings, annoying little tricks, and, in extreme instances, more or less complete nervous breakdown.

### Nerves as Cause

**I**N all cases of stuttering, the most skilled medical advice should be sought and carefully carried out. Do not let the habit continue once you have noticed it, as the longer it goes on the harder it is to break.

Children are very imitative little beings, and a normal child may imitate a schoolmate who stutters—at first in fun—but if it is not checked at the beginning the child will soon find she cannot help stuttering herself. Therefore the earliest signs of nervous inco-ordination should receive serious attention.

### Mothercraft Service Bureau

**M**OTHERS, are you taking advantage of the Mothercraft Correspondence Service Bureau? Miss Mary Truby King will personally reply to every mother writing in for advice. This service was primarily established for the benefit of country mothers and those unable to visit Baby Welfare Centres.

Its main object is to help outback parents in the matter of correct diet and routine care for children.

Whatever your problem on child welfare is, send it to our Mothercraft Service Bureau. Fill in the coupon below, attach it to your questions on mothercraft, and they will be answered free.

Teach the stammerer to speak slowly and to think what he is going to say before saying it. Singing very often helps. But the main treatment is to remove the cause, which is usually over-stimulation in some direction. Build up the child's bodily strength, and attend very carefully to all the essentials for his well-being, such as plenty of physical exercise, good sleep, good wholesome meals, regularity of bowel movement, fresh air day and night.

The child should not be allowed to worry about his stuttering. Constant reminders that he is stuttering will only make matters worse. As in many other things, one wants to make the child forget that he has a bad habit as being the quickest way to cure it—providing his physical health is well looked after.

Dr. Mary Hemmingsway Rees, of London, speaking of the super-sensitive child, says: "Such



THE JOHNSON "QUADS." New Zealand's famous quartet, broadcast from their own home a few words to admirers. In the picture from left to right: Kathleen, Bruce, Vera, Mary.

children are frequently very intelligent; but parents sometimes run the risk of transforming an extra-intelligent child into one of the super-sensitive type. It is very largely a ques-

tion of how we parents mediate to them the experience of growing up. A super-sensitive child is one who does not adapt himself readily to his surroundings, or to the demands which life makes upon him. "Over-mothering" is a pitfall to be avoided. "The child should be allowed free play—so long as his conduct is not fraught with consequences that are dangerous or anti-social," continues Dr. Rees.

## Are the "Quins" Really Alike?

Continued from Page 11

THE footprints told the same story the handprints told.

From hands and feet the biologists moved up to faces, and it is only fair to report that they often got completely baffled by the five ruddy countenances they were studying.

The "Quins" themselves, however, never make any mistakes in identifying each other, and they become highly amused at the mistakes of their elders.

The biologists also found that the faces are even more alike than the hands and feet.

The form and color of the eye and the pigment pattern of the iris are the same for all five. The iris color is a medium brown mixed with grey, by the way.

Eyelashes are all long, curled and dark brown. The hair is all wavy, a dark, slightly-reddish brown, uniform in texture. Contours of the hairline on forehead, temple and neck are the same.

One difference was noted: the hair whorls on the crowns of the "Quins" heads all go counter-clockwise with the exception of Marie. Hers swirls the other way.

Complexion and skin texture for all five children are the same.

Complexion: fair, clear, and rosy. It tans deeply, but does not freckle.

Cecile and Annette each had a small temporary mole on the right cheek near the eye, at one time; they're gone now.

PEOPLE'S ears are almost invariably different, even on identical twins. The "Quins" ears were studied with vast care, but only very minor differences could be detected—so very minor that one of the biologists twice in one day failed to identify a given "Quin" by the shape of the ear, which had been supposed to be an almost foolproof system.

As you know from their pictures, the "Quins" look alike. The biologists tested the regularity of the girls' features in an involved and painstaking way, and at last came to the same conclusion.

The biologists examined the "Quins" to see which hand each girl preferred to use. Emilie may turn out to be a southpaw (left-handed), the others are all right-handed. The "Quins" blood was tested; all five of them are in the same blood group.

Next Week: Measuring the mental development of the "Quins."

## Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense."

"Just get a small box of Orlon Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Rubby dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

### Quench Thirst with these pure Fruit Juices

Wherever You Go

Anywhere . . . anytime . . . on outings or at sport . . . you will find these summer Fruit Drinks delightfully refreshing. They include—

Lemon, Raspberry, Panton-fruit Juice, Grapefruit Juice. You can taste the flavor of the fresh sun-ripened fruit.

FREE: Rosella Recipe Book. Write to Rosella Co., Dept. M.M., Richmond, Vic.

# Rosella

OVER 100 PURE FOODS

### Mothercraft Advice Coupon

IF you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly at any of the following addresses. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft," and the letter will be forwarded, unopened, to Miss M. Truby King.

Baby's Age .....  
Birth Weight .....  
Present Weight .....  
(without clothing)

Have you written before? (Yes or No) .....

Adelaide—Box 388A, G.P.O.  
Brisbane—Box 409F, G.P.O.  
Melbourne—Box 185, G.P.O.  
Newcastle—Box 41, G.P.O.  
Perth—Box 491G, G.P.O.  
Sydney—Box 429YY, G.P.O.  
Tasmania—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

# BOVRIL

## FOR ABOUNDING HEALTH





There's a big difference in insect sprays—a difference in quality. Spray Fly-Tox, and all flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, ants, fleas and moths, etc., in your home will die. Fly-Tox KILLS. Insist on genuine Fly-Tox, and refuse substitutes.

**COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY SPRAYS**

**INSIST ON FLY-TOX IT KILLS ALL INSECTS**

## Kill Kidney Germs Restore Your Health

There is nothing that can make you feel sicker and more rundown than kidney and bladder trouble caused by germs developed in your body during colds or from bad teeth or tonsils or during other infectious or bacterial diseases. Ordinary medicines can't help you much because they do not find the true cause of your trouble and get rid of the health-destroying germs. Germs in the kidneys and urinary system may cause you to suffer from one or more of the following dangerous and vitality-destroying symptoms: itching up night, Uric Acid, Nervousness, Low Pulse, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Urine, Itchy the Skin, Dey, Muddy Skin, Loss of Energy, and burning, itching passages.

### Help Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers, most chemists now have the new twin-tablet treatment called Cystex, which is a doctor's prescription. Cystex fights and removes the underlying cause of your trouble in three ways: 1. It kills and removes germs from the kidneys and urinary system. 2. It soothes and heals irritated membranes and stops pain. 3. It acts as a mild, gentle tonic to the kidneys and helps them remove Uric Acid and other poisonous wastes from the blood.

### Feel 10 Years Younger

More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex. Many of them cannot praise it highly enough. For instance, Mr.

R. M. recently wrote: "For six years kidney trouble and bladder weakness caused me to suffer from backaches, nervousness, stiffness, swollen joints, rheumatism, and a thoroughly rundown condition. My appetite was gone. I couldn't sleep well, and I felt only half a man. I heard of Cystex and although sceptical, decided to try it. Within 24 hours I noticed a marked improvement. I felt new energy returning. Within three days the improvement was so decided that I knew I had found a remedy that would restore me to health. After a 24-day treatment my health and vigor were completely restored. I can eat anything, sleep soundly, my nerves are steady as a rock, and I feel ten years younger."

### 8-Day Guaranteed Test

You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to the test. Simply get Cystex from your chemist under this written guarantee: It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy you in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement, but under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing relief treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.



Urinary System



## ROOF GARDENS and Window BOXES

*Practical Hints on Construction, Location, Planting, and General Maintenance.*

—By The Old Gardener

The roof garden need not be restricted to flats or city buildings. By a little careful planning, homes in the suburbs and the country can have a picturesque outdoor living-room . . . so says the Old Gardener in his very interesting article.

He also tells you how you can make window-boxes the gayest and most attractive decorations to home and surroundings.

THE flat roof of porch or verandah, or even the top of the garage, may be used for a roof garden.

The practical essentials are that the supports of the construction underneath be made strong enough to allow the extra weight of flooring, furniture, plants, flower-boxes and people—and that the area be provided with means for draining off surface water so that the base can be used both for watering plants and for cleaning floor and furniture.

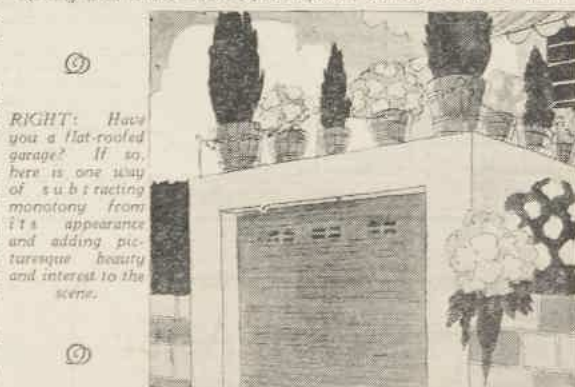
The local builder or architect can investigate and make the necessary improvement to allow its use.

The edge of the area must have some sort of railing, parapet or screen both for safety and for privacy. If the architecture of the house allows, a wood, brick, or stone parapet from 2½ ft. to 3½ ft. high is most satisfactory. Where this is not possible, or too expensive, boxes planted with shrubs or evergreens give a very pleasant and durable green hedge background.

Inside the parapet or hedge, the treatment depends largely on the use to which the roof garden is to be put. If designed primarily for a quiet place in which to rest and be



SKETCH OF A MOST ATTRACTIVE VERANDAH made gay and inviting with window-boxes, potted plants, and comfortable furniture.



RIGHT: Have you a flat-roofed garage? If so, here is one way of subtracting monotony from its appearance and adding picturesque beauty and interest to the scene.

secluded, the furniture is the important item.

Really comfortable chairs can be had with waterproof cushions, which will stand rain and bad weather. No furniture should be used which requires a rush to the roof whenever a cloud appears, and sturdy furniture that can be cleaned with the hose will make the roof a relief instead of a housekeeping burden.

Where the roof garden is largely an outdoor living-room, very few plants are necessary or desirable. They should consist of hardy things in tubs in the corners and flowers in boxes, tubs or pots, easily replaced, and requiring little attention but giving the garden illusion.

If, on the other hand, the roof is a real garden adjunct, it can be a gay and colorful spot during the warmer months of the year. Boxes of durable wood can be built to fit the corners and other places where plant material is needed.

### Plant Decoration

FOR shrubs, the boxes should be at least one foot to 18 inches deep, depending on the kind of plant, and of whatever width the space allows. The bottom of each box should have half-inch holes bored in it about a foot apart for drainage, and there should be small blocks at the corners to allow a circulation of air under the box.

The bottom two inches should be filled with broken stone or gravel—on this should go a layer of moss or tan bark, or anything to keep the soil from settling into the drainage material.

Rich loam or compost should fill the box except for half an inch or so at the top to prevent the soil washing out when watered. In the larger boxes, allowing ample root growth, many garden shrubs will last for years. Forsythia, wistaria, honeysuckle, flowering quince, flowering almond, and hydrangeas will provide a moderate amount of bloom and junipers, cedars, and various cypresses will give the dark foliage tones.

Window-boxes provide an interest to the keen garden-lover. They should measure eight inches in depth, inside measurement.

Holes should be provided in the bottom three or four inches apart for drainage purposes. Broken flower pots should be placed over the

drainage holes to prevent loss of soil and an inch of coarse drainage material over the bottom before filling with soil.

Location is important since flowering plants require exposure to direct sunlight, while foliage plants prefer shaded or subdued light. Plants may be set directly in the soil, or be allowed to remain as potted plants in the box.

The soil must be well supplied with humus—a good mixture is one-half good, loamy, garden soil, one quarter old, well-rotted leaf-mould, or finely-sifted humus and one quarter sand. To this should be added a good fertilizer.

Selection of subjects is largely a matter of choice, location, and surrounding conditions. Too great variety should be avoided. Boxes may be made up to contain only ferns, palms, and ivy if they are to occupy a shady position, since those plants will get along without sunlight. Or they may contain flowering plants exclusively, in which event they would require all possible sunlight.

Small spring flowering bulbs can be planted in the boxes in the autumn, just as in the garden.

Soil in confined spaces such as window-boxes soon becomes depleted of its plant food, which must be replaced. Weak solution of liquid manure applied at monthly intervals is good or complete, balanced fertilizers can be purchased in powder or tablet form and dissolved in water to be applied according to directions on the package.

## Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of smoking, gasping, coughing, and wheezing asthma by killing the true cause, which is germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Medaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. Medaco is an successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, or money back on return of empty package. Get Medaco from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you.



**SOLVOL**  
cleans hands  
in 30  
seconds!

Hands in a mess? Use Solvol! No matter how stubborn the stains . . . how ingrained the dirt, grime and grease . . . Solvol sweeps them away in 30 seconds. The penetrating Solvol lather leaves the dirtiest hands clean . . . yet it's as pleasant to use as fine toilet soap.

Beware of Imitations

KITCHEN & BONE  
PTY. LTD.  
27, 29, 31









# Sparkling... Refreshing... Thirst-Quenchers!

The Hotter the Weather, the More  
Welcome will be these Delicious,  
Home-Made Drinks

Serve them Ice-Cold...

Says MARY FORBES, Cookery Expert to  
The Australian Women's Weekly

OVER and over again we are told that we do not drink nearly enough liquid—of the *agua pura* type, of course! Why not then encourage a heavier consumption by keeping plenty of fresh fruit drinks on hand? Rich in vitamins, they refresh the body as well as satisfy the most "terrific" thirst.



ABOVE: A delicious combination—place half a large, fresh peach in the bottom of a champagne glass and pour over it ice-cold lemonade. The children will love this sparkling party drink.

EVERY housewife and mother—every hostess—will welcome these simple but excellent recipes for healthful summer drinks.

Included in the versatile collection are many that can be served on party occasions . . . so keep them by you.

## HONEY PUNCH

Half cup honey, 1 cup water, juice 4 oranges, grated rind 1 orange, juice 1 lemon.  
Boil water, honey and rind for 3 minutes. Strain. When cold, add the strained juices. Chill. Serve in glasses diluted with water and shaved ice.

## LEMON SYRUP

Two pounds sugar, 1 quart boiling water, 1 teaspoon citric acid, 1 dessertspoon lemon essence.  
Put sugar into large basin, add the acid, pour on the boiling water, and stir till well dissolved. When cold add essence. Bottle and cork tightly. Serve diluted with iced water.

## APPLEADE

Four apples, 2 cups boiling water, 1 tablespoon sugar, rind 1 lemon.  
Wash the apples, do not peel. Cut into thin slices. Put into basin with sugar and rind. Pour over the water. Stir till sugar is dissolved. Allow to cool. Strain. Add more sugar if necessary. Chill. Serve in small glasses.

## CHILLI WINE

Pour 3 quarts of boiling water over 30 small chillies, add 1 lb. sugar, and 100 tartaric acid. When quite cold, add 2 dessertspoons essence lemon. Bottle. To serve: Pour little in glass, add water, and shaved ice.

## MIXED FRUIT DRINK

Half-cup pineapple juice, juice 4 oranges, juice 1 lemon, juice 2 grapefruit, maraschino cherries, 4 cups sugar, 4 cups water.  
Boil sugar and water for 5 minutes. Allow to cool. Add the strained fruit juices. Chill. Add cherries. Serve in tall glasses.

## APRICOT DRINK

Put 2 doz. sliced apricots into jug. Add 1 lb. sugar and 3 pints boiling water, rind and juice 1 lemon and 1 orange. Cover. When cold, strain, chill, and use.

Almost any fruit can be used in this way.

## PINEAPPLE SYRUP

Cover the rind of pineapple with water and boil for 20 minutes. Strain. Allow 1 cup sugar to each cup of juice. Boil together for 10 minutes. Strain and bottle. Use with water and shaved ice.

## FRUIT CUP (1)

Six passionfruit, 3 oranges, 3 peaches, 1 pear, 1 small pineapple, 4 bot. dry ginger ale, 4 bot. shandy, sugar to taste.  
Peel fruit and mince finely, sprinkle with sugar and allow to stand 4 hours. Place in a large basin, add the iced ginger ale, and shandy, 1 cup water and pinch salt. Mix well. Pour into glass jugs. Garnish with pieces of fruit cut in small squares, and halved cherries.

## FRUIT CUP (2)

One quart weak tea, 1 doz. oranges, 4 lemons, sugar to flavor, wine to taste.

Make the tea very weak, and allow it to become quite cold, add the strained orange and lemon juice, then the sugar and sherry, or what-

ever wine preferred. Let the jug stand embedded in ice for at least 1 hour before serving. The juice of any fruits can be added, such as passionfruit or pineapple. Stoned cherries can also be added.

## HOP BEER

Two pounds sugar, 2oz. hops, 2oz. bruised ginger, 1 pint yeast, 2½ gallons water.

Boil hops and ginger in the water for about 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add sugar, stir till dissolved. Strain into a large vessel and when luke-warm add yeast. Cover with a thick cloth and let stand 24 hours. Bottle and cork well. Keep in a cool place. It is ready for use in a few days.

## BARLEY BEVERAGE

Three tablespoons barley, 2 tablespoons sugar, juice 2 oranges, juice 1 lemon, 6 cups water.

Wash barley, place in a large vessel, add sugar, rind of lemon, and oranges. Pour over the boiling water. Cover. Allow to stand till just cool. Strain. Add the juices and place on ice till very cold.

## SUNSHINE PUNCH

Four cups grapefruit juice and pulp, 1 cup orange juice and pulp, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 quart water, sugar to taste.

Mix juices and pulp; add sugar and water. Stand for 1 hour. Strain and chill. Serve with shaved ice.

## ICED COFFEE

Make coffee in the usual way with two-thirds milk and one-third water. When cold, set the vessel in a bed of chopped ice or refrigerator. Pour into glasses, and just before serving top with spoonful of iced, whipped cream. Sweeten if liked. Serve with straws.



"What's that stuff?" was Johnny's remark when breakfast was served on his first visit away from home. "I want my Rice Bubbles!" Mother, frightfully embarrassed, tries to hush him up.



"What are Rice Bubbles?" asked Cousin Jim. "They're good," replied Johnny. "They 'SNAP', 'CRACKLE' and 'POP' when you pour on the milk!"

"Well, Johnny, you shall have Rice Bubbles to-morrow," said Auntie Martha, "and so can Jim. I think a change would be good for him. He hasn't been looking too well lately."



"I trust Kellogg's Rice Bubbles best of all for our family breakfast," said Mother. "Everyone knows rice is one of the best foods there is and Rice Bubbles are so nourishing and easily digested. They save me lots of work, too, for they're all ready to serve from the waxlike packet—fresh and crisp and delicious." Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are sold at all grocers.



• Hollywood "Dick"—the REAL low-down from Hollywood, by cable, presented by K-20's over a national relay—4 days at 8.15 p.m. — 2CH, 2KO, 2TM, 2WG, 4BK, AK, 10S-LK, 14D-MU-PL-SE

11.5



# "CORN FLAKES TASTE FAR THE BEST."

—says Mrs. L. G. Hamilton, a First Prize Winner in the "Australian Women's Weekly" £500 Cooking Competition.



THAT EXTRA-RICH  
FLAVOUR OF CORN MAKES A WORLD  
OF DIFFERENCE. THERE'S NOTHING  
TO COMPARE WITH CORN FLAKES

Mrs. Hamilton is another outstanding taste expert to make Kellogg's Blindfold Test.

Any woman who can carry off one of the first prizes in a cooking competition in which there were 98,000 entrants must be an excellent judge of how foods taste! So we asked Mrs. Hamilton of 61 Hughes Street, Mile End, S.A. to make Kellogg's Blindfold Test, just as we have asked scores of tea-tasters, wine judges and other outstanding taste experts to make the same sensational test for us. Out of the four popular breakfast flakes she tasted whilst blindfold, Mrs. Hamilton immediately voted for Corn Flakes.



## WHY DO KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES TASTE BEST?

Because—

Corn is much richer in natural flavour than any other grain and Kellogg's Corn Flakes, made from a specially grown white Australian corn, are the only Corn Flakes manufactured in Australia.



235 FAMILIES HAVE NOW MADE KELLOGG'S BLINDFOLD TEST.

All agree "Corn Flakes more delicious!"



How Kellogg's make the Blindfold Test: One by one members of the family come into the dining-room. Each is blindfolded and given four popular breakfast flakes to taste. (Each flake is referred to by number only.) Then comes the question—"Which tastes best?" Incredible as it may seem, every single person who has made the Blindfold Test agrees that Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste far the best!





# The Shadow-Tree

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE  
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.  
MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.



*Complete  
Book-  
Length  
Novel*

By . . . . . L. A. B. HENEY



# THE SHADOW-TREE

By L. A. B. HENEY



NOW that old Judge Findon was dead and his son Roger dead, too (killed in France), there were three Findons left at Whitley—Roger's children. They sat round the dining-room table having afternoon tea on a hot day in January, 1922. Through the open hall door came the yellow, parched summer heat from the garden—dry dust and grass and leaves. Inside the dark dining-room floated the scent of tea and fresh scones.

Loveday, the youngest, aged sixteen, kept looking out across the hall and through the front door at the Japanese ornamental cherry-tree in the front shrubbery. Until Bill Kesteven had come to Whitley she had not felt for any living creature as she did for the tree. As she looked up to it as to a more beautiful, more gracious, more successful elder sister, so she looked to Bill from the first to be to her a brother, kind and strong and wise. Bill, the tree, and Whitley—the old-English home her grandfather had built and planted at Rosings, eighty miles from Sydney, because he was homesick for England—were the three Great Things to Loveday. These were what her spirit loved.

Beatrice and John, her sister and brother according to the flesh, were disappointments, though Beatrice was as lovely to look at as the cherry in spring, and was slender and tall and delicate and diaphanous like those flowery boughs that swayed in their own warm current of languid air. Beatrice was also like spring flowers placed in crystal vases—she was brittle and bright and translucent. Her beauty caught the breath, but she was cold and only loved John, who looked like the twin of herself. Though there were two years between them (John twenty-one, Beatrice nineteen), they shared an intimacy as if they had been made together, two perfect bodies abating one spirit. John rebelled against this, though it was inescapable. He did not want close contacts. He disliked the sensation of being "understood." He wished to preserve his personality in isolation.

Beatrice and John were their mother's children. She, Katherine, was beautiful, with black polished hair, ivory skin that would not age until she was old, long neck and limbs and hands, eyes grey and moose like water, and wonderful shaping of the long, curved lips and eyelids and nostrils, as if Nature had taken a positive pleasure for once in construction, instead of presenting the soul at birth with more or less plastic material to be shaped by individual character.

Loveday was her dead father's child, a Findon, not a Vaughan. Stocky, well made,

very fair, with honey-colored, straight hair that blew finely in the wind like a child's, showing clean scalp: a straight back, square shoulders. A body well covered, well knit and healthy. A round, grave, pink-cheeked face; a resolute, youthful, serious mouth that closed well upon white, even teeth; green, level eyes that questioned and were timid often and dogged always, their expression watchful, anxious to avoid giving offence. These eyes showed in their look the scars left by John's persistent brutality.

John hated his younger sister because their aunt (the only person from whom substantial legacies could be expected) had left Loveday fifteen hundred a year while Beatrice and himself had received nothing. It had been a Findon aunt who had done this, her excuse being that Loveday was the only Findon and that no Vaughan could be trusted with money. It had happened four years ago. Day and night John never forgave.

Bill Kesteven at twenty-two was a massive, handsome young man with fair, curly hair, blue eyes, and square, determined face. When he changed from the khaki cotton working-clothes he wore now into a blue lounge-suit, he looked like an advertisement of an Englishman wearing a certain sort of collar—there was a cleft in his chin. Four years in Australia had not bleached nor darkened his high, vigorous, English coloring.

He had been left an orphan young, and his uncle, Hedley Kesteven, who was sales-manager in Australia for the Belham Motor Company and had done exceedingly well out of it before the depression, had done extremely well by him. Hedley had remained a bachelor until at the age of fifty he had married Katherine Findon, and Bill had been his only near relative. He had sent Bill to Winchester and at eighteen had brought him to Australia (all in a rather lavish fashion so that Bill had, without knowing it, acquired a lordly air) and had deposited him on a sheep station.

This last move had been at Bill's request. Now Bill was waiting at Whitley for his uncle's return from one of his grand tours of Australia, and filled in the waiting by working enormously hard and quite unnecessarily, turning Whitley into a model farm which nobody really wanted it to be.

Katherine Findon, during the seven years of her widowhood, had run through all the resources left her by her husband, Roger Findon, and was very glad to accept Hedley Kesteven when he proposed to her. It was now the money of this gentleman that maintained the model farm and all those persons whom Katherine saw fit to lodge there; however, the old house and the land were still Katherine's.

The fifth person sitting at the tea-table this January afternoon was Bret Carlon, a landscape painter, who at thirty-two had not yet begun to make his name. He had been discovered, no one knew or cared how, by Katherine on one of her excursions into the artistic world of Sydney.

THE five—the Findons, Bill Kesteven, and Bret Carlon—albeit completely dissociated from each other individually (even Loveday feeling separated from Bill by reason of his inexpressiveness), were yet united in one particular. All were at the stage when nothing concrete has yet been made of life, though tastes and inclinations are fully formed. Only Bill believed, and here again his belief in himself was instinctive and proceeded from lack of imagination, that failure to realise desires was impossible. He simply could not visualise himself failing at anything he set out to do, but then Bill would only set out to accomplish whatever was eminently rational and explicable and within his measured capacity. So far he was safe.

John was discussing Bret's painting with the superior manner he affected and which had been aggravated by three years at University.

"Of course, I know nothing about the technique of painting, Bret"—Bret surveyed him sleepily from a distance, faintly smiling, looking more than listening—"but I'd say that your work is on a different level now from when you came in October. Your style is crystallising."

"You don't destroy so many now, do you, Bret?"

Bret turned his gaze to the speaker, Beatrice, and dwelt on her with his remote, speculative, impersonal scrutiny. She was dressed in white.

"I ought to destroy more than I do," he said to her. "I ought to destroy them all." He smiled to himself as people do in pain, mocking at their pain.

Loveday was suddenly sorry for him. She said: "I know you're going to succeed, Mr. Carlon, because you paint what things—sort of men. Not just their outside."

John turned on her, a yellow glare behind the grey of his eyes.

"What do you know about it? Why do you suggest Bret hasn't succeeded? Who gives you the right to criticise? Because you got hold of money that doesn't belong to you, don't think you can patronise and judge the rest of creation. Meanness and conceit go hand in hand with you, and the less you have to say on any subject the better."

Loveday flushed, the bright red covering her hurt, abashed face. "I'm sorry, Mr. Carlon." She looked at him, her green eyes ashamed. "I didn't mean to be rude."

"Why do you call me Mr. Carlon?" Bret's voice was submerged, very deep and dim. "Call me Bret, like the others."



"I'd like to." Glad of the distraction, Loveday smiled her defenceless smile. She loathed John talking about her money like this—she was ashamed for him.

Beatrice meanwhile watched John, half fascinated by his display of venom to Loveday and half curious about Bill. Loveday mattered not in the least.

Bill closed his book with a bang, threw it on to the strolled mahogany sideboard, and got up.

"I'm finished," he said. "I'm going up to the farm. Coming, Jane?" He regarded Loveday as a fancy name and instead used the one he had just employed.

She sprang up, her face alight. "Yes, I'll come." The only thing in life she really wanted was to be allowed to follow Bill. Often he didn't take her and often he did; this made the light and shade of her days. They went out into the hall together and, taking the wide-brimmed straw hats off the octagonal walnut hall-table, walked into the sunlight and passed through the shadow of the cherry-tree.

The others, left in the dining-room and released from Bill's unconscious domination, relaxed. John lit a cigarette and got up. He wore old cream flannels, his silk shirt open at the throat, his hair long and bronzed.

Beatrice watched him, and Bret, his brown, strong, eager hands spread out on the carved wooden arms of his chair, watched her. Beatrice was part of the uncatchable beauty and distinction of Whitley. "Going painting, Bret?" John said.

Bret shook himself and nodded. "Can we come?" asked Beatrice. "Please do." For an instant Bret implored her, and she glanced away, disdainful, affronted, but excited in spite of herself.

"I'll go upstairs and get my things," he said quietly, all feeling out of his voice. When he had come downstairs again the three set off together, passing through the shadow of the cherry-tree.

THE frogs were croaking in the dam near the house; crickets sang. Moonlight was flat and white on garden and paddocks; it turned the clumps of pines behind the dam, on the western side, a dark, bloomy grey. Warm stars shone along their soft outlines. The dry-grass scent was sweeter and stronger than honey in the air. Beatrice, stretched out on a lounge on the south verandah with the others round her, after dinner, wondered how soon Miss Harrington, their housekeeper-chaperon, left in charge by Katherine, would go to bed.

Miss Harrington was talking and talking and talking to Bill, who leant against a verandah post, smoking a cigarette and flicking the ash on to the shorn buffalo grass that grew to the heavy stone kerbing of the stone-flagged verandah.

"Oh, well, I'll be off," she announced eventually, getting up. "Good night, everybody." She was bidden good night and left.

Beatrice's heart gave a lunge and then seemed to have stopped. She heard herself say, breathless and tinorous, to Bret, who sat not far distant, smoking his pipe: "The pergola would be lovely now—all the roses. Shall we go and see it?"

"Yes"—hastily from Bret as he got up "By all means."

They paced along the garden paths, Beatrice's long pale green chiffon skirts bounding Bret occasionally. He wore the suit he changed into every evening: an old-fashioned, olive-green suit the coat of

which was too short and the trousers too voluminous over the thighs. The coat did up with two buttons as links instead of in the usual way. Bret appeared more outlandish in this garb than he did even in flannel slacks.

They arrived at an aperture nearly at the orchard, and Beatrice stood like the roses, flood-lit and as luminous as they, and she lifted her arms slowly, and from over her small black shining head detached a big, round white rose. She paused there, holding her attitude like a dancer.

She had pinned a cream water-lily into her frock before dinner; it wilted now, heavy and limp, deprived of water, fastened to her warmth. Bret scrutinised the flower, mouth obstinate; then in spite of himself he put out his hand and lifted the great drooping head of the lily.

She was standing stock-still, holding her breath, waiting for him to kiss her. They were of a height, her mouth—lips parted over jewel-bright teeth—beside his. He did not know how he accomplished it, but he detached his hand from the lily. It was by his side. He had taken a step back from Beatrice.

Shamed, utterly surprised and horrified, she gazed at him, wordless.

"No," he said. "No, yes, no." He shook his head.

Dumbly she held out a rose she had picked, her eyes questioning. He had never seen anything in the world so moving or so lovely as she was at this moment. Because of it his mood of compassion altered: now he wanted to hurt her, not in love but in malice. He bent his head and sniffed the rose politely.

"Very nice," he commented in his thick and muffled tone. "Will we go back to the others?"

"Bret . . ." For a minute she faced him, angry, more hurt than ever in her life, hot and trembling.

"Well?" asked Bret, cool and quiet. "Well, Bee? What's the matter with you tonight?"

"I thought you liked me. . . ."

He smiled.

But he was angry under his composure. He wanted to stay at Whitley—he must—and she was tempting him to jeopardise his shaky position. His painting was so much more important than Beatrice that he did not weigh their comparative values for a second.

BEATRICE went round to the verandah and took up her magazine; sat down and tried to read it, the tears in her eyes making her lashes blacker than they had been before. She had never known humiliation; had never expected to know it. There could be none other that pierced like this, did.

The frogs still croaked. The air came cooler here than it was in the pergola. The sheet of water in the dam and the rectangular lily-pond down the grassy bank from the verandah glimmered in the moon. The insects clustered round the electric globe on the wall, and Bill kept snapping his face and exclaiming, "Curse the mosquitoes!" John was reading, with Mickey asleep on his knees. Loveday was doing a crossword puzzle, seated on the end of Bill's lounge.

I hate life, said Beatrice to herself. Why have I got to live?

"I'm going inside, Lady Jane," announced Bill suddenly. "Can't stand the infernal wogs." He brushed off some moths from his blue coat-sleeve and sat up, nursing one knee.

"What's happening in the book now?" Loveday hoped to delay his departure.

"Oh, the detective-chappie's found the gramophone-record that the butler threw into the lake. It was 'Annie Laurie,' sung by the girl. I think she's used it for an alibi; she's a singer, and the record was of her voice. She probably stuck it on the gramophone and scuttled out to help with the murder and then back again to go on singing. Howsoever, my child, I'll soon know."

He left the verandah. Loveday smoothed out the crossword puzzle and decided it was no fun doing it without Bill to assist, so she gazed disconsolately round her at Beatrice and John. She checked herself from going after Bill because she forbore from following him about. She got up and strayed along the eastern verandah and stood banging her heel against the step leading down on to the path beside the tennis court.

Bret, wandering about in the garden, smoking, approached and stood gazing up at her, fate in shadow.

"Hallo!" he murmured softly. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"Nowhere."

"Come down and see the roses on the pergola."

Loveday paused. She did not want to go, but her soft heart reproved her. Poor Bret! She had seen how Bill and her stepfather habitually ignored him.

They strolled off down the gravel path and turned in under the pergola.

Bret said: "I've been wondering what you meant at afternoon tea, Loveday; you said that I don't paint merely the out-sides of things. Wasn't that what you said?"

"Yes." Loveday walked on, head bent, trying to catch up with his train of thought. Changes of subject were difficult to her, and she had been thinking about her unsatisfactory clothes and wishing that Beatrice, who understood dressing so well, would help her with them. In her mother's absence she had to rely on shopping on Saturday morning with one of the mistresses from school, and they were never interested and always in a hurry. They insisted on her buying such loathsome things. . . .

"I'm sorry, Bret; I've nearly forgotten afternoon tea."

"We were talking about my painting," Bret sounded good-humored. "You said what I've just told you."

"Oh yes, I remember now."

"Explain to me; what did you mean?"

"I don't know if I can explain." She sighed. "I think things, but I don't often say them."

"Try," he urged.

"Well, after I've seen a painting of yours I know the place in it better than I did before. You've shown me more than I saw. The corn-paddock—do you remember that one of the corn-paddock you destroyed?"

Bret was frowning, his coarse eyebrows low, his forehead scored along and across.

"That really seemed to me," continued Loveday, "to be the corn-paddock; what it truly is like, not just looks like. I can't describe it."

Having reached the orchard gate they turned to come back to the house. The roses were stiff above them, standing up in the moonlight.

"What you say is interesting. You're an interesting little girl," Bret peered at Loveday curiously as they crossed one of the lighted spaces. He'd never noticed Loveday before. She did not look at all re-







with brass hot-water cans, and letters carried on silver salvers downstairs, and ostentatious locking of the mailbag which reposed on the hall table and which had a relic of the days of Judge Findon—V.R. and a crown stamped in gold on the leather. This was delivered to Ted Simpson, who was supposed to ride hot-foot to Rossing with it, bringing it back locked, the day's mail in it, the postmaster at Rossing having a key. (Ever since the Kestevens left the farm in the new year the bag had made its regular journeys comfortably gaping.)

The Kestevens did nothing themselves, they merely incited others to respectful action.

Katherine made a fetish of all this. She had never desired to go beyond outward appearances, and had studied her own wants so carefully that at forty-two she was often mistaken for Beatrice's sister by those who found it advantageous to make such mistakes. In reality she was not young-looking though unlined and unstrained, with black hair and red lips and dead-white skin and a slender figure. Something that was youth had gone from her face; she was too hard and finished and satisfied to be young; too certain that life held only the senses.

It was a Friday morning after breakfast two days following the return. Bill and his uncle were in the library. The portrait of Judge Findon in his wig and robes, over the mantelpiece, animated the well-furnished room that was beginning to smell of all the cigars that had ever been smoked there.

Hedley was smoking one now; his red, powdered, clean-shaven face without a cigar looked unfinished.

This morning, sitting at the writing-table in the library, he did not appear pleased. Bill had just asked him for five thousand pounds, "which, sir, you hinted at giving me before I came out from Home four years ago."

"Hinted—yes, hinted—but that's a different thing from having you come down on me now."

"I came out here on the understanding that when I'd had some experience on a station you'd start me on my own place."

"Four years ago," Hedley harked back, "matters were different. If you happen to've heard of a depression?" Bill overlooked the sneer. "It's a rotten time to invest money," growled Hedley, "and with this party you have here a man'd be mad to invest a penny in Australia at the present time. Why, say, it isn't long since folk in the know were getting their money well away, adverse exchange and all."

"I don't know about other investments," Bill spoke temperately. "I do know it's a good time to buy land. The place I want is ten pounds an acre. I want three thousand acres for a start. Pay down four thousand in the place and have a thousand to mess about with. That land was nine pounds an acre four years ago. I'm buying in the cheapest market there's been for years."

"How'll you pay your interest?"

"Well," said Bill, "averaged thirty pence a few years ago. Now it's fallen to about twopence. It may fall a bit more, but even so there's just a margin if you buy cheap. I have it all worked out—how many head of tarry and what improvements I'll make at the place first."

"You have some place in mind, then? Aren't you a bit premature?" Hedley bit off the end of a cigar in capable teeth and stared sideways at his nephew. This absorption in land was something foreign to him, but then, he reflected, his brother had carried a Winslow and the Winslows had

been North-country squires for seven hundred years. (His branch of the Kestevens had been unheard of before the Industrial Revolution.) He presumed that the farming blood was coming out.

He acknowledged that he had promised Bill the money, and looking up at the portrait of Judge Findon, irrelevantly remarked: "The young one's like him, isn't she? Best of the bunch, if you ask me, and she's the one with the money—well invested, too. Wouldn't be a bad thing for you to make up to her; something to fall back on when ban-lambs fail."

Bill was waiting, expression ominous.

Hedley pursued: "Fine thing for your wife to have money—teaches her the value of it."

"This has nothing to do, sir, with the subject in hand," Bill cut across Hedley's moralising. "I'm rather anxious to have your answer."

"Very well, very well!"—testily. "You needn't scowl at me like a creditor. If I give you this money—and it'll be confoundedly awkward—don't imagine you can come down on me if you make a mess of it. It'll be the last, understand."

"That is so," declared Bill, eyes smouldering, mouth set.

"You thoroughly understand that?"

"I've said I do."

"This depression isn't over, I'll have you know. As a business-man I can't see any outcome. Our system is built on trade and countries won't trade—but I suppose this is all double Dutch to you. Anyway, don't expect to make money out of your potato-patch, because you won't. If you can stay on it at all it'll be a miracle."

"I'll stay there," said Bill, "unless I want to move to a bigger place. That is," correcting himself, "until I want to. And I don't expect to make money. I'll live, though, and I'll improve the land, and if I want to marry I can marry and bring up kids properly with something behind 'em, and be my own master, and that's all a man need worry about as far as I can see. Money can't give you more than the life you want to live."

EASTER brought the beginning of autumn, and Loveday. In a mild and placid afternoon when the others had gone to play golf, Bill said to her: "Do you remember my telling you I had a secret?"

They were sitting in the porch, having seen off the golfers, and had been hypnotised to remain there by the sweetness of the sun.

"Of course, Bill, I remember; I never forget anything you tell me. What is the secret?"

"I've bought a place near here—you'll be the first to see it."

A slow wash of color deepened the pink of Loveday's face; it reached her eyes that were green as new lime leaves. She could not look at Bill, she was so pleased for him. This was the best thing that could have happened. Bill would not go away now. She gazed at him, struggling for words, something pitiable in her gaze. "Bill, I'm so glad I can't tell you!"

"Oh, well, don't take it to heart as much as all that. I didn't expect you to throw a fit. Run along and get on your riding-togs and I'll get the horses. Hurry up!"

They rode off together through the garden of asters and chrysanthemums and late roses, the first red and yellow in the leaves.

They put their horses to a canter and then a gallop, the hoofs muffled by the grass, the sun in the riders' faces. Reaching

the Southern Road they turned to the left and advanced at a slower pace.

"It's not far now to my place—just this side of the bridge. It's called Newbridge."

"My house"—Bill paused to listen to those words—"is pretty old. Over eighty, anyway, and that's a bit for this country of yours, Jane, though nothing for mine."

Loveday said: "We belong to the same country, Bill."

But he shook his head. "Same nation, different countries," he replied.

"We have the same things behind us." As never before Loveday found herself wanting to come nearer Bill, to annihilate whatever sundering there might be, to stress their similarities; but Bill would say no more.

A bend of the road and a slight descent brought them to a small broad valley and a house well back from the road, standing bare and old, the sun on its big, square, convict-laid stones.

"There's my place," said Bill, opening a gate between two old split pines.

As soon as her horse was through the gate Loveday got off and stood looking up at Bill.

"What are you doing, Jane?"

"I'm standing on your ground."

They smiled into each other's eyes, and for some reason the blood rose in Bill's cheeks and there was a lump in his throat. His heart beat quicker. He spoke gruffly: "Don't be a ninny; get up on old Topsy again."

Loveday swung herself easily into the saddle, but she was content, for she had seen the look Bill gave her, bright like a sword blade. They had shared a sacrament and nothing would alter it.

The house had its short side to the west and they rode round to the back, where grass grew over the kitchen door-step. Dismounting, they went into the kitchen, a long room with small windows, a red-tiled floor, and an immense range up one end. It was unfurnished. Out of this on the other side was a wooden verandah, wide and darkened by trees at both ends. Across it was the house proper. They entered a dark, narrow passage smelling dry and old. Cedar doors lined it, one of which Bill opened to show Loveday a glimpse of a tranquil square room whose hardwood floor was patterned by sunlight striking through closed shutters. This was to be the dining-room, Bill told her, and the next room adjoining, with a marble mantelpiece, the drawing-room—some day. Over the passage were two other rooms—heaven knew what for, Bill said—and upstairs were four rooms and a bathroom.

"Come upstairs," he ordered.

The stairs were narrow and dark but the wood in them sound, and hands could slide over the polished stair-rail.

"Like it, Lady Jane?"

"I love it. It's real. It belongs to the place—this house. It's a living house."

She stood looking at him, helpless in the grasp of an intensification of feeling. She had never said to herself in so many words before: "I want to marry Bill. I want to be his wife and make his home for him." Now she heard those words spoken to her more than she thought them. They actually seemed to ring in her ears. They outlined with perfect clarity the dumb, unexpressed devotion she had felt for him since she had seen him first.

"What is the matter, Fanny?" Bill had noted her attitude.

"Nothing," her lips said, but her eyes beseeched him. He frowned, struck by a reverberation of her mood. He was aware suddenly how well Loveday fitted his house,



Her straight, strong, stocky figure in riding-clothes, head bare, was in some curious way the embodiment in flesh of what the solid, roomy house expressed with its precisely cut stones and its air of endurance under penalty, its quiet and dignity and calm.

Bill found himself engaged on a new, incongruous conjecture. Funny little Lady Jane—she belonged here as he did himself.

He did not carry the thought to its logical conclusion but paused midway, impeded by an absurdity. He still saw Loveday as she had been at their initial meeting: two flaxen plaits, two large, wondering, green eyes, freckles across a little nose, hands dirty, legs bare. He was thinking now, Rubbish! Loveday was a kid. Still, he sighed ruefully, looking down at her from his height.

"Pity we're not kids," he said aloud; "then we could play at keeping house here."

"No," contradicted Loveday, meeting his eyes.

"Why not? Are you going in for a career or some such tomfoolery?"

"No," said Loveday again.

"Then what's the matter with keeping house? That's what women are for, isn't it?"

Loveday nodded. "I don't want to play at it."

"Oh, I see." Once more his expression grew grave, surveying her. She wasn't quite herself this afternoon—but of course she was. Where was the difference? Vaguely perturbed, he leaned out of the window beside which they stood, grabbed the shutters and pulled them in, securing them. "Getting late," he said. "Why have we been mooning about in here all the time while there were crowds of things to show you? Have you cast a spell over me? By the way, why aren't you two or three years older?"

"Don't know," said Loveday. "If I was I suppose I'd be Beatrice."

"Doesn't matter," said Bill. "Come along! Down we go and back to Whitley—we'll be late as it is, and your mother'll be annoyed. Next time I'll show you the barn and what-nots. Where I'm going to build my dip and irr gate—my dear child, I could talk for a week."

**H**EDLEY KESTIVEN was the last to realize that John should have been back at the University; he was the first to comment on it. Easter brought it to his mind, and one morning after breakfast he sought out his stepson, reading in the sun on the eastern verandah, and said without more ado:

"What do you mean by playing the wag?" His manner was jocular.

John despised pleasantries; he glanced up from his book, contemptuous, hostile to any form of criticism.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why are you delighting us with your company when you should be elsewhere—pursuing your studies, as the saying is?"

"I've left the University." John made as if to return to his book as if the subject were at an end.

"The devil you have! That's news." Hedley, scrupulously though unconvincedly attired as a country gentleman in cord riding-breeches, high boots, tweed Norfolk coat, and white stock, rested his shoulder against the verandah post, and, hands in trouser-pockets, surveyed John, who in flannel slacks and silk shirt lounged on the steps in the sun. "When and why did you come to this momentous decision?"

"I came to it at the end of last year, and

I should imagine the reason was obvious to the meanest intelligence."

Hedley prided himself on his bluff, robust treatment of young men, but he was becoming irritated by John.

"The reason isn't obvious to me—and I consider it would have been better manners as well as policy on your part to have informed me of your movements."

"I didn't want a pointless discussion."

"And it must necessarily have been pointless? Thanks." A silence while John read a sentence of his book three times and his stepfather studied him.

"I can't make you out," the latter observed at last. "You seem to want to put everybody's back up. If there's an unpleasant thing to say, you say it."

"Thank you," said John, reading.

Hedley grew angry. "Shut up your book!" he commanded; "and come into the library." John did as he was told, following Hedley through the french window and collapsing into a camel-colored, upholstered armchair. Hedley took the straight-backed, carved chair at the writing-table.

"You were doing Law, I understand?"

"Guess again," said John. "Arts; but probably the same thing to you."

"You intended doing Law? And if you could be civil I'd be obliged."

"I intended doing Law." John mimicked the other slightly. "More or less involuntary action, Reflex"—he jerked his head in the direction of his grandfather's portrait.

"And you've chucked up this. Why?"

"Because there's a trade-depression, if you want to know." John was purposely stealing the thunder of Hedley who prided himself on comprehending and expounding this and every other economic upheaval in history.

"You mean that you couldn't see any future for yourself in Law?"

"At last," murmured John, "my meaning begins to penetrate."

Disregarding this, Hedley asked what John intended doing now. "You can't live on your income because you only have a matter of a couple of pounds a week."

"I started off at my father's death, fifteen years ago," said John to the ceiling, "with a matter of five pounds a week. My grandfather left me another two—all right. What I have remaining is, by a strange chance, the interest on my grandfather's money; I have that simply and solely because he tied up the capital until I was twenty-one."

"Well"—Hedley's anger was mounting—"didn't your education come out of it?"

"It doesn't cost more than seven quid a week to educate (so called) other people."

"Your mother looked after that part of it." Hedley began to fonder. He had an uneasy feeling that he might, by a little trouble, have administered his stepchildren's estates better and not allowed their mother so reckless a hand. He excused himself to John: "Your mother and Mr. Gilson were left executors under your father's will; it hasn't been my concern."

"Quite," murmured John to the ceiling.

"Quite."

"Are you suggesting that your money hasn't been spent on you?"

"I'm suggesting nothing; only pointing to a certain fact. My sister Loveday—her money which she got from my aunt has been entirely in the control of Gilson—is she out of pocket to-day to the extent that Beatrice and I are?"

"And you're suggesting that your mother—"

"I'm suggesting nothing. I'll put it plain for you." John sat up, eyes afire. "I believe that all my money—and my sister's—

has steadily leaked away at your instigation."

"You have absolutely no grounds for saying that."

"Where is it, then? Why has it been necessary again and again to sell our capital? Loveday's capital is intact."

"Most of her investments are in England."

"What difference does that make?"

"I'll ask you to consider what you're implying—that your mother and I have wilfully squandered your money."

"I don't imply it. I say it openly. I'm not blaming my mother. Everyone knows she's a fool about money. I'm blaming you. You could have stopped her. If it had been yours, or your precious nephew's, you'd have taken hold of it pretty quick."

"Why don't you go to Mr. Gilson?"

"That's exactly where I've been. I went down a while ago and found out a few things. You've always talked big about your generosity to your stepchildren and I believe you've been well imbursed—over imbursed—for every penny you've spent on us for board and lodging."

Hedley got up and stood by the desk; he'd never forgive John's taunt because it was half true—he had boasted of his generosity, which had been real. John, with devilish ingenuity, had pricked him where he bled. He spoke in a low, furious voice.

**I**F you feel that, the sooner you get out of here the better."

"This house happens to be my mother's—unless you have a mortgage on it."

"I pay the expenses of this house, and I say who's in it and who isn't. You can pack up your things and get out, and the sooner the better." So saying Hedley strode out of the room into the hall and through the front door. John heard his boots scrunching the gravel.

He continued there a while in the library alone, looking at the multi-colored backs of the books covering the lower half of two walls.

His mother came in and sat down. She had been picking chrysanthemums, bronzes and red, and carried them in a basket. She was dressed in thick yellow silk with an orange angora coat over her dress, wore no hat on her lustrous hair. She looked bizarre and decorative sitting on the buff armchair in the window.

"Hallo, Johnnie; why so fierce?" she asked of her son.

"Because that boulder, your husband, has just ordered me out of your house!"

Katherine's eyebrows, plucked to a black silk line, raised. "Sit down," she said, "and keep calm. Tell me what's happened?"

John subsided into the writing-chair, sitting sideways, moody face cupped in his hand, elbow on the chair's arm. "He asked me why I wasn't at the University, and I told him I'd left, because there were too many damned lawyers already on relief-work and I didn't choose to add to their number."

His mother nodded, dark grey eyes on him. "Yes, go on."

"Then he asked—insultingly—what I meant to do since I had no money, and I asked him why didn't I have money since I'd been left seven quid a week, and I accused him of letting you sell my capital to reimburse him for my expenses."

"I don't understand: what expenses?"

"Food and shelter in holidays."

"He hasn't charged for those. What on earth do you mean, John?"

John looked at the floor; already he was ashamed of himself.

"I flew into a rage. I said more than



I should have done—probably. But I mean, Mother, you have white-anted our money—Beatrice's and mine; there's no getting away from that." He spoke more soberly now since his mother, like Beatrice, pacified him, and never roused the resentment festering under the surface.

His mother was observing him dispassionately as was her wont. "Johnnie," she said, "for such a clever boy you're a fool. Why don't you learn to get on with people? It's the only way to get what you want out of them."

"Getting the maximum out of people isn't my motive for existence."

"Yes, it is," contradicted Katherine. "It's everybody's. We're all dependent on each other for something—always will be. Look fast in the face, Johnnie—there are certain things you want, and you must be nice to the people who've got them to give you. Insults never help anyone—they're so stupid. If you personally would only keep quiet everything would be easier for you."

"I don't want ease!"

"Oh, you do, Johnnie—don't be silly, I've seen known anyone, except myself!"—she laughed—"who likes ease more than you do. What was the outcome of this discussion with Hedley?"

"He said I had to get out of here—leave—pack my things like a servant."

"That," declared his mother smoothly, "is absurd. Of course you'll stay here as long as you want to. While this house is mine it's your home—all you children's home, of course. Naturally. Only—only, Johnnie, I may not keep the farm always. I may be going to England to settle permanently, one day. Not yet—perhaps in a year or two. Hedley's business may take him back to Coventry. Then, of course, the farm would be no further use to me."

"You'd sell it?" John frowned, black brows meeting.

"Naturally—what else?"

"I think that's rather a beastly idea. My grandfather built it." Involuntarily John glanced at the red-robed Judge, who at this moment appeared to be passing sentence on him, John Findon, last of the male line.

"Yes, your grandfather," Katherine dressed the pronoun. "Not mine. I suppose you children have a certain sentiment about the place..." Lightly: "The three of you'd better say it when the time comes."

John was receiving another shock this April morning. He had always regarded his mother as his mother and as nothing much else; now he saw her as she really was—a person apart from himself, steadily moving away from him by a diversity of aims.

His mother had wasted his inheritance and could sit there unmoved and aloof; faintly, very faintly, amused, but completely unmoved. That was the word—unmoved.

"All right," he said, answering the deduction he had drawn from her words. "I'll go and see Gilson."

HE went and he came back finding the family on his return most inoffensively unannounced round the library fire. It was strictly on family, as Bret had quitted the farm soon after his patroness' arrival. This had been exactly as he had feared: by certain trivial unmistakable signs Katherine had evinced her willingness for the visit to terminate.

Monday and Hedley were playing chess, Katherine reading a novel on the sofa. Beatrice, sewing a pink crepe-de-chine nightgown. John appeared and they all looked at him as he stood accusing in the doorway.

"For Heaven's sake," shivered Katherine, "come in and shut the door. It's abominably cold. Have you had dinner, my dear?"

"Yes."

"Have a whisky," suggested Hedley, who to please Katherine had decided to overlook, outwardly, John's behaviour. It rankled, none the less.

"No," said John, shutting the door and approaching the mantelpiece where he stood facing the group. "I've seen Gilson and you'll be rid of me." He addressed his stepfather, his white face twitching, and then turned to his mother. "You'll be able to forget you have a son."

Katherine surveyed him. "Darling Johnnie, please, no melodrama. What did the worthy Gilson say?"

"I'm going to New Guinea."

"Whatever for?"

"I'll tell you what for—to earn my living."

"Excellent," responded his mother. "You'll love the occupation." She smiled widely—her teeth were quite unimpaired. "Don't look so lugubrious, dear, or if you must spring, spring and get it over."

"It's very funny," cried John, "very, very funny. You bring an unfortunate creature into the world, and then you wish his future, and then you find his efforts to subscribe to the system called civilisation shriekingly funny."

"Now calm down"—Katherine was unperturbed—"and sit down and tell us all about it."

"It's easy for you to laugh at me. Well, I'm going; it's what you wanted, isn't it? And if I never come back it'll be your fault."

"That also'll be funny. And you and the rest of the jackals—his gaze swept the group—"can gorge yourselves sick on the corpse you've made of the world."

In the middle of June, 1932, the Montoro sailed for Rabaul with John, his tropical equipment, his letter-of-credit, his books and oddments, and his intolerable shyness and effrontery and pitifulness and weakness and useless, estranging insight, on board. Also a Scottish terrier puppy purchased by John as company and as a hostage against fortune.

ON a wet, chilly afternoon in October, Beatrice met Bret in the city.

Beatrice and Bret met by pure accident, as neither had seen the other since Bret had left the farm in March. They now had gravitated to different orders of living which could never mingle in their ordinary functionings: Bret to the art school where he taught painting for his living, Beatrice to the highest grade of contemporary society.

To Beatrice, Bret appeared more shrunken and groome-like than ever, with water dripping off his hat and his long brown face peering out from under the upturned brim. The big curved nose, the blue eyes in slits, the long tough-lipped mouth upturned at the corners. His look of having passed through a tannery, the wrinkles scar-deep when he smiled, his teeth stained with nicotine.

Beatrice had grown lately and was now the taller of the two, and she stood over him, pitying him for his shabbiness.

"You're looking very fine," he said, appreciating her elegance. "The Girl in the Black Dress." He was fond of describing people by bestowing upon them the names of pictures. "You're the only girl out today who isn't mused-up by the rain. Even your umbrella looks sleek."

They both laughed and friendliness grew between them.

"Come and have afternoon tea," said Bret, and Beatrice gave a quick hunted glance up and down the street. She didn't want to go into a fashionable cafe with Bret (even if he could afford to take her there) because at this hour it would be full of people she knew.

"If we go somewhere quiet," she stipulated, adding, "so we can talk."

"I want to look at you," said Bret. "I suppose I can do that anywhere."

They glanced up and saw a sign hanging out which said in grey letters on black, "The Swallow Inn."

Bret eyed it. "Hm. Think I'll do? I don't come to these sorts of places."

Beatrice was about to add that she didn't either, but thinking it unkind assured him it would do and they mounted stairs off the street.

"The Swallow" was a small room that had lost interest. A gentlewoman in the same condition sat at a desk knitting a mauve jumper. A waitress in grey darted out from a curtain as Bret and his guest found a table by the windows overlooking the street, and hovered, baffled, while they sat down.

They ordered tea and Beatrice watched the wet street.

"Well?" Bret asked softly, insinuating his question into her mind almost without her hearing it. "What are they doing to you, Bee?" He moved his chair so that he was nearer her, his knee touching hers, and in the same instant she moved herself a trifle so that they did not touch, and Bret was aware suddenly how grimy and ill-favored he was, and was humble.

He extracted his cigarette-case, opened it handed it to her and they both began to smoke, the common action inducing the sense of intimacy which Bret desired but had almost dispelled.

"You've changed, Bee."

"You mean I don't flog myself at your head?" She smiled sideways, not meeting his eyes.

"You only did that for want of a better man, Bee."

"I don't know." Dreamily, Beatrice scratched a line on the grey linen tablecloth with one polished, rose-colored nail. "There was a particular sort of attraction in those days. Not now." She smiled to herself. "The bloom is probably off now," she added.

"You're more beautiful than ever."

Am I? I don't seem to care. Nothing's real to me since John went."

"Where's John? You forget I haven't heard."

"Yes, it's ages since March, isn't it? John went to New Guinea in June—up to a plantation there. I miss him infernally. Not that he cared for me frightfully. Poor John, he can't care for anybody. I don't blame him. I don't care very much for people myself—except John."

"Some day," said Bret, drinking in her nearness like perfume and a drug, hugging him, making him forget the cheap wretchedness of his present existence—"some day you'll care for someone."

"That is what's always said." She shrugged the shoulders of her close-fitting dress.

"Don't let's talk about me any more," she pleaded. "I'm sick to death of myself. What are you doing and how are you faring? We're both like shipwrecked sailors meeting."

"I'm doing about as badly as I could be." (She questioned him mutely, interested, taken out of herself.) "I'm teaching in a studio—a foul place. I teach every day from nine till four—the only hours of the day I could work in myself. I teach women mostly, though there's an earnest youth or

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They ordered tea and Beatrice watched the wet street.

"Well?" Bret asked softly, insinuating his question into her mind almost without her hearing it. "What are they doing to you, Bee?" He moved his chair so that he was nearer her, his knee touching hers, and in the same instant she moved herself a trifle so that they did not touch, and Bret was aware suddenly how grimy and ill-favored he was, and was humble.

He extracted his cigarette-case, opened it handed it to her and they both began to smoke, the common action inducing the sense of intimacy which Bret desired but had almost dispelled.

"You've changed, Bee."

"You mean I don't flog myself at your head?" She smiled sideways, not meeting his eyes.

"You only did that for want of a better man, Bee."

"I don't know." Dreamily, Beatrice scratched a line on the grey linen tablecloth with one polished, rose-colored nail. "There was a particular sort of attraction in those days. Not now." She smiled to herself. "The bloom is probably off now," she added.

"You're more beautiful than ever."

Am I? I don't seem to care. Nothing's real to me since John went."

"Where's John? You forget I haven't heard."

"Yes, it's ages since March, isn't it? John went to New Guinea in June—up to a plantation there. I miss him infernally. Not that he cared for me frightfully. Poor John, he can't care for anybody. I don't blame him. I don't care very much for people myself—except John."

"Some day," said Bret, drinking in her nearness like perfume and a drug, hugging him, making him forget the cheap wretchedness of his present existence—"some day you'll care for someone."

"That is what's always said." She shrugged the shoulders of her close-fitting dress.

"Don't let's talk about me any more," she pleaded. "I'm sick to death of myself. What are you doing and how are you faring? We're both like shipwrecked sailors meeting."

"I'm doing about as badly as I could be." (She questioned him mutely, interested, taken out of herself.) "I'm teaching in a studio—a foul place. I teach every day from nine till four—the only hours of the day I could work in myself. I teach women mostly, though there's an earnest youth or



two. At the end of a few years' teaching the women students will be able to paint their own Christmas cards—

He broke off, his face twisted; and Beatrice, listening and watching, found it strange that this ugly, badly-dressed man with whom she would have been ashamed to be seen, and from whose slightest touch she shrank, should be suffering so acutely that it brought a constriction and haggardness to his face. It was much stranger than that she, in the basket of her flower-like body should be tormented. She felt that this shrunken, gnome-grief mattered less than did her own.

She heard him say: "There's only one person I want to teach paint and that's myself. I'd give anything I could ever possess to have just a little time. Like I used to have at the farm. . . I've sold three pictures, by the way; the one by the willow-pool. D'you remember those hot afternoons we'd go there, you and me and John?" She nodded. "And the one looking over the wattle-wood to the house, and the one looking across to Bullin in the early morning. I liked that one myself."

"Mother will probably ask you up to the farm in the summer. We're not there now, you know. We have a flat in town."

"How's Loveday?" asked Bret suddenly.

"All right; at school."

"She's a funny child," said Bret.

"Is she? Very ordinary, I should say," Beatrice frowned. "You know, in a way, she's responsible for John being as he is. If Aunt had divided her money equally instead of leaving it all to Loveday, John wouldn't be so bitter and cold, and against people."

Beatrice heard the clock strike five. "Goodness, I must be going; what a long time we've been!" She gathered up her things and rose, and Bret did, too.

"It's been very good to see you, Bea. Reminds me of old times." He took her hand before she could draw on her glove and she let it lie in his. He looked at it, turning it over like some precious work of art, examining it. "You have wonderful hands, Bea." Again he felt humble. "You're very beautiful; I'd like you to be happy. It seems a waste that you're not."

"And your recipe for happiness is a great love?" she mocked him.

"For you—not for me."

"What's your recipe?"

"Time to paint. Time to get away from myself—forget myself altogether. I'm a pretty vile bit of work, I know, but my painting isn't. It's something better than me; as much better than myself as you are better than most women."

"Not better, Bret, better-looking, probably. I myself—I'm weak and sort of lost. Useless, too."

"To be beautiful is the best thing a woman can be."

It was two months later, the middle of December, and Katherine, Beatrice, and the servants had moved up from the city the day before to the farm. Business still kept Hedley in the city, and Loveday's school had not broken up, but Miss Harrington, dismissed during the winter to a married sister) was re-installed and was at this minute—half-past four of the afternoon—laying out house linen in the big presses that ran along one side of the upstairs corridor between the spaces left by bed and dressing-room doors.

Beatrice and her mother were in the drawing-room. They were alone. The remains of afternoon tea abided on a rose-wood gate-legged table near to Katherine's sofa, on which she was lying.

The summer country air came softly through the long windows of two bays projecting into the south verandah and through the french window on to the eastern one.

The room was superb, in flawless taste, with a certain regal beneficence like a great queen bowing, but it was impersonal, unselectable, like Katherine herself.

Katherine this afternoon was conscious of all the facts conducive to her well-being as one smells a distillation of many flowers. The irreproachable appearance of Lottie, the middle-aged parlor-maid, bringing in the tea; the perfection of the blue-and-cream and gold room; the elevation of the homestead on its hill; the extensive champagne visible from the windows.

Beatrice said bluntly, since she never dalled with her mother: "I've refused Max Stillman."

This drew Katherine from reverie. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Indeed! And why?"

"Because I don't like him. He's old."

"Old? He's only fifty—Hedley was fifty when I married him; that's not old for a man."

"You'd been married before—I haven't."

Beatrice drooped in her chair, scowling, her resemblance to John very marked.

"You're a fool," said Katherine. "D'you think you'll do better?"

"I have a preference for my own generation." Disdainful, fastidious Beatrice was despising her mother. "Everyone doesn't rate themselves—cheap."

"What do you mean?"

"To me it seems—rather cheap to sell yourself."

"What do you know about it?" Katherine's grey eyes were hard and cold and thick as water-worn pebbles.

"I know a bit," Beatrice mocked her, smiling on one side of her mouth.

"You're a fool," said Katherine again.

"Perhaps—but at least I'm not common; I suppose that's why common people don't appeal to me. Brewers—and such."

"Are you insinuating"—Katherine's voice now high and not so pure in its inflections as her children's, who had had the benefit of their grandfather's accent in youth—"are you insinuating that I am common?"

"Oh no," Beatrice was careless. "I was pointing out that I'm not, and that therefore the ingenious notion of selling myself to the highest bidder doesn't appeal to me. Highest bidders," added Beatrice, "being the sort of people who like to get their money's worth, as John said."

"You needn't quote John; it's not his business."

"It's mine, though. As you might say yourself, I'm the one who has to live with Max."

Beatrice rose and walked out of the room into the hall and, since her legs felt weak, sat down on a leather seat and looked without seeing it at the green view of the garden out of the open front door.

Loveday was home and it was her birthday. She was seventeen. Bill had rung her up in the morning and his voice had sounded unfamiliar over the wires, and she had been nervous speaking to him with all the others listening in the library over morning tea, as people must listen to a telephone conversation in their midst.

"I'm coming for Christmas," she heard him say. "It's five days off, isn't it? I've lost track of time—jolly busy irrigating. I can't get away before. I'm a working man now, Lady Jane."

"Couldn't you come in one evening?" Loveday felt with her back Beatrice, her mother, and Hedley listening.

There was a gap of time while Bill thought, then he said finally: "No, I can't; it'll have to be Christmas. Many happy returns said all that pish-tosh. Cheerio, Lady Jane!"

Never child strained towards Christmas Day as did Loveday that year. Five days, then four, then three.

ON Christmas Eve, in the early afternoon when the sun is brightest and the shadows least, Loveday rode over to Seddon Forest with white Christmas Bikes for the church. (This was a yearly gesture of Katherine's. To support the church was decorous.)

The village was set down in an immensity of grassy, undulating country with a stream meandering about and drawing a deeper green smudge around the blunted hills.

Loveday and Topsy, her roan mare, jogged along contentedly. As they were about to cross the bridge where the poplars made cool the grass and water, a two-seater car stopped beside them and Bill's voice hailed: "Hullo, Jane!"

He got out and walked to Topsy's side, laying a hand on her mane, and looked up at Loveday sitting straight in her holland suit, a broad-brimmed felt shading her face, her right hand grasping the Bikes as if they had been a standard. A smile spread over Bill's brown-red countenance; his eyes under the brim of his hat looked bluer to Loveday than she had ever seen them. He was dressed in khaki riding-breeches and white shirt obviously doctored fresh to go out in.

He had his own look of exceptional cleanliness, and Loveday marvelled that anyone could be like Bill. As always when she had not seen him lately she found it difficult to become accustomed to his good looks.

He turned out different from her mental picture of him, and this made her shy. His smile broadened, showing his excellent teeth.

"Well, where are you off to? You look like Sir Galahad: 'My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure.'"

All the verse Bill would ever know had been instilled into him at school.

"It's the Bikes," Loveday explained soberly.

"Well, where are you taking them? You seem a bit dopy, my girl."

"I'm dazed," said Loveday, staring down at him.

"At seeing me?"

Loveday took his youthful conceit seriously. "Yes."

"Oh, Lady Jane, you don't know how to play the game!" he laughed. "You oughtn't to have said that!"

"What game?" asked Loveday, and Bill rejoined: "Nothing."

"You seem different," Loveday excused herself. "That's why I'm being so silly."

"I'm a landed proprietor," replied Bill, enjoying Loveday's awkwardness.

"It must be that," she agreed. "Have you—furnished the house?"

"A bit of it. The dining-room and a bedroom and the kitchen, of course, and Mrs. Sweet's room."

"Who is Mrs. Sweet?"

"Ah! Now you begin to get jealous!"

"Awfully," said Loveday, starting to laugh because this teasing was bringing Bill back into the familiar. It had been the thinking about him by herself that had made her shy at meeting him. . . .

"Mrs. Sweet's my housekeeper, and very sweet she is."

"Fancy you having a housekeeper! I can't realise."

"Oh, you'd realise her if you saw her. She's bringing me up firmly to be a perfect



husband. Some young girl will live to bless her name."

"Oh!" said Loveday, looking away. A pause while Bill went on smiling up at her. The scent of the lilies hung about their heads like a white veil. "It's so funny, Bill, to think of you with all those things."

"Not funny at all. By the way, do you know what constitutes a perfect husband?" Loveday shook her head. "I'll tell you: it's folding your pyjamas, picking up the bath-mat, and not putting ash on the saucers—but where are you taking those flowers?"

"To the Hunters for the church to-morrow."

"What about dumping them at the vicarage, then, and coming over to New-bridge, and we'll crack a bottle?"

"I can't. I'd love to, but I must get back. Mrs. Hunter always wants to talk, and that'll keep me an hour, and I'm decorating the house for to-morrow. I want it to be a real Christmas this time, because it may be our last."

"Goodness, why? Are you all going to die?"

"No, but Beatrice will probably get married any minute, and Mother's always talking about going to England to live, and John's gone already to New Guinea, so we may be scattered by next Christmas. Oh, Bill, you know I've left school, don't you, and I was seventeen on Monday?"

"Yes, yes, as Mr. Hunter says. Oh, well, Jane, if you're not coming I'll have to barge off—can't stand about gossiping all day. I'll see you to-morrow."

"Yes, and come early." Leaning down, Loveday delicately removed a poplar leaf from the brim of Bill's hat and gave it to him.

"What's this?"

"A Christmas card."

"Thank you." He put it into a pocket-book. "Very tasteful. Did you make it yourself? Good-bye." He drove away into the sunshine, up the village street far too fast, turned to the right round the old shingled-roofed cottage with the cedar of Lebanon and a hospitable seat placed outside for anyone to sit down on.

IT was Christmas Day. The family, Bill with them, had attended church; presents had been distributed; a colossal dinner had been eaten, and the elder members of the party had retired to their rooms, leaving Bill, Beatrice, and Loveday to wander down to the orchard. The reason for going there was far to seek, being unconnected with desire to eat, but by common consent they left the house and sauntered through the winking garden.

Inside the orchard it was very hot; the ploughed, red earth between the laden fruit-trees crumbling into brittle powder when walked upon; the trees themselves sagging, leaves down-drooping.

Beatrice and Bill were following up a conversation started earlier in the day and interrupted by dinner. She had come into the library and found Bill alone smoking a cigarette and nursing his knee. He had risen, and then they had both sat down, looking at each other. Bill had thought, so this is the girl there's been all the fuss about. Beatrice was in a thin white dress, light silk stockings and white kid shoes; hair and figure and bored by Christmas. Bill wore flannels (he had changed after church), looked handsome, arrogant, and interested in Beatrice.

She kindled slightly under his eyes, with an effect of a light being lit inside an opal shade, and grimaced with her sad, petulant,

red mouth. "All this pother . . ." She indicated some holly-sprigged string and paper littering the floor.

"And very nice, too," countered Bill, smiling; not as he did at Loveday—more alert, more indolent. "I've read about you in the papers," he said. "Miss Beatrice Findon this; Miss Beatrice Findon that. You look about the same; what's it all been about?"

"Ah!" said Beatrice, regarding him through her lashes.

Bill stopped smiling. He looked older. "I thought you were going to marry some Croesus—what was his name?"

"You mean Max Stillman?"

"The brewer, wasn't he?"

"Yes, the brewer."

"And aren't you?"

"No."

BILL settled his broad shoulders in the loose silk shirt more comfortably against the back of his chair.

"I suppose he was a bit of an outsider?"

"Yes."

Bill, in spite of himself, had been impressed by the journalistic presentation of Beatrice. A year ago he had not noticed her overmuch, admiring her remotely, but he had lived in close proximity to her for four months without her touching him at all. In those days John had been at the farm, and Bill disliked John; he had grouped brother and sister together, as was inevitable. Also, a year ago he himself had not been settled; now, unconsciously, he was "looking about."

Beatrice reopened the conversation since it had lapsed. "You're very much lauded gentry at present, I suppose?"

"Naturally."

Beatrice raised her eyebrows in her mother's fashion.

"If I'm not, who is?" asked Bill blandly.

"What have you got?—lightly—a few hundred moth-eaten merino?"

"A few thousand," replied Bill.

"And what do you think you're going to do with them?"

"Shear 'em next spring."

"Interesting, no doubt."

"No doubt whatever."

They looked each other in the eyes, their wills measuring, and as Bill's expression hardened, Beatrice's became subtly less hard, and instead of challenging, her face took on its shadowed groping as of someone peering into the dark to observe there they know not what.

The pair had been disturbed then, but had held throughout the meal an awareness of each other and a sense that something had been interrupted which would be resumed.

"Well?" questioned Bill, walking down the orchard with Beatrice. "What do you propose doing now?" Beatrice glanced at him sideways from under her flowered parasol. "This up here'll be small beer after Stillman's variety, won't it?"

They laughed, though neither was amused. With every minute in each other's company a force generated, almost too rapidly for them.

"Let's sit down," said Bill.

Beatrice obeyed, furling her sunshade and pricking the drifts of needles with its point. She stared sightlessly at the corn that was half cut, as it had been when Bret painted his picture a year before.

Bill, too, was observing the corn. He could never regard any rural object for its

own sake, so he was appraising it, realising as Beatrice did not (and as Bret could not have done) that last year's was a better crop.

Loveday, who had dropped behind, paused when she saw the two in the pines' dark shade, but she came forward, nevertheless, and knelt down beside Bill.

"Hullo!" she greeted them, and Bill, glancing over his shoulder, replied:

"Hullo, little one."

Loveday's coming had interrupted him; he felt irritated, and this made him speak as kindly as ever, if not more so, since he recognised his irritation as unkind.

After that there was silence under the trees, and Loveday made a pile of pine-needles as a cushion on a bench, one stacks the sand. She felt, as keenly as if she had been informed of the fact, that she was intruding, yet still she stayed, longing with sickness of heart to discover her intuition wrong and that Bill would turn to her and give to her his usual affectionate, careless, half-serious companionship. The change of events had arrived too suddenly for her to adapt herself. What had transpired, after all? Bill and Beatrice had left her in the orchard; how that she had followed, they did not speak to her, but Beatrice lay, her hands behind her head, her long throat curved, lips parted, eyes closed; and Bill, his back to Loveday, regarded Beatrice. That was all, and—the silence following the deliberate kindness.

She got up and strayed away—there was no longer a place for her at Bill's side. Closing the orchard gate softly on herself, she heard Bill speak to her sister in a tone she had never heard. She went up through the orchard unseeing, under the pergola and along the drive to the house her head down, walking heavily, her feet numbed. She sat down on a carved black oak chest in the hall—the hall that yesterday she had decorated for to-day—sprinkles of green over the mirror whose frame matched the chest.

Hedley came out of the room and sat down by her on the chest. "What are you doing all by yourself?" He was dressed in gray with a new tie; his thin keen face was flushed from the wine he had drunk at dinner and the liqueurs afterwards, but he was kind. He liked Loveday. She lifted a face grown sallow and shook her head. Hedley suddenly felt very sorry for the little girl, he did not know why. He picked up one square, flaccid hand and bent the fingers back. "Where are the others?"

Loveday forced herself to say: "In the corn-paddock."

Hedley laughed. "Spoozing, I suppose—wait till your time comes!"

Loveday looked at him dumbly, knowing he meant to be kind.

"Afternoon tea'll be in in a minute; how does that command itself to you?" asked Hedley.

"I don't want any."

"Rubbish! Your digestion's cast-iron. A poor old man like me . . ." Hedley was not an old man and knew it; his thin straight figure in the well-tailored suit was that of a person half his age. "Come along in!" He rose, pulled Loveday up, and with an arm round her shoulders marched her into the drawing-room and deposited her on a sofa by her mother. "There," he announced, "I've brought you your youngest child."

Katherine glanced at Loveday, sleepy, amiable. "Where are the others?"

Again Loveday impelled herself to utter: "In the corn-paddock."

Katherine continued gazing at her, obliquely amused.



A WEEK before Christmas John had been moved by the Expropriation Board from Madang to Milipo, one of the plantations the most remote from any centre in the Territory. With a very bad grace John packed up, caught the Island steamer, was put down at Witu, the nearest point of contact with Milipo. At Witu he dalled for a couple of days while the plantation schooner was being rendered slightly more sea-worthy than it had been in his predecessor's time, finally set sail with a few boys, and at two o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Eve entered Milipo Bay.

The schooner made the jetty, and John left the unloading to the supervision of his personal boy, Custard, and strolled along to the shore, his khaki cotton clothes and khaki sun-helmet like pieces of the sails detached and moving. Along beside him proceeded a black spot—it was Jude, the terrier. Under the helmet John's chiselled, supercilious face showed white; his grey eyes regarded with all their old stormy discontent his present surroundings. A few words of pidgin scattered the group under the verandah and sent the components of it scurrying along the jetty to the schooner, and Master Findon, as he was called by his retainers, pursued a solitary course up the coral path through the coconuts, calling to Jude to follow him. The Scotch terrier was nervous and hung back, so his owner walked slowly, slashing with his walking-stick at the grey, horizontally striped, serpentine trunks of the palms while their fronds, brittle-sounding as glass, splintered and creaked and clashed overhead in a melancholy breeze.

The path ended suddenly at a house of native design, far larger and more circumstantial than those on the beach. John remembered having heard vaguely that the official bungalow at Milipo had been destroyed by fire and one of native construction put in its place. He also remembered hearing that when well built, these latter eclipsed the ordinary white-ant riddled, weather-board, regulation dwelling that always needed painting and very seldom received it.

He mounted five steps and entered through a doorless aperture in the end wall that was made of various kinds of leaves which were unfamiliar to him, plaited together firmly, so cohesive that they shut out the light but not wholly the air. Inside he found himself on a long verandah darkened by its plaited walls but open along its length half-way up from the floor, which was of hardwood and smoothly finished and stained. The view from this window showed him the sea, the open sea, smash on to the bare, intolerable, blue horizon, since the elevation of the house forbade any encroachment of the surrounding palms upon the vision.

John was glad he had brought all his possessions, having been advised to store some at Rabaul. "You won't stick Milipo long," his adviser had urged. "You can apply for a shift in twelve months—why take all your gear?" Now he congratulated himself he had not listened, since it would only be by reason of his books, wireless, pictures, tortoise-shell outfit, special lamp, and bathroom fittings, bedding, linen—these last items the parting gift of Katherine—and his inordinate supply of cotton clothes that his existence here would be endurable at all.

He glanced up from his stooping position beside the cupboard; he could not have told what caused the sudden fright that had twanged his nerves. It was not

sound, but something that had vibrated against him just as surely.

He picked up his helmet from the table, put it on, and he and Jude went out of the verandah doorway together into the stifling, eye-splintering radiance of the light.

It was then he heard the shot. It came from below on the beach-level.

John started down the path, Jude at his heels. Half-way down he encountered Custard, unencumbered, leading the laden boys with their accompanying swarm of "marys" and children, all ascending to see the new-feller master.

"Custard," cried John, "you hear bang, bang?"

John's pidgin deserted him, but Custard had an uncanny ability to understand him. He shook his bright red fuzzy head, grinning from ear to ear, delighted, and John stared back at him, and the big chocolate-colored boy with his small black eyes and the betel-nut round his white teeth, as red as if he had been sucking blood, appeared as fantastic and horrible, remote yet unbearably close to him, as had the bungalow on looking back at it. This was alien, alien, alien.

NOT so August Fedi, bowing in the verandah doorway at eleven o'clock next morning. John, arranging his belongings, heard Jude barking and came through from the bedroom and saw the newcomer.

"Good morning," said this one gutturally, bowing again from the waist, heels together, looking at John under his bleached brows out of prominent, light-blue eyes.

"Good morning," John felt ill at ease because this athletic, pale-blond, Germanic bull of a man was a stranger, but he was inexpressibly relieved, nevertheless.

He smiled and advanced. "I can come in—yes? My English—I apologise. I speak it very little. I read, but I do not speak. The opportunity I do not have. I come to visit you for my brother. It is Christmas Day. He invites that you shall go to his plantation, Mannheim. We are your neighbors. I come in a launch. It takes me two hours only. I come at my brother's request."

"Thank you," awkwardly John returned this rather pontifical salutation. "I should be pleased to. Will you have a drink? Custard!" he called.

Custard appeared grinning, stared at the newcomer; the grin left his face. He went to bring bottles and glasses with unusual alacrity. "Little big-feller master Mannheim 'e come. I go plenty quick," would have been the phrasing of his feelings, in pidgin.

"Will you sit down?" John asked, and, bowing, his visitor complied. John, too, seated himself in his supine, lounging attitude. "Mannheim—I think I know the name." He spoke jerkily, catching the phraseology of the other. "A big place, isn't it?"

August nodded. "My brother Karl has married an Island wife—oh, nineteen, twenty years ago. My brother's wife has owned Mannheim from her father. That is why we are here in New Guinea. If my brother's wife was not an Islander we would be in Germany, repatriated. She is not these people"—he flicked an eye at Custard letting down the drinks on a tin tray on to the table. "Samoa—a different people. Good-looking. My brother has twelve children by her—good-looking children. Two sons in Germany, a daughter married."

"What about you?" said John, wearying

already of Karl Fedi, breeding never having been in John's line.

"I am not married," said August. "I do the best I can . . ." Unexpectedly switching: "I very much look forward to becoming acquainted with you. Your name I do not know."

"Findon," interposed John.

"Mr. Findon, I lack intellectual company. I see you read—I also. Philosophy, history, anthropology, biology. The human race interests me. My brother does not permit that I go to Germany with my nephews, to study at a university. This I regret. My brother thinks that in event of his death I must be here."

"Is he going to die?" The brother kept recurring so persistently that in spite of himself John felt curious about him.

"That I do not know," replied August. "But life is not certain, and naturally my brother's wife knows nothing of the plantation."

"Why not?" asked John. "Isn't the concern here?"

August regarded the speaker with his tolerant amusement. "She is a woman." He smiled and broke off. "To talk of women with you will be interesting. I read that Woman among your nation occupies a very peculiar position. I have often wanted to meet an intellectual Englishman who will explain this to me."

"I'm not English," John interposed; "Australian."

"But—is it not the same? There again we are on interesting ground. The position of Britain's colonies has interested me. You are like your women—you have independent government. I understand?"

"Did you make a friend of the man who was here before me?" asked John.

"No," August shook his head. "No."

"What sort of man was he?"

"No intellect," said the other, eyeing John, his slowness, his handsome, pliant youthfulness, his skin as fine and white as a woman's . . . "No stamina—a weakling." A silence fell. August smiled with his big clean teeth, surveying John, a grim and strange joke in his mind. "Like a woman . . ." He smiled wider with that lowered, bull look of his. "He shot himself here. Down at the beach. His body dropped into the sea—the sharks ate it." He smiled. "Do you believe in ghosts, my friend?"

"No!" shouted John very loudly, getting up and standing by the table, playing with August Fedi's whip. "No."

"So?" asked Fedi, smiling at him.

IT was raining over Whitley, a light and dripping summer rain of big drops with pauses between for the trees to rustle and for the trickles to be observed by the moss along the southern sides of tree-trunks, and for the short grass and dark earth to suck and suck.

Loveday and Beatrice and Bill stood in the hall, with the front door and the long hall-windows open.

"Will you both come over," asked Bill of Beatrice, "and have tea with me?"

Loveday waited for her sister's reply.

"Both?" she said, lifting her eyebrows.

Bill stared at her. "You," he said. She glanced at him swiftly and then away at the rain. Her mouth did not change. On his way over Bill had meant to include Loveday in his invitation, because in some very curious fashion he needed her presence. Alone with Beatrice he was not sure of himself, his personality faded; but Loveday provided him still with a connection between what he had been and now was. Though he was abandoning her there re-



mailed the old obscure comfort to be gained from her. But Beatrice had just spoken, annulling Loveday, and now that she had, Bill was glad because she had declared herself braver than he and had put their tentative relationship to a trial. Beatrice would be alone with him this afternoon, in the old stone house that looked towards the unfrequented road. They would be closed in by the rain from any interruption . . . He forgot Loveday altogether in the urgency of this.

She stood on the last step of the stairs to watch Beatrice don hat and coat and finally to see her and Bill go out together, get into the two-seater, and drive away. The rain started to fall harder than before. She stood a long while looking out.

"I've never seen your house," remarked Beatrice, as Bill alighted to open his boundary gate and she slid into his seat to drive the car through.

"You'll see it soon enough." He felt grim and dogged, angry with her, and mad for her. The proximity to her in the car, with the side-curtains down against the rain, had shaken him. He was relieved to feel the rain chilly on his face.

Beatrice, waiting for Bill to finish shutting the gate and to come up with the car, peered through the wet windscreen and saw a square block of a building, grey as the day, with dark trees round it on three sides; across a small paddock a long barn of orange bricks which even this afternoon held a glow as if sunlight were over them. The mist poured down thickly over the hills behind. Dreary, thought Beatrice. Utterly dreary.

Bill got in beside her and started the car. "You're seeing everything at its worst." He found that he must defend Newbridge against Beatrice. "You ought to see it with the sun out."

"It's very lonely here," said Beatrice, continuing her observation.

"I haven't noticed it," returned Bill, and then, curiously: "Do you like the country?" She sighed, and hearing that Bill discovered that he had regained his mastery over himself and evened. "Strikes me," he said easily, "you don't know what you like. . . . You'll know, one of these days."

With her half-smile Beatrice, not looking at him, asked: "Shall I? When?"

Without answering Bill stopped the car at the garden gate in the picket-fence. "I'll leave her here," he said, "till we go back." They walked up the straight path under the butya trees to the verandah, mounted three worn white stone steps, and Beatrice stood by the front door while Bill turned the door-handle, set rather low down, and opened the door. "It's not often I come in this way," he explained, "but seeing I have company . . ."

They passed through the narrow hall from which went up the narrow staircase, in to the second room on the right where a fire burned in the open fireplace. The daylight scarcely gave enough light to see the furnishing, which was that of a bachelor who buys good things with no attempt at decoration. It was simply a dining-room with one armchair—upholstered back and seat and polished wooden arms—by the fire. On the mantelpiece was an unemotional clock in a dark wooden, curving case; two pipes; a tin of tobacco; a dark brown china tobacco-jar which Loveday had given Bill for Christmas and which was empty; a Chinese brass ashtray; an open magazine folded in half, and a catalogue from a universal provider's. The wallpaper had been tattered but was of too dark a brown;

there were no curtains; brown linoleum on the floor with a reversible hearthrug in reds and browns; a brown baize tablecloth covered the square table and on this a white, drawn-thread tea-cloth, coarse in quality, was spread with a willow-pattern tea-service and a plate of scones and a durable-looking plum cake.

Again Bill sensed an inadequacy in his surroundings, but shook it off and put wood on the fire to make it burn better.

"Sit down," he ordered Beatrice, "here"—designating the armchair—"and I'll see about tea."

Beatrice, having removed hat and coat, sat down, gazing into the fire, her slender white hands lying along the arms of her chair, her shoulders drooping.

Bill returned bearing a tray laden with a blue-enameled teapot and hot-water jug. "Now," he said, "will you pour out?"

Beatrice, startled from reverie, looked up at him, the firelight on her face. She rose and sat down at the table, pouring the tea into the big blue-and-white cups. Bill drew up a straight-backed dining-room chair and sat down, their knees touching under the table.

Bill was drinking his tea and eating his durable cake and looking at her, but she could neither eat nor drink, but took out her cigarette-case from her bag and asked Bill for a match. He rose to get her one, and she returned to her armchair, and he must bend over her to light it. In the flare of the match she saw distinctly his face, determined, unamused, and a tossing blue like the sea in his eyes. He blew out the match, drew her to her feet by his hands under her elbows, and took her in his arms.

They stood against the mantelpiece outlined in the firelight, she for a moment resistant before the long delicacy of her black-clad limbs was effaced against his. But he held her a full minute by the clock motionless before, with the gasp of drowning, his mouth crushed hers.

Bill relinquished his grip of her at last, jealousy and slowly, and sat down in the armchair, pulling her on to his knee, and they stayed silent in the backwash of that wave which had smashed them against each other, breaking their personalities to fragments and swirling them.

"I want you, Beatrice. I want you. Ever since Christmas Day I've thought of nothing else. You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. I want you here with me—always. I want to be able to see you and touch you." He drew a long, shuddering sigh and tightened to pain his arms round her. "To have you always here—to know you're mine." Again he tightened his grasp. "To know nobody can take you from me. I can't imagine now—that I didn't always feel like this for you: I let you go. I ran the risk of losing you. . . . When can we be married, Beatrice?"

She stirred in his arms and sighed. "Do you think," she asked, "that we'll be happy, married?"

He answered her strangely. "I don't know about happy, but I must have you—I can't do without you, now I've got as far as this. . . . And we'll be happy—of course. Why not? What's to stop us being?"

"Do you think we are suited, Bill?"

With every passing second she was growing more apprehensive.

Beatrice repeated her question, but he did not answer, and it was swept away into the room's silence. When he spoke it was to say to the fire:

"I'm glad we're going to marry young—have our whole life together."

"Bill, I haven't said I'd marry you." That, spoken higher than her wont, reached Bill like a warning. He frowned and straightened himself, put her off his knee and got up, standing beside her as if the mantelpiece had been altar-rails.

"Will you marry me, Beatrice? I ought to have asked you before. I'm sorry. After kissing you I was sure, somehow—as if we already were married. I've never felt like that for anybody: will you marry me?"

She did not answer, but, losing her balance momentarily, put out a hand to steady herself against him.

"It's been too much," she said.

For answer, Bill put his right arm round her shoulders. "Will you marry me?" he said again.

"If I marry you, Bill, will you promise me one thing?"

"What?"—warily.

"I don't think we're suited—I don't. If we find we're not, will you let me go?"

"You'll be a free agent all your life, my dear."

"You promise?" She lifted her eyes, harassed and uncertain, to his.

"I promise you that you'll be a free agent."

She did not think to make him define this phrase. Perhaps she wanted now to be convinced that here in Bill's house there was shelter for her. Perhaps the fatigue following violent emotion had stupefied her; perhaps—and it is the most probable of all—the weakness in her blood impelled her to allow her will to be beaten down by his.

"I'll marry you," she said, and held out her still unlit cigarette to him. "Match, please."

"Good," said Bill evenly, extending the little flame to her. "When?"

"When would you like?"

"It's for you to say, only—the sooner the better."

"January," she said idly. "February, March, April—"

He picked up her left hand and kissed it, and dropping it said briskly: "Now I'll take you home, my girl." And he led the way out into the almost dark.

THIRTEEN days of January; February; March; seventeen days of April; to-morrow was Beatrice's wedding day, but Beatrice slept while Loveday kept vigil, sitting in a rocking-chair by the window of her little room over the porch. It was no more than a dressing-room really, a door now locked connecting with her mother's big apartment, but she had it to herself and was grateful.

She could not speak—these days—nor eat. She would drag herself away from the others humbly glad that it was summer, and that she would not get too cold out of doors, and she would lie for hours in the pine-needles half-way up the hill, watching the house, waiting for Bill to come as he did nearly every day. And when he had come and the house had swallowed him, she would turn over, biting on her handkerchief to stop herself from crying out.

No one noticed her except Hedley Kesteven. He tried to induce her to eat at meals; he even followed her to her hiding place and said: "You can't go on like this, you know. You're fretting into a scare-crow. You'll make yourself sick. Come down to town with me and we'll have a beans—see all the shows . . ."

She had shaken her head and said, "Thank you awfully, Hedley, but I'm quite all right." And had found another asylum in the wattle wood. She had to fight. She had to be



alone. Nobody in the world could help her. She could not go through life feeling curdled and burning. In some way she must set herself free.

## BEATRICE

was the first Australian Findon bride. Her loveliness was like a mist, like sorrow. She turned to Loveday. Her gaze veiled by her lashes swept the young girl. She pursed her red mouth and looked away. Then she said: "This ought to teach you to cheat John out of his money."

Loveday looked back at her, sorry for her. She did not answer.

The wedding was for three in the afternoon. At twenty to three the cars left for the church. There was nothing to be seen from the car windows but mist and autumn trees. Bill waited in the church with a friend of his, Harry Somers. Both young men wore morning clothes. Beatrice took her place by Bill at the rails, Hedley Kes-teen on her left, Loveday behind her holding her flowers.

Mr. Hunter, the clergyman, a round, clean-shaven red little man, was nervous as he invariably was at weddings. His responsibility, he felt, was almost too great. He mumbled the service very quickly. Loveday heard him say, "... for the procreation of children ..."

Bill's broad back in the black coat was perfectly impassive, his blond, massive head a trifle bent as if he listened carefully. Beatrice, tall and listless, seemed burning with silver flames that curled up her train from hem to shoulders. As she breathed, the flames licked.

And then the little clergyman's voice blundered out, rising like the sea, filling the diminutive stone church, spreading, until the remorseless words as ripples, grazed the confines of all space: "To have and to hold—from this day forward—for better for worse—for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health—to love and to cherish, till death do us part." And Loveday saw a shiver run down her sister, shaking her veil and tweaking the ruffles laid round her on the red carpet of the floor, and all the cold flames leapt in the embroidery, and a chill touched Loveday, too, and only Bill stood unmoved, impassive, powerful, head bent, listening.

The pair newly married had gone away, and the wedding was over. Hedley had lent them one of his cars; they were driving to Melbourne. At ten o'clock they reached the Federal capital, where they would stay the first night. They put up at the large hotel in that lonely, white, rectangular city, the breadth of the naked country around, stars bright with early frost in a high and naked sky.

Autumn unfolded its clarity. The sun, bright yellow and still, was warm and living with the scent of flowers in the garden. The bronze chrysanthemums, the dark red turned back with gold, the spidery sulphur. The dahlias: lemon, flame, mauve; orange, purple, red. The white Michaelmas daisy, and the blue. The autumn roses, deep yellow, cream, pale pink. The snapdragon, dark crimson, canary. All the flowers stood still.

At the beginning of May, Bret wrote to Loveday. It was typical of him that he should address himself to her rather than to her mother.

Dear Loveday (he wrote in his meticulous, artist's writing):

I have read about Beatrice's marriage. Will you give her my best wishes? I am myself in rather low water. My employer is closing down the art classes for a while. This is rather awkward for me. I see from

the papers that you are still at home. I wonder if it would be possible for me to come up for a while? It would be a very great kindness. I don't want, however, to trespass on your mother's hospitality. I thought I would write to you before making other arrangements, that is all.

How is John? I had a letter from him from Madang, but none since he has moved. Looking forward to seeing you all.

Yours very sincerely,

Bret Carlon.

P.S.—I could get away immediately if it was convenient for your mother.

This letter Loveday found inexpressibly pathetic. The attempt at pride, the underlying insistence that there was no time to lose, Loveday comprehended as clearly as if it were herself who must make them, the heart-sickening vagueness of those "other arrangements." She went to her mother and, without disclosing the pitiable note, said that she had heard from Bret, adding bluntly: "I'd like him to come and stay, Mother."

Katherine was reading a novel on the sofa in front of the drawing-room fire. She put down her book, removed the shell-rimmed reading-glasses which she used only when alone, and said:

"Good heavens—why?"

Loveday, ailing, sunk in an arm-chair, replied: "He gave you these pictures in here more or less on condition he came back last summer."

"If you want this creature Carlon, ask him, said Katherine. I don't believe he'll ever amount to anything, and yet"—turning swiftly to the picture of the orchard in spring behind her—"there's something attractive about his things. I believe I'll take them to England."

"To England?" Loveday lifted her head. "Are you going soon? You haven't told me."

"Nothing's decided—you needn't glare. Hedley's talking about it, but then he always is..." Silence. "As a matter of fact it's a bit more definite this time. He talks of going in July, but I don't know... But say we do go, what about you? Would you like to come?"

"No"—flatly. "I don't want to leave Australia."

Katherine was not over-anxious to take Loveday; she would prefer to go unencumbered.

"Oh, well, if you feel like that, I dare say we could fix it. You could stay on here with Miss Harrington, if you cared to see Gilson about expenses."

"Yes, I'd stay with Miss Harrington."

"You see, it's this way: Hedley's going over to discover whether it'd be better for him to stay in England or to keep on as he's doing now—mostly in Australia and going home every eighteen months. If he settles finally at home, then, naturally, this place wouldn't be much good to me, but until he decides, I'll keep it in case I come back. In the meantime, you may as well be here."

"You mean—if you don't come back—you'll sell our home?"

"Of course—what else?"

The shock John had felt when confronted with this information was intensified many times over in Loveday.

Bret arrived with his one fibre suitcase, his old navy-blue overcoat, and his flat wooden paint-box, a squashed-looking plushy hat on his head. Loveday drove the car into Reaming to meet him at the station, and wondered as he walked along the platform why artistic people could not dress like others.

When he came up to her he put down his impedimenta and took her hand, holding

it longer than was customary, gazing deep into her eyes and murmuring: "Thank you, little friend," which embarrassed Loveday and prevented her from being natural all the way home.

When he stood in the lighted hall greeting Katherine, Loveday observed that he was shabbier than ever, his clothes frayed and not over-clean, his face sallow and sunken, the skin dark grey around the eyes, and that there was a sprinkling of grey hairs down each side of his central parting. Again she melted into the pity which his letter had caused in her and which meeting him had dissipated.

Next morning after breakfast Bret asked Loveday if she would come for a walk with him and show him the estate. "I've forgotten my way," he explained; and because already her nerves had quietened on his behalf, Loveday agreed to come.

The two went through the garden and up the hill, pausing every ten paces to look down. It was easy for them to meet this morning in their unexpressed communion of admiration. Loveday was grateful because since his arrival he had not mentioned Bill and Beatrice. He would not now.

Wandering down through the dim of the wattlewood, having inspected the apple-house alongside, Bret said: "Do you ever hear from John?"

Loveday was surprised, but did not show it. "No," she answered; "he wouldn't write to me. Beatrice was his favorite."

"Yes, she was," Bret conceded this, pleased to have turned the conversation on to the past. He had, he imagined, more purchase there. He was at Whitley now on no ground firmer than a young girl's nervous pity, and one who—he stole a glance at her—for all her resolute air she was afraid of him. He must go carefully, build himself into her confidence if it were possible. He had read in the newspapers of Beatrice's engagement to Bill, and three months after that of her marriage, and, allowing a fortnight to elapse, had written to Loveday—who had been passed over. Loveday possessed fifteen hundred a year. At her marriage it was her own. He had come to her home to fight for that money with every means he had, and they were few. He must be very careful, considering how few. He realised Loveday's recoil from himself; he fathomed, too, how raw must be her wounds. There was one chance in a hundred, perhaps, that she would turn to him because he belonged to a time when she had been happier; hence he stressed that part of a year or more ago.

"We had a good time up here then, didn't we, Loveday? We've walked enough—let's sit down." They sat on the outskirts of the wood where the trees thinned. Through blue distance Loveday watched the sun-steeped house, mellow as honey, white pigeons along the eaves.

"Do you remember when your mother was away, and day after day we'd do the same thing? It was the happiest time of my life. I'd always wanted to paint"—he was carried beyond his designs because he too was looking down through a vista of steep, shining walls of air to where small and clear, radiant as jewels, stood the autumn trees. Their beauty made him true. "Up here I began to feel I'd do it."

He drew a deep breath. He was sitting, his flexible hands, still spooled and untended, round his ungainly knees, three of his grey hairs, wrier than the brown ones, standing up on his head by his part-



ling—elfin, goblin, in his queer shape like the fungus on the dark trees of the central wood; furtive but real; inhuman but powerful—and Loveday studied him, her fair brows drawn together, one clean line cut between her thoughtful eyes, her mouth, as ever, resolute and sincere.

She heard him say: "There's nothing else like it—the feeling that comes that you can do what you long to do. You feel a picture welling up in you. You can't see it—you know what it is, though. It's a shape there in your mind. You feel it all the time. Then you begin looking for it. You look at everything and everybody. You wonder where you'll find it. It's the only thing that matters—to find it. And then you do find it."

"Let's go down to the house," Loveday got up quickly. She wanted to escape from the stark truth she heard in Bret's muffled voice.

"Wait a minute!" he cried peremptorily, though he rose to his feet. He put out his hand and clutched her brown wrist and she wrenched it away.

"Please don't touch me!" And then shakily: "I'm sorry, but I hate people to touch me."

"Sorry, Loveday. I didn't mean to—frighten you."

She colored. "You don't frighten me."

"Yes, I do." His voice was gentle. "But don't be frightened of me. I wouldn't do you any harm." He was pleading again, but she had freed herself and was walking swiftly downhill to the white picket-gate beside the dam, through which she could admit herself to the garden.

**A**FTER that Bret trod more delicately. He now was as apprehensive of Loveday as she of him—so much hung on allying her repulsion. When three weeks had passed and May had become June, he told himself that he was succeeding. Every day he went painting and she came with him. The good weather held, though the leaves were all down.

Katherine and Hedley were absent. Miss Harrington supposedly in charge. Loveday heard or saw nothing of Bill and Beatrice, though they had returned from their honeymoon. At the end of the first week in June Loveday received a short letter from her mother in Melbourne saying it was now decided that she and Hedley would sail from Australia in the middle of July for England. This information she passed on to Bret and Miss Harrington at lunch; and Bret considered it.

He must act immediately. For all he knew to the contrary, Loveday was accompanying her parents. The day the letter came was foggy and wet; painting out-of-doors was impossible. After lunch Bret went up to his room and spent an hour fiddling with his completed canvases, placing them in various lights. He was dissatisfied with them. I was painting better, he told himself, eighteen months ago—I've slipped back.

Finding himself depressed, Bret went downstairs in search of Loveday. Miss Harrington at this hour kept to her own apartment. He discovered Loveday by the library fire, afternoon tea on the tray-table along-side her, reading van Loon's "History of Mankind." She had a bookmark in it to show her how far she had read, and was going conscientiously onward in the spirit she had brought to her school lessons. Feeling herself to be ignorant she had, indeed, embarked on a course of study, this being the first manifestation of her rebirth.

"The Girl with the Big Book," remarked Bret, sitting down opposite her and pouring the tea. She glanced up, eyes preoccupied and bright, and having smiled at him slightly, and accepted the cup he held out, continued reading. Bret considered her; she had grown, he decided. She was taller, not so stocky. Her figure in her thin, cream-woolen dress was admirable. Her body was more mature than her face, which wore this afternoon a child's labored concentration, frowning, lips compressed. Her fair, short hair fell over her forehead in wisps that she put back with her hand impatiently. Bret found himself incapable of breaking in upon her studiousness and smoked his pipe, listening to the wind that screeched and whined round the gables. At the conclusion of afternoon tea he suggested a walk, and she consented, shutting up her book with the bookmark carefully in place, and putting it back in its shelf.

"I'm going to read a lot this winter," she said, standing by the shelf. "There's a dreadful lot I don't know . . ." Not expecting him to answer, she went out into the hall to get ready for the walk. From the clothes-press under the stairs she took her short brown suede coat, which was the best garment she possessed, and put it on, drawing the zipper up to her waist and holding it in. Then she changed into heavy brogues, slipped on scarlet woollen gloves, and was ready.

"No hat?" inquired Bret, who had gone upstairs for his. She shook her head. "Then I won't wear one."

Out in the wind with his hair rumpled, Bret looked younger than she had ever seen him. Loveday decided. She was accustomed to consider him old. They went down to the orchard stile, mounted it, and tacked across the horse-paddock to the west, the cold and plunging wind in their faces when they climbed ridges but sheltered from it in the scope of small valleys.

Bret halted watching it Loveday beside him. Suddenly he said: "One of these days you'll be thinking about getting married."

She accepted this frowning. "Yes" she agreed at length. "I suppose so."

"Of course you will. You couldn't not marry."

Another silence. He let her feel her way; then she said awkwardly, and not knowing quite why she said it: "I do want to marry. I'm not clever. I can't make myself a place."

He peered at her, long thin lips curling upward, eyes narrowed, the crow's feet deep on his high cheek-bones, hungry, lantern-jawed, his thick brown hair falling forward from the central point on his broad, flat-topped head.

"Will you marry me, Loveday?" The wind grappled with him for the words, but she heard and looked at him, surprised.

"Why? I've never thought of such a thing."

"Will you think now?"

Tacitly they turned their backs to the wind and very slowly began to walk back towards the blackening house and the taut, straining trees. The gleams of the sunset closed up like a grey ice-flow behind them.

"Why do you want to marry me, Bret?"

"I love you," he said.

"Oh, no!" Pained, she regarded him accusingly. "You don't, Bret. Why do you want me?"

He took stock of her for the last time, swiftly, cunningly condensing all his impressions of her into one.

"I have no money at all," he answered. "I don't see how I can make any. I feel—

helpless. I want to go on painting. I want that more than I want to go on living. I want to marry you so I can go on painting."

"Thank you," said Loveday when he had done. "I'm glad you told me that." But she uttered no more for a long while. They walked, and it was becoming dark. They went on. This truthfulness recommended itself to Loveday—she could understand it. (Truth was her own language.) It warred potentially for Bret, but he was not strong enough to face her in silence. He said, voice hoarse and low:

"You can't understand, I suppose—a girl like you who's always had what you wanted—"

"Not"—sharply. "I do understand. I've never had what I wanted."

Thereafter silence. She was trying to sort herself; she could never adapt herself quickly to a new idea. Her mental processes were slow, a trifle tedious to more nimble brains.

I want to marry, she told herself; I want to have a settled place and people of my own. I will never love anybody but Bill, but I'll never marry Bill. Bret wants to marry me. I don't like him very much, but I believe in his painting. To help him to do that would be something I could believe in. She had confidence in his work while she had none in him. It boiled down to this: she would join with Bret for the sake of the beauty he might accomplish.

Having arrived thus far she paused as he did, just outside the orchard stile, looked him straight in the face, and said: "I'll marry you, Bret."

Bret did not know what to say, his relief being immense, so they proceeded up the garden in silence.

**I**F the contracting parties were dumb there were those in their immediate vicinity who were not. Katherine, recalled home by her daughter's letter announcing her determination to marry Bret, was astounded but commented little. If the child had made up her mind, she, Katherine, had no remonstrance save the cool one delivered at their initial meeting: "You could do better, Loveday."

"What do you mean by 'better,' mother?"

"A man more of our own sort—a gentleman."

"I want to marry Bret."

"All right, my dear; please yourself."

Hedley was up in arms; he postponed business and descended on home, and at an interview with Bret informed the artist that he, Kostelev, regarded his, Carlton's behaviour in the matter of a breach of confidence . . . "But probably you don't understand what I mean."

Bret smoked his pipe and uttered nothing, scanning the other warily. He was entrenched behind a double rampart of Loveday's inexperience and obstinacy.

"You had no right at all to propose to my step-daughter, and I'll ask you immediately to leave this house!"

"Surely," murmured Bret, "my fiancée has some voice in that?"

"Fiancée be hanged!" shouted Hedley.

Bret walked out of the room. Hedley sent Lottie for Loveday. She came to him in the library.

"Sit down and let's talk about this," Hedley sounded fussy. "You can't possibly marry this cheapjack."

"I can," contradicted Loveday, "and I'm going to."

"You're not. I'll stop your mother giving her consent."

"She has given it."



"Then she'll take it back. Look here; come with us to England. This is silly nonsense." Confronted by Sir Henry on the wall and Loveday before him, Hedley blundered. "You're caught on the rebound, that's all, girlie. We know how you felt about Bill—but that'll pass in time. You're such a kid . . . Don't do anything you'll regret."

Loveday set her teeth; very slightly her bottom lip protruded. Her resemblance to the choleric Judge was absurd.

"I have made up my mind," she said, and all at once Hedley ceased talking.

He drove over post-haste for Bill and imparted the news, meeting Bill at his boundary gate. Bill appeared mystified.

"But it's bosh!" he exclaimed. "Haven't you got the thing wrong somehow? She can't marry that miserable rotter."

"She's going to if you can't stop her."

"Oh, I can stop her easily enough!"

"Well, come and do it."

"Right! I will. Come in and see Beatrice while I change—I'm not very presentable."

"You'll do as you are; hop in!" Hedley threw open the door of the Belham, and Bill obeyed.

**B**ILL and Loveday were in the library face to face for the first time since Bill's marriage. It was a winter's afternoon, grey and wet. Outside the library bay the big Japanese flowering cherry stood delicately rigid, its trunk and bows and twigs grey with the sheen of alk.

Loveday, watching Bill, saw that in repose his face was sad. When he spoke, however, his tone was imperious: "Now, Lady Jane, what's all this to-do?" He extracted from the breast pocket of his blue working-shirt a tin of tobacco and cigarette-papers, and rolled himself a cigarette. His hands were stained brown, and hard.

"There's no to-do, Bill." She felt dead this afternoon. She thought this the bitterest moment she had had—to sit confronting Bill and it not to matter. She surveyed the cherry tree outside the cold glass, waiting deathly in the frozen air.

"Hedley says you're going to marry Bret—that, of course, is ridiculous."

"No, it isn't, Bill."

"You're going to England with your mother and Hedley." She shook her head. Bill took a firmer grip of the subject. His tone sounded gentler and gentler as he went on. "You can't marry that chap, Jane. You're too much of a kid to know why—he wouldn't be good to you. He's not the right sort of person for you at all. The proposition's wrong—it won't hold water. You've nothing in common. You don't come from the same sort of people. You've different breeding behind you—and you'll never get away from that. I want you to believe me; we've always been friends, haven't we? Can't you trust me now?"

She sat silent, head bent, feeling nothing.

Bill continued, frowning at the carpet: "Marriage is a brutal business at best, Jane. Wait till you find some decent chap you can trust to give you a square deal. You ought to marry somebody who understands animals—who's worked with 'em and has a bit of sympathy with 'em when they suffer. It's all very much the same, really, with animals and men. We've got a bit more power to suffer because we think more—that's all. We worry ourselves. . . . I don't like you marrying this rotter; he's got grey eyelids, like a snake—I think he's cold-blooded, but a cruel devil. Leave him to

his slimy paint-brushes. Keep to your own sort of person—I know what I'm talking about."

She sat with her hands in her lap. He scrutinised her, feeling blindly her change, missing her responsiveness. It was like talking to someone asleep.

"What's the matter, Jane? You're not like you used to be."

"No."

He felt himself on the verge of chaos. He had left one chaos, in all truth, behind him at his home. There was another here, and this one was as close to him—it might be closer—than that in his home; this one was in himself.

"What are you marrying for?" he asked patiently.

She let a while pass before replying. "I want a place; not just be put where people think I ought to be—I want to settle. I want my own place and my own people, and to build something or to help build something."

He ducked as if avoiding a blow; these words were so familiar they might have been warm from his own breath.

Heavens away, and like a swimmer haggard from long immersion, raised his head. "Jane," he pleaded, "don't marry him!"

But Loveday sat with her hands in her lap. Bill was here and talking to her, but it did not signify.

On a July afternoon of pale sheets of sunlight and pale thin silence like the sunlight, Loveday and Bret were married. It was totally different from Beatrice's wedding, when the church had been full of well-dressed guests and the string of cars outside had extended along the length of the street. There were no guests, and Loveday had refused to dress as a bride. When her mother had mooted it she had replied: "Oh, no; it's not like that."

Everyone stood in a certain awe of Loveday during the five weeks between her engagement and her wedding. An aura of fierce self-will surrounded her. (She and Bret had not yet kissed even, though he had remained at her home making multitudinous sketches which he destroyed at intervals. He was aware of Loveday in every fibre, but she had succeeded in forgetting their approaching relationship.)

Katherine, to stanch a gulf in her mind, provided Loveday with the first equipment of good clothes the latter had possessed, taking her daughter to her own dressmaker and tailor and sparing no effort in at last perfectly suiting her fair, solid, sculptured type of looks. During the shopping expeditions Loveday came to admire her charming and elegant mother; she was so competent, and so complete. All her life she had known what she wanted, and had had the grace to be pleased with it when she had attained it. . . .

The wedding was arranged for the day previous to the Kestevens' departure for England. After the church ceremony Loveday and Bret would motor to Roaming with the travellers, see them off by the train, and return to Whitley. This had been another point on which Loveday was adamant; there was to be no attempt at the conventional honeymoon.

**L**OVEDAY, standing by Bret, listened to the service for the Solemnisation of Matrimony. Certain phrases struck on her, many slid off, all were unreal. She heard Mr. Hunter mumble

as if he distinctly disliked his office. Bill stood just behind her left elbow, with Hedley, who was giving her away; it didn't really matter who was there.

But in the vestry after the signing while Bret was apart talking to Mr. Hunter and Hedley had stumped out and Katherine gone to placate him, Loveday said to Bill, monumental beside her: "Why didn't Beatrice come? I wish I had more of my own people."

Bill stooped and kissed her on the cheek. "I'm your people," he declared, "and don't you forget it." Then he went home, but all the way from the church to the station Loveday heard him uttering that as one might hear a gramophone record of a once-loved voice that was dead. She heard it through the good-byes to her mother and Hedley by the waiting train. She heard it for the last time when she stood in the hall at the farm with the early twilight falling through the brittle cold outside and the wood fires crumbling in the big, lonely rooms.

She went upstairs to the bedroom that would be hers now—the one that had been Beatrice's on the south-eastern corner; a cold room, but she had not wanted to take her mother's. A fire burned in the open fireplace; she sat down in her rocker by it, then got up and nervously began to change for dinner. Bret was in his own room next door; she could hear him moving about.

She went down to the drawing-room and poured herself out a glass of sherry and sipped it by the fire. The wine, her hair, and the moire silk curtains behind her head were identical in color, her dress shades lighter with silvery gleams along the folds. She felt strange to herself, afraid.

Bret entered and drank his sherry standing, back to the fire. He stared down at her on the turquoise-blue sofa, and he smiled. They went in to dinner, sitting across from each other at Sir Henry's patriarchal table, and Bret's eyes did not leave her. After dinner he turned on the wireless in the drawing-room to a Wagner concert and sat in shadow, away from the standard lamp, a hand over his eyes.

Lottie brought in the coffee and whispered: "Shall I put the tray here, madam?"

Astonished for an instant, Loveday then assented calmly. "Yes, put it there." This morning she had been "Miss Loveday" to the servants.

She tried to read the "History of Man-kind," but the words would not cohere. The music was making her more afraid. It beat against her in remorseless sheets of pallid lightning breaking occasionally into flame. Miserable and controlled, she wandered about the room, and when she could bear it no longer told Bret she was going to bed. A subtle change had come over his manner since this morning—he nodded and frowned because her voice had cut across the music. She went upstairs.

The cold on the staircase and in the corridor above prickled like nettles. It raised the hair as fear does. She saw all the closed doors: Miss Harrington's—Miss Harrington had gone. John's, which had been his grandfather's. The "soldiers' room," which had contained no soldiers nor anyone else, for years—it had been the children's nursery for two generations. The room Katherine had shared with Hedley; the dressing-room adjoining. Loveday's own, over the porch, now stripped to a guest-room. The small room Bill had had. The closed door of Bret's where his canvases were stacked neatly round the walls and his shabby belongings reposed. The



one open door was here: Loveday could see the firelight through. Grateful for the fire she went in, undressed beside it, put on her nightgown and dressing-gown and sat down in the rocker.

Bret was coming upstairs. For a while his movements sounded muted by the thick walls. He was looking at his pictures. Loveday got into bed and lay on the side of it nearest the fire, watching the glowing incandescence of embers along the logs. Outside, the winter night was dark, obscured by cloud and silent till Jack, the peacock, shrieked once or twice from the orchard, high with his agonised voice. Bret opened his bedroom door and came into the corridor.

IN the clear morning sunlight which follows frost, Beatrice was reading a letter from John. They corresponded regularly though they told each other little, and neither attempted to describe with any thoroughness their surroundings or states of mind. Beatrice wrote about books she was reading and news of mutual acquaintances culled from newspapers. John sketched short, violent trestles on aspects of life and human nature. He had a terse, not unhumorous style of his own. He would conclude a letter thus:

And so life proceeds, and one is thankful if the bed linen is comparatively clean and free from vermin, and if the natives reck less than usual, and if the quinine comes in time to prevent a nauseating attack of malaria. Your loving brother,

J. R. H. Flindon.

But in to-day's letter he had written in cowardice:

When you get thoroughly tired of the haw-haw Englishman, your delightful husband, I suggest you come up here for a while. A small dose of it might amuse you and I should like to have you. Your loving brother, etc.

If John had inscribed that six months earlier she would not have become Bill's wife.

She leaned her head against the warm, worn stones of the wall behind her and dreamed. To be with John—to be out of this fine-drawn turmoil and away from this bleak valley and this aged house whose windows were blocked by fog or else staring all day, it seemed to be, at the setting sun. She had done nothing in brightening the house. She had not struggled against the blight which from the outset had smothered her will.

There was room for domestic improvement at Newbridge. They "kept" one servant, but did not keep any too long. Beatrice lacked the knack with servants; was variable, being neglectful and irritated at shortcomings by turns. The house being large (though still half the rooms were unfurnished) and the woman being engaged as cook-general, it behoved Beatrice for the first time in her life to busy herself in household matters. This she did with a bad grace: she was contentiously fatigued in the evenings when Bill suggested jaunts to the pictures, of which he was fond, or that they should essay some mild entertaining. "A young, healthy girl can't be tired by what you do," Bill would declare, viewing with disfavor Beatrice's slack attitude and yawns before the fire.

It was Bill who began every conversation, no matter what its object. Beatrice, never a talker, found no topic to discuss with him. The once he brought up seemed to

her to be becoming ever more odious as they took the form of criticism of herself.

"Strikes me," said Bill on the evening after Beatrice had received John's latest epistle, "you're about as companionable as a lion at the Zoo."

Beatrice smiled at the fire. "I wish," he observed, "you'd do something. You sit about all day reading yourself stupid."

"Thank you," said Beatrice. "Aren't you interested in anything?"

"Not particularly."

"Well, it's about time you were."

"Nonsense," remarked Beatrice, "is a pleasant fire-side game."

This Bill disregarded. "You're always saying it's dull—why don't you go out? Go and see Jane—see how she's getting on. They've been married a month . . . I don't know why you can't be a bit sisterly."

"I'll never go there again," said Beatrice, "unless mother comes back. I'm not in the least interested how Loveday is 'getting on,' as you call it. It's her affair. If she liked to marry a man who didn't care a sniff for her, but wanted her money—"

If she was so anxious to get married as all that—it's no concern of mine. She can take what's coming to her . . ."

"All right; all right—if you won't go, you won't, but I can't see why we can't be normal people," grumbled Bill.

"I told you from the first we weren't suited. Here in this room—in this chair—but you would go on with the business."

"It wasn't exactly marriage by capture."

Unexpectedly Bill grinned amiably. "We're taking each other too seriously. We're on each other's nerves. Look here, Bee—I want us to have children. If you'd have a child you'd be different."

"Of course it must be me to change."

"Well"—blandly—"mustn't it? I'm all right—more or less. At least, I'm at peace with the world."

"I hate children," said Beatrice, and Bill's face stiffened.

"I want to have children," he said. "I'm not doing all this work here for myself. You talk about getting tired—you don't know the meaning of the word."

He turned on his heel, and she heard him slam the outer door on to the verandah, and she heard his footsteps dying away, and after that there was only silence.

JULY and August and the first part of September were wet and very cold. Winds lashed and tore. Bret could not go painting. He had no desire to; he stayed in the house, keeping Loveday with him. It was as he had thought it would be—Loveday was proving a new, extraordinary experience.

It was not just that she was like spring water to a thirst never before quenched, but vitiated and turned aside by inferior wines. Her tremendous passivity, never resistant, never compliant, held him like a vice.

She had known on her wedding night that all who had urged her against her union with Bret had been right and that she had been wrong. In her deductions she had lacked the most important data in the case; as a consequence her conclusion was false. No woman should marry a man for the purpose of furthering any work whatsoever; nor, thought Loveday, going a step further, for any purpose at all except that she loved him and was happy with him—as she had loved Bill—as she had been happy with Bill.

Soon the spring will come, she thought, and I'll be able to go out and be in the garden all day. Meanwhile there were the long hours in the house when, by the drawing-room or library fires Bret would lie on the sofa half asleep, not content unless she be within touch, so that he could kiss her mouth or her neck, while he felt himself spinning in a dark intescacy of his mind the infinite permutations of light which were to be his pictures by which in years to come he would be known. . . .

And then, in mid-September, the spring began, and Bill rang up one day to say to Loveday that he was coming to see her.

WHEN he came it was like a day at sea, the chilly wind right through everything. Forcing misty clouds up an intense, cold, blue sky, always another cloud ascending and breaking at the zenith.

The cold brought the goose-flesh out over Loveday's clean body as she stood by the side-gate in the road watching Bill drive down the hill between the pines. He drove down slowly and stopped the car beside the gate when he saw her there. She came across to him and he opened the door and got out, looking down at her.

"Hello, Jane," he said. He put his finger under her chin in one of his old, authoritative gestures, raising her face. "All right?"

"Quite." She laughed, showing her small white teeth, and the sun came out and shone.

"Bill was not satisfied. He was grave."

"Sure?"

"Certain."

"You're thinner." He frowned.

"And a good thing, too."

"You've got on a pretty dress."

"Do you like it?" She caught his arm. "Oh, Bill, it's beautiful to see you! Why haven't you been here before? I haven't seen you—for ages. Come in! We can't stand out in the road." The hand laid on his coat-sleeve was her left one; the gold wedding-ring made it seem more feminine than it had been, being indoors had also whitened it.

Curly Bill asked: "Where's Bret?"

"Painting." She laughed again. "Please, Bill, come in!"

He followed her through the gate, and they walked along a moss-pathed shrubbery. "Look at the azaleas!" She pointed to where, under the hedge, were drifts of whitest flowers floating in the semi-darkness of evergreen trees; but Bill did not want to see the flowers. He kept staring down at Loveday from his height, suspiciously, a queer sensation in his heart; a sort of ache, a loneliness and disappointment. It had taken a lot of cogitation and resolve on his part to come to-day. He had of late been worrying about Loveday, but as she had made no sign and Beatrice was hostile to any mention of her sister, he had drawn back. His own reserve had made it difficult, but finally the anxiety on Loveday's behalf had grown imperative. He had not delineated to himself what he had expected to find, but it had not been, certainly, this strong, clear throb of joy which he heard in Loveday's voice or saw in her face lifted to him.

She was prettier than he had ever seen her, and better dressed. Her clothes, fawn and dark red, were soft and touchable. Her fair face glowed. Her eyes were pools of light like children's eyes, yet not like, for as they rested on him for all their shining pleasure there was a composure behind them, a certitude that children do not have.



Her manner was different; spontaneous, affectionate, natural, and her words as she talked to him sounded merry and light and carefree, and his heart began to ache.

Little Jane was happy, Bill thought; that chap with his snake's eyes must be making her happy; and he sighed because he felt that he himself was left outside her joy. I'm glad she's happy, he told himself. Anyway—I want to be glad. As she stood by him in the keen, racing air, he felt a magnetism drawing him so that he squared his shoulders to meet it.

To break the peace between them he said: "I wish Bee liked gardening." And Loveday responded:

"It's the fool of the family who makes the best gardener. How is Beatrice?"

"Oh—fair."

"Not ill?" The Flindons or the Kestevens were seldom ill.

"No, of course not." Bill left the subject there.

"Why doesn't she come and see me?"

"I've wanted her to."

"Old duffer she is! Give her my love and say I wish she'd come." (How self-possessed had little Jane grown! In little more than six weeks she had caught up his six years' seniority; now she seemed the elder.) "Come down and have morning tea. Lottie'll be enchanted to see you—you were always her favorite. She says you remind her of Old England, like that, in big capitals."

Bill frowned. "No, I'm not coming—have to get back."

"Why?" Loveday's face, so bright, fell a trifle. "You've just come—don't go."

"I have to get back," he repeated, looking away where under a budding oak stretched a carpet of violets.

"But why?"

"Work."

"Don't work to-day." She was heedless, almost scatter-brained, this morning. It was holy day because Bill had come.

"No, I can't stay," said Bill.

"You'll come again?"

"You must come and see me," said Bill.

"I'd love to—when?"

"I'm shearing next month—come then."

"That would be glorious. Will you ring me up and say?" He added, (Now she would have that to look forward to.) "Don't look so dismal." She smiled. "Be gay!"

"Hm," said Bill, getting into the car. "Good-bye, Lady Jane."

She waved him out of sight; spring had come.

**B**ILL was walking along the floor in his small shearing-shed, coming to meet Loveday. Shearing was in progress, and yesterday he had rung her, asking her to visit him. She had ridden over, and, not decrying any sign of Beatrice at the house, had ridden past and over the hill's brow to the woolshed. Though she had been at Newbridge five times in all, she carried a plan of it in her mind. She knew, acre by acre, what was in passage; how many head of stock was carried; how Bill's first and second lambing had gone, and, more important, his developmental schemes.

In old stained working clothes and an old felt hat pulled down over his brows he came to meet Loveday, and she stood in the brilliant, glancing sunlight on the shed's ramp leading upward from the grassy paddock. They greeted each other and entered the woolshed. The electrically-driven ma-

chinery buzzed and vibrated; a low plaintive diminuendo of the sheeps' crying penetrated from their pens. The three shearers stood in a row, each grasping clippers and bending over their sheep, carving off the fleece in long curves.

The noise, the heat, the smell of oil and sweat and sheep, with the sight of suddenly drawn blood, repelled Loveday, but she forced herself to observe, and Bill stood at her side, peremptory, frowning, concentrated on the shearing.

She felt anew the tremendous, massive dominance of Kesteven—how he would accomplish his will. She sensed in him the masculine insensibility to death and pain that contrasted so strangely with her own shrinking dismay at witnessing either. He would cut a lamb's throat, standing over it, watching that it bled thoroughly, skin and disembowel the carcase, saw it into its pieces, hang it in the meat-safe and go and rinse the blood off his hands as unconcerned as if he had pulled up a carrot in the vegetable garden.

He spoke: "This is a little place—you ought to see the big shearings over in the West where I was. Stations shearing a hundred-thousand merinos of the best quality. First-grade stuff. Shearers working for weeks—the noise of the machinery like a factory—wool-classers working themselves frantic—the boss's son 'over the board.' That's what I want, Jane. It's got hold of me—that sort of thing—sheep! But this is a beginning."

Loveday sighed. "It must be wonderful to be a man and be able to plan things and do them."

**L**ATE on a November evening Bill was reading the newspaper in the dining-room, Beatrice near by also reading. Bill, his attention arrested, scanned something twice, handed over the paper to Beatrice, pointing to lines among the Birth Notices.

"STILLMAN—November 3, at Aberlay private hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Max Stillman—a son."

"So the brewer gets his son," said Bill, and went on reading.

Beatrice felt nervous. She got up and walked into the garden.

She thought she would go for a walk in the moonlight, and, letting herself out of the garden gate, sauntered along the beaten earth track by the pines. Her chiffon dress was grey, moth-like. She gained the gate on the road and leaned on it, her bare arms on the upper rail.

Max Stillman had married, ten months ago—soon after she had refused him—a girl she, Beatrice, had known of her own age—a Constance Manning. Fair and kittenish, not a beauty like Beatrice, but apparently satisfactory. Beatrice wondered if she herself had been foolish not to take Max. Could it have been as bad as living here with Bill, whom she was beginning to fear? Max when he was drunk was horrible, when sober negligible; still—as Bill had commented—"The brewer had got his son," and if she had married him, perhaps this child would have been hers. His patience might have been of shorter duration than Bill's; Bill's was wearing thin—he wanted his child.

Next day she did not see Bill till dinner. He and his men had been trucking sheep. He came back ominous and weary, and they did not speak during the meal. Afterwards he went out-

side on to the verandah to smoke, and when the moon had risen and she could not support the silence any longer, Beatrice followed him and sat down on a cushion on the verandah kerb where the moonlight was on her.

"I'm going away."

"Where are you going?"

"To John in New Guinea."

"Why?" He knocked out his pipe and blew through it.

"Because I can't stay here."

"Why can't you?"

"Because I'm breaking my heart."

"That's hysterical rubbish."

She forced her hands not to flutter. "I knew we weren't suited, Bill. I said so when you asked me to marry you."

"That's beside the point. We're married."

"But we can't go on being—we can't. You must let me go."

"I'll let you go to New Guinea—yes. Though what you think you'll gain by it I don't know. You say it's lonely here; you'll be lonelier in New Guinea."

"I don't mean let me go to New Guinea. I mean, divorce me."

"I'll never do that." Bill tapped his teeth with the vulcanite stem of his pipe. "Never. You can get that out of your head. I wouldn't divorce you under any circumstances."

"You'll let us ruin our lives—"

"Oh, rubbish! Rubbish!" He cut her short. "There'll be no nonsense of that kind. Go to New Guinea, and when you're ready to come back, come, and perhaps you'll have learned some sense. You'll find there are worse places than this . . . Understand this—I'll never let you go. You're my wife, and you'll stay my wife, and sooner or later you'll find that nobody lives to themselves alone—as you appear to think they do. Wherever you go it'll be the same."

**J**OHAN brought the schooner into Witu to meet Beatrice. She found him altered by his seventeen months' absence. Thin he had ever been but now was gaunt, grey eyes sharp and watchful, mouth irritable. He was well shaved, his hair was very short and his clothes tidy, but for all that there was about him a flavor of dilapidation that Beatrice deplored and resented. It had not previously been there.

She and John and Jude set sail for Milipo, leaving early one morning. The heat in the schooner, blazing from a sky like an open furnace door on to a slab blue sea on which the foam seethed, deafened and blinded her, unmissed as her delicate, sappy frame was to the Tropics. On board the steamer there had been fans and ice and shelter—on the schooner there was no amenity, not even a decent seclusion. She and John and the three schooner-boys and Custard as serang, were jammed so close that blacks and white must resent each other continually.

The sun dropped down like a red-hot stone into the dark-blue sea. There was no twilight, but a rush of frenzied stars across the soft, dense sky. In the dark the sea looked bigger, the waves serpentine, wriggling, the phosphorus falling in flakes from the schooner's sides, the scene portentous, melodramatic.

"It's terribly lonely," said Beatrice.

John, perched on the gunwale, nursing Jude, smiled satirically. "You'll see what loneliness is . . . This isn't the worst. This is all right—there's nothing here."

"Nothing? What do you mean—nothing?"

He gave her a quick glance sideways. His white-clad form looked papery-thin silhou-



etted against the writhing sea, a ship's lantern playing on him in front, the light swaying as the boat pitched slightly in the swell.

"Oh—nothing," he replied.  
She tried to sleep on the mattress dragged out of the cabin, but the red stars kept lurching down at her as if on elastic strings, and Jude, afflicted with a skin complaint, fretted and whined and scratched.

For three days and three nights Beatrice, ungrumbling, endured this; the third dawn showed them the coastline of Milipo and at eight o'clock the schooner made the jetty.

"It's a beautiful place, John; why didn't you tell me it was?"

John tilted his helmet over his eyes. "Wait till you've been here a while." He picked up Jude and jumped on to the wharf.

Beatrice, left in the schooner, called to him sharply: "Help me, John!"

"Oh, you're there, are you?" Surprised, he squinted down obliquely at her from the wharf, his face white and whittled.

"Extraordinary thing! I thought I'd dreamt the whole business. I have amazing dreams... it's hard for me now to know 't'other from the 'which.' And he gave her his hand, which felt limp and wet.

They climbed up the coral path that wound through the palms, Beatrice insisting upon pauses for rest during which she stared through sweat and dizziness at the ring-formation of land and sea; the gradations of green and blue in the sea; the palm-grown terraces of the land. Above them the cone on which John's bungalow was built, pierced upward, green as jade.

They stood on the verandah, John calling for drinks which a boy brought. Beatrice looked around her. The house was clean, in good repair; there was even a homeliness about the arrangement of books, pictures, furniture. John, she glimpsed, was a better home-maker than she.

"Now," demanded John, "do you hear anything? Is everything quiet?"

Again surprised, startled, she surveyed him.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Now!" He went to the verandah-edge and looked down as if willing something to occur.

Very far away she heard a shot.

"Somebody's shooting," she answered.

"Is there anything to shoot about here?"

He glanced in her direction, satisfied, smiling sideways. "Yes, there's something to shoot."

"Well—what about it?"

His glance intensifying on her he said: "You testify to hearing a shot?"

"Of course." Now alarmed, she stared.

"Anybody would hear that."

"I T'S all I wanted to know. There's nobody here—there's nothing to shoot—that shot doesn't exist." She felt frightened but gentle. "I'm glad I've come," she said.

"So am I." John collapsed on to a canvas lounge. "I'd have blown my brains out if you hadn't. That's what he wants—he's trying to get Jude away from me, too..." His voice had risen, thin.

"Who is it?" Beatrice asked.

John nodded his head at the verandah steps. "Him!" A tall, fair man stood there. Seeing him, John sprang up, galvanised into life. "August, old man! Come in!"

"Thanks." August Fedl, swaggering, immaculate, his shaven head and athletic figure to the blazing light, and blunt-fea-

ured, damaged, bleached face that was a travesty of Bill Kesteven's turned towards Beatrice and John, came in. He wound tighter the dog-whip about the knuckles of his right hand. "Present me!" he commanded, and stood before Beatrice, heels together, his body bowing, military, precise, his face slanting, mocking.

John said: "My sister, Mrs. Kesteven. Beatrice, this is my greatest friend, August Fedl. I told you about him."

"But he has never"—Fedl's eyes came level with Beatrice's, and he spoke in his careful, decisive English—"told me about you..." A long moment while they crossed swords. "You are the interesting—charming—Englishwoman I so long desire to meet." Smiling, he unwound the little whip and laid it on the table.

When Fedl had gone John appeared excited. He walked up and down the verandah, gazing out of the opening under the overhanging planked grass shade, calling Beatrice to come and see the view. She did so, standing unsteadily, but all she could descry was Fedl blocking the sunlight, his shape swollen, gigantic.

"Who is that man?" she asked John.

"An amazing fellow—that's his launch by the jetty. His brother owns Mannheim—but I told you all about them."

"I didn't expect him to be like that."

"Enormously interesting, the pair of them—the brothers. There's a civilisation absolutely unlike ours—and yet like. They're something like us seen in a dream."

"In a nightmare."

She turned from the window and walked to the verandah steps and stood there, the light brilliant but fat with its startled perspectives, fringing her in a malignant nimbus as it had done August Fedl.

John had apparently forgotten what had transpired before his visitor arrived. The boys were bringing up the baggage and he, pushing past Beatrice, descended into the sunshine to direct them.

ON Christmas morning they saw from the verandah the white speck on the blue sea that was the Mannheim launch, rounding a green spur to the right of Milipo Bay. They went down to the jetty. August stood on the wharf, white against the blue. He bowed to Beatrice, clicking his heels, his opaque eyes, when they came level with hers, diverted and hostile. He helped her into the launch, his hand tough and dry as a leather glove.

Beatrice felt happy. She had the sense of having done right in coming to John. There had been no recurrence of his erratic behaviour. Their life had assumed a normal routine: early breakfast, a long morning while John was out on the plantation, lunch, sleep, a walk at sundown along the palm-terraces, the evening meal, reading, listening to the wireless when it functioned, sleep. Once a week they were favored with a visit from August. Since Beatrice's installation he had come no more often, and when he did come his manner was carefully innocuous. She thought he treated her as he spoke her language—determined on correctness now but feeling his way to a greater fluency....

He was giving John German lessons. The pair would sit at the table side by side, the white glare from the petrol-lamp hard on their white clothes, and smearing stiff shadows. Beatrice, out of the zone of light, would lie on a lounge observing them: John's intent and elegant white profile, his black, shining hair; the back of August's

neck, the grain of the skin coarse like scalded pig-skin, the colorless bristles covering his head.

This Christmas morning he shifted his position as he cleared so as to face her and interpose his body as a barrier between herself and John, looking down at her under his helmet, his visage shiny from the succulent heat and slightly bestial.

"You are young," he said, "and beautiful. You have no children, you say. You are married and you do not live with your husband: this is the custom of your country?"

She knew he was mocking her, but his excess of insolence rendered her powerless—and something else. Did she not feel that she wanted, as she had never before desired anything, a continuation of his strange, impertinent, unassailable interest?

"To-day you will see a German household; that should be interesting for you—yes? My brother's wife was also young—and beautiful—but she did not leave my brother. No. He has had twelve children by her—what do you think of that?"

John, lounging on his shoulder blades, long legs stuck out before him, Jude on the seat beside him, stared at the sea through the dark glasses he wore.

BY some transcendental method of adjustment, the Fedls had defeated, as far as they were concerned, the omens and portents of the region. At Mannheim Karl Fedl reigned over the powers of darkness. He sat on his darkened verandah in his huge house, a man of giant stature dressed immaculately as an officer on parade, his skin burnt copper, his grey shaven head and ridged neck in one piece, his prominent, light blue eyes fixed, his thick lips closed over slightly prominent teeth, seemingly for ever immobile till he moved.

Though bi-lingual, possessing an aptitude for languages, he employed with Australian officials or guests the minimum of English. He spoke German exclusively in his household. He was rabidly national. His nine sons would each in turn go to Germany. He hoped that they would all return to him with German wives. He wanted nothing so much as to feel that he would sit, in the evenings of his days, here on the big verandah at Mannheim, the tropic light piercing the shutters, while going in and out round him were the sons of his begetting and the sons of theirs. He was extremely fond of his daughters, however, no one admiring their good looks more than he. He was attached to his wife, and she counted him a good husband and herself fortunate in him.

She was a quiet and placid entity with a coffee-and-milk complexion, straight, still-lustrous black hair, flattish features, and what had once been a superb figure, but was now thickened, a shade inert. She had been a great swimmer, like her race seal-swift in the water.

The Fedls received the Finckons with politeness, but no enthusiasm. It was evident that it was at August's instigation that they were included in the family Christmas dinner. This was conducted in the German style, pompous and intimate. Frau Fedl made no effort towards the guests since she had no English; Karl inquired of John after certain technical details relevant to Milipo, received his answers in silence, then granted and went on eating. The children laughed and joked among themselves, but in low tones. The native boys who served the dinner were mute and decorous as statuary, and August kept fill-



ing Beatrice's glass with German beer, which she drank more from nervousness than thirst.

She and John had been invited by August—"My brother wishes it," had been his phrase—to remain Christmas night at Mannheim, for the Christmas tree, and not to return until the night of Boxing Day, but at the expiration of the dinner she whispered to John: "I want to go back. I can't possibly stay here. We're foreigners, and they don't like us . . ."

John, for once attentive to a plea, consented. He filled in here all right. It was of no consequence to him that the Fedls were inimical to newcomers not of their blood. He was, as he had vowed, fascinated by a spectacle of so much well-being, so much insensitiveness. It rested him after his own excessive response to psychic disturbance. But, though he did not analyse it, he realised that Beatrice had brought with her a current dangerously at variance with the existing order of things. That side of August Fedl which he, John, was content to shelve, since it in no way threatened himself, was threatening the precarious peace. It would be just as well to return then to Millip.

He found August and confided in him. "My sister feels the heat very much. She isn't acclimatised—it makes her faint, so she says." She'd rather go home, I mean, not being interested in German, it's rather uncomfortable for her."

August bowed. "I understand, my friend. The sight of a German household may not be to her liking. No. She is—so delicate—you would say . . ."

Having bade farewell to the Fedls, John and Beatrice, accompanied by August and some of the younger children with house boys and "marrys" in attendance, trooped down the hill, and the guests and August entered the launch and left the shore. On the landing-stage the white-clothed, fair-headed children were standing motionless, careless whether the foreigners came or went, the last rays of the sun upon them, the green shore of their home behind them, the clear smooth water at their feet.

THROUGHOUT the summer Bret painted. Spring for him this year had meant a release of artistic force.

During the spring and the summer Loveday worked in the garden. Sometimes she saw Bill for a few minutes. It was as much as he allowed himself, these glimpses of her; contented he judged her to be, browned by the sun, thinned by exercise, merry and natural. He did not know that she lived for these occasions, nor how she thought of them afterwards as she dug and planted and pruned.

It was in its way a happy summer for her. There was none of the old dread that had plagued her girlhood—of losing Bill—for Bill was lost. Therefore she could afford to be gay. Bret left her alone; she saw him at meals and for an hour or so in the evenings, when he listened to any music that was being broadcast, and she read her gardening catalogues or else pursued her self-appointed course of study, which she must unfold to Bill, and at which he must smile no matter how heavy his heart.

Towards the end of the summer, before the leaves turned and when the red dust lay thick, and evenings were pink and pollenous, with polished swallows dipping and frogs croaking in the dam below the wattle-wood, the letter arrived for which Loveday was waiting. It told her that the Kestevens would be remaining in England—Whitley

was no longer of use to its mistress. Loveday had the first option on it.

Loveday went to the city and visited Mr. Gilson, who greeted her with suspicion. She recounted how she intended to buy the farm, and he nodded. This was not bad business—she was merely transferring liquid assets into real estate—so far so good. She was fortunate, he assured her, that she was buying in a falling market.

"You will please leave all this to me," he concluded finally. "We know what steps to take in the matter."

She thanked him and went away.

It was typical of her Findon blood that she had made no fantastically generous offer to her mother. (Sir Henry had spent twenty thousand on Whitley. It would bring now, perhaps, a third of that amount.) She was allowing business to course along its own channels.

The evening she returned home, Loveday informed Bret what she had done, and he had no comments to offer; buying and selling were alike unrelievedly tiresome.

In late April, when the trees were at their full magnitude of color, Bret became uneasy. All at once he ceased painting and took to mouching about the house and following Loveday from point to point in the garden, which latter performance she loathed.

It became apparent, however, that asceticism was not what ailed Bret, because one evening he said to her, standing in front of the wireless, his hand brown and fine against the walnut case: "I've done as much work as I can do at present. I would like to go to the city. I think—we neither of us want another winter here . . ."

"No," said Loveday.

"Quite so," agreed Bret, eyeing her out of his eye-corners, under his thick lashes. She sat stolid, an open book in her hand, waiting to return to her reading. "I would like," pursued Bret, "to see my friends again." Loveday had not been aware he possessed any. "Other artists," he explained. "I am thinking—tentatively—to stage a 'come-back.' His mouth twisted into his rare, unpleasant, goblin glee, and he moved away from the wireless-set, and stood silhouetted against the cream-papered wall of the drawing-room, fingering his coat-button, the space above his head left by the removal by Katherine of his pictures—those whose gilt frames had been so much more costly than what they contained.

"A come-back?" questioned Loveday. "What exactly is that?"

His leathery and elongated face reminiscent, eyes downcast, Bret continued smiling. "I am considering—an exhibition of the stuff I've done lately. I think—it will surprise certain people." He was savoring that surprise, extracting a mildewed sweetness. Hallday—ah, Hallday—would be surprised to see what he, Carlton, had done. Carlton, the twopenny-halfpenny painting-master. (Bret had, in an hour of extreme need, taught painting at a girls' school. Ah! Was "The Shadow of the Cherry Tree" girls-school stuff? He rather thought it was not.) And old Fuzz-Gig who had employed him at the art-school . . . Fuzz-Gig had written to him at Christmas saying he was reopening classes in February—would Carlton care to take up his old position? No, Carlton would not, he had written politely, being otherwise engaged . . .

"An exhibition?" Loveday frowned, her brows fair under the old Swedish gilt candelabra. "Would that be very expensive?" She was not mean, but she had no intention of squandering money on Bret.

He must, artistically, find his own level. His trade, like others, was competitive.

With a scorn he did not trouble to hide, Bret's glance swept the long, stately room and her with it, in her topaz-colored dress. "That candelabra over your head"—smooth and succinct his voice sounded—"would about pay for the whole thing—a couple of hundred pounds."

"I couldn't sell the candelabra!" Scandalised, Loveday looked up at it, the light in her eyes. "It's the family's."

"I'm not suggesting you do," sneered Bret. "I'm merely telling you how much it would cost." He watched her, contempt making uglier his face. He wondered how he had ever been attracted to this calm, close-fisted young plutocrat. She was smug. She was of the high bourgeoisie—she and that other, Bill Kesteven, who made him, Bret, feel dirty. The Russians had been right: as long as people like his wife had the money and people like Bill Kesteven the means of production . . . But he, Carlton, might catch them yet. He scanned Loveday, covertly thinking.

Loveday, returning to her book, said to him, her eyes on the printed page: "I'll pay for your exhibition if it's no more than two hundred pounds."

LOVEDAY, recognising her husband's right to expansion, shut up the farm, leaving the Simpsons in charge as in years past, and moved to a furnished flat in the city; saying good-bye regretfully to Lottie, who was taking another position. Lottie, rat-like, was leaving a ship which she felt in all her stiff, rattling bones to be sinking.

"I've never been mixed up in anything, madam," she explained to Loveday.

In July, Bret opened his exhibition, which was to be a one-man show. He vouchsafed his peers a preview. They came—Hallday, Sebbutt, Regan-Jones, Simmington, Ellworthy, Thomas, Silgood, and the rest—and they stared at the canvases and they paid the "painting-master" the rare tribute of a shocked and estranged silence. Bret, standing by, felt himself inflated till he grew light and heady. None of the painters spoke much to him beyond a perfunctory, "Very good, Carlton. You've used your holiday to some purpose." He had never been popular, but they had already given him their best praise. They departed together and left him alone in the studio, a battered, exultant figure under the searching light, a figure shrunken, the face drained. He looked twenty years older than his age, which was thirty four.

As his name was entirely unknown to the public, the exhibition at this juncture was not a success, and Loveday was faced with a bill far in excess of the sum arranged; picture-frames, catalogues, advertising, rent of studio, hire of attendants (no one did anything for Bret without remuneration) and a great many incidental expenses. The show had run too long, and with a magnificent disregard for economy on Bret's part. "Let her pay!" he said to himself, and Loveday paid.

The show had a consequence: Magnus Bloom, the art-critic and buyer from New York, was in Australia on one of his foraging excursions that were conducted so vaguely and with results so momentous to the artistic world. He came to the exhibition, transported in the lift like a bird of prey to its eyrie, and walked unsteadily—he had an affliction of the knees—into the studio, his pallid clean-shaven Semitic countenance expressionless, his brown eyes touched at the corners with red, inquisitive and sad.



He looked at two or three of the pictures, those nearest the door, then stopped, fumbled in the pocket of his loose overcoat, and extracted horn-rimmed glasses from a worn case, and put them on.

He shuffled along until he arrived at "The Shadow of the Cherry Tree," when he stopped again, searched behind him for a chair, found one, sat on it, stared at the picture, got up, shuffled away, and, turning abruptly, moved back to the picture. Then he peered about behind him, and Bret, timorous and trembling, advanced.

"My name's Bloom. You paint this?"

Bret nodded.

"Sit down!" commanded Magnus, and, like a photographer's subject, Bret did so, the critic's eyes on him, white-hot in their scrutiny.

"All right," said Magnus, "get up. Now—where did you paint this? It isn't the Australia I know. Are you Australian?"

"Tasmanian," said Bret.

"H.M. hm; and yours aren't the Australian pictures I know—gun-trees, coast-line—hm, hm."

Bret informed him as to the geographical position of Rossing, adding: "My wife owns a country house there. I have done most of my work about the estate."

"Hm," replied Magnus, "I will go there. I will see what you have made of your subject."

"My wife would be pleased if you would stay with us."

"No!" cried Magnus. "Certainly not. I will go on business. And I will have your wife's permission. Where can I find her?"

Loveday was present, scanning also these products for which her money were indirectly responsible. Bret presented her to Magnus and she liked the old man who, possessing the powers of a plenipotentiary, came to her country garbed like a wandering pedlar. Magnus liked Loveday.

He glanced from her to Bret and again at the picture. "I want to see the place where this was painted," he said, addressing Loveday.

"I would like you to see it," she returned. "It's my home. I think it's very beautiful, but it's winter now and you won't see it at its best. I wish you could be my guest, Mr. Bloom, but I couldn't reopen the house easily. It's rather a big place."

Bret, alongside, scowled; she would put her own convenience first.

"I'll be there a few hours," said Magnus. "Don't bother yourself. I can get a conveyance, I suppose?" Magnus devoted himself exclusively to Loveday.

She replied: "I wouldn't like you to go like that. I'll ring up a friend of mine, who'll meet you at the station and take you out to my home and show you round." She smiled.

"That's kind of you," grumbled Magnus. "All right."

All next day Loveday thought of Magnus viewing her home with Bill beside him, and she thought how strangely humans were linked that this old international man might be standing now on the pine-needles of the upper corn-paddock where, on a Christmas Day, Bill had cut her heart out with his kindness. Magnus would, perhaps, see, Jacko, who had cried so on her wedding night.

He returned to Sydney and asked her to lunch with him (Bret registered it as another insult to be soon avenged). At the end of the meal, Magnus said: "I didn't know that Australia of yours existed"; and she, gently apologising to him for his pardonable ignorance, replied:

"Australia is so big that people see very

little of it—it's easier to see small things than big . . ."

Magnus had bought five of Bret's pictures: "The Shadow Tree," as it came to be known; "The Triangular Field," which was the corn-paddock; the Sudbury poplars, called later "The Avenue"; a study from the top of Whitley hill looking over Seddon Forest; and one of Bullin nicknamed "The Grave." He took them back to New York with him.

Because Magnus had done this, others interested in art in Australia followed suit. Carlton's might be an investment. Very moderate prices were given (wait to see what happened in New York), but all that Bret received he paid into his own account along with the monthly allowance from Loveday. Reading his pass-book he judged himself almost ready to dispense with Loveday.

One September evening she returned to the flat after going for a long walk by herself up and down the crowded streets, and entered the living-room. Bret was sprawling on the sofa, a tumbler in his hand and a half-empty bottle of whisky by him on the floor. This had happened several times previously, but what was new was the presence of a stranger—a woman—seated at the table. She was youngish, prettish, loudly dressed and ravaged-looking. Loveday recognised her as belonging to the class from which Bret drew his company nowadays.

The two women stared, mutually astonished, neither having expected the other. The hour was ten. Bret from the sofa tilted the bottle over his glass, splashing whisky on the floor. The reek rose. To Loveday the lights drew dim—all she could see was the red and white, famished, nonchalant countenance of the girl at the table.

This one had removed her hat and revealed a tawny, streaked mane. In her hand was a glass also containing whisky, but she was not drinking it. She jerked her head contemptuously towards Bret.

"This your property?" she asked, appraising Loveday.

Loveday stood by the table resting one hand on the back of a chair. "I'd very much like you to leave," she pleaded in a low voice, looking the girl full in the eyes. "Please!"

Loveday, shepherding her husband's guest, went down the passage to the front door, opened it and waited for the other to pass through, which she did.

"I take it," said the girl, pausing, "you're his wife?"

"Yes," said Loveday.

"I don't envy you," said the girl, and jaunty and neat about the shoulders and hips, walked down the one flight of stairs, avoiding the lift, through the opulent hall beneath, and out into the night. Loveday watched her go.

Then Loveday shut the door and went into her bedroom.

She went to bed, having a disinclination to move. To-morrow she could go home; to go to-night would be not only melodramatic but foolish, since she must make reasonable preparations. She was going up there to stay—she would need servants. She lay in bed and planned these things. Finally she slept, and when she awoke in the morning the flat was empty but for the maid who came daily.

In the course of the day Loveday attended to all details down to giving notice to the agent of the flat and paying up to the time of the expiration, and she caught the 6.30 train which would land her at Rossing three hours later. On the train were the cook and housemaid that day engaged. At

Rossing she hired a taxi for herself and the maids, and they set off through the cool country darkness, the familiar road unwinding till it brought them to the closed gate of Whitley, between the red-brick, rose-grown pillars. They drove up round the central shrubbery and stopped at the porch. The house was black and still, but a lantern borne by Simpson was bobbing down the hill. Loveday went to meet him and explained that she had returned unexpectedly, and would he bring the keys?

She paid off the taxi man, and, being admitted by Simpson, showed the maids through the house, leaving a trail of lights behind her in all the dust-sheeted rooms. Then she went to the library telephone and rang up Bill, and when she heard his voice asked if he would come.

A pause and then she heard Bill say clearly, "Course I will, Lady Jane. Nothing up, is there? I mean, you'll be all right till I come?"

"Yes, quite." And she hung up the receiver.

She was tired. She dragged herself upstairs, carrying her suitcase. The maids were clattering about in their quarters. She shut the baize connecting-door at the end of the corridor, and stared as once before at all the closed doors. She walked into her mother's room, above the cherry tree, and sat down on one of the beds.

She was so tired. . . . She would go to bed. One of the servants could let Bill in when he came. He would see her light and would come up. . . .

She undressed, made the bed, and then got into it, lying down in exquisite relief, waiting for Bill.

**B**ILL came. Loveday heard his imperious ring and steps from inside the house and the front door opening; heard, too, his voice asking for her, and the housemaid's blundering answer that she was upstairs. Bill ascended and tapped on her half-closed door.

"Come in!" she said.

He stood there in the light. "What's happened?" He advanced and sat down on the side of her bed and picked up her hand. "You look a bit dicky."

"So do you." She smiled. "Have I given you a turn?"

"What's brought you like this? No warning—no nothing?"

"Bret," she said.

"Naturally. What's he done?"

She had resolved not to tell Bill, but with him there demanding the resolve melted.

"There was a woman at the flat; Bret brought her there. He meant—to hurt me."

"Nothing worse than that?" Some of the anxiety left Bill's face. He had expected some outrage to Loveday herself. If Bret had harmed Loveday, he, Bill, would kill Bret—it was simple.

"I couldn't stay after that, could I, Bill?"

"I've got you back," said Bill, and he put his arms round her and hugged her to him. "That's all I care. I thought—I don't know what I thought—but I've got you back. Your voice on the telephone—sounded beaten."

Loveday, in a dream, lifted her hand and touched Bill's cheek. He caught her hand and pulled off the wedding-ring from it and the ring rolled across the floor.

"I always hated the sight of that beastly thing!" he said. He kissed her on the mouth.

"Bill!" she cried softly, as if she were calling him, when he paused.

"I can't help it. I've tried, haven't I? I want you—you're mine."



With the gentlest movements in the world she freed herself from his embrace, and he took his arms and his hands from her and buried his face in his hands.

"I love you, little one; I can't help it," he pleaded. "I feel I've been waiting for you for ever."

She did not tell him that he had not waited. She said: "I love you, Bill, always and always, but there's Beatrice."

"She doesn't care," said Bill.

"We can't push her down," said Loveday; "she might be thinking of us—you never know."

"She thinks of nobody but herself. Jane, do you love me and want me as I want you?"

"You wanted Beatrice," said Loveday.

"I know I did. I couldn't help that either—but you're different. You're myself. Beatrice was so beautiful—you're beautiful, too, little Jane. Why didn't I know you were when you were a kid? You were such a funny, quiet, freckled little thing. How could I know you'd be like this and that I'd want you so?"

"I'm the same," said Loveday, watching a ray of moonlight out of the high, open, uncurtained windows. She had put the blinds up to let in more air. "I'm exactly the same. I loved you always and I love you now."

He rose and walked to the windows and stood there leaning, silhouetted in high relief against the light of the room behind him.

A car driven slowly up the hill, past the front gate, slackened, then went on.

"I'd better be going, Jane," Bill turned. "I can't stay here."

"Good night, darling Bill."

He looked down at her, sweet and quiet, the light strong on her head and chin and throat and shoulders. "Good night, sweet-heart, and don't forget what I told you to-night. It'll never be any different now—whatever happens."

"I won't forget, Bill." Almost she wished that he would go and leave her alone with her happiness, for, in the midst of all, it was happiness to have heard from his lips that he loved her.

He went, and before he started his car she heeded that the other one was driving down the hill. Somebody who's made a mistake, she thought. Lost the way . . .

**M**ONOTONY piled on monotony. Beatrice had not been in New Guinea six months before the weight of this began to crush her. Nothing happened. What was there to happen save the routine of her life and John's broken weekly by August Fedl?

And John was selfish. He would desert her and go to Mannheim, sometimes staying the night there and, though he would leave Custard in charge of her, the white bars of moonlight across the verandah-floor lingered for hours and would not move, and the colossal dawn congealed in the sky and would not break, and Beatrice suffered strange agonies of thought.

One evening she said to John as he sat reading in the lamp-glare: "I suppose I'll have to go home one of these days."

"What do you mean by that nebulous statement?" He shut up his book, lit a cigarette from a tin on the table, and sought out a lounge and lay down on it.

"Go back to Bill."

"I thought you'd finished with that delightful customer?"

"We haven't had any break." She dwelt

gratefully on this. "I'm free to go back at any time. After all, we are married."

"I'll take your word for it"—ungraciously. "And, naturally, if it suits you, you'll go back to him. Of course. That I understand, is what's meant by women's self-sacrifice. You're a perfect example of it. You get sick of your husband and you come up here to me. You get sick of me and think you'll try your husband again. Extraordinary things—human beings."

Beatrice flushed; John's utterances always held the germ of truth—this made him so disastrous in conversation. Moreover, there was nothing he would not say if roused.

In July, Beatrice suffered her first serious attack of malaria. Milipo was not a deadly district, though the disease must be resisted there as throughout the Territory. Beatrice had taken quinine regularly and had not succumbed; by now she had nursed John through two attacks, violent, but short. Though having suffered himself, John was no use at all as a nurse when it was his turn to help her; he made light of her condition, overpowered her with quinine and left her alone.

On the third day of her illness, August came; it was his usual day. He noted Beatrice's absence from the verandah, questioned John, was informed of her state and strode through the curtained opening in the partition which served as Beatrice's bedroom wall. A lamp was burning by her bed. He came across and looked down at her, took her temperature and pulse, turned back her eyelids and, running his hand along her neck, registered her fever and flaccidity as expert and emotionless as a physician. He called for water to be brought and, stripping the bed-clothes, sponged her, she being semi-conscious. Then having attended to her wants he stepped on to the verandah.

"I will stay here," he told John. "Your sister is very sick. She needs attention. I understand these cases."

He did not leave Beatrice that night or the next day. He ministered to her, doing everything for her, deft and gentle, with an absorption on his face transforming it. She groped her way out of fever the following night and saw August sitting near the foot of her bed, his countenance to her, and she lay content gazing at him, her heart in her lucid eyes.

During her fever constantly she had felt him; sometimes, on the outskirts of delirium, his hands in actual fact, and when she would sink deeper into unconsciousness she was still with him.

And he as well as she had suffered a change. Something had appeared him; the brutality was lifted entire as a mask. The face beneath showed formidable, hard and set, but clean.

During that night when she could not sleep she talked to him as this new man whom in dream she had known. The experience had a strange and dream-like tone. What is waking, and what dream? she thought as he sat there, immaculate as always, grave, inscrutable. Suddenly she said, piqued by this very inscrutability:

"I've heard you talk to John so much, but you never say anything about yourself—always abstractions. What would you do if you had your way?"

He answered decisively: "I would live in Germany—, study medicine. Surgery—psychic-neurology, perhaps; I don't know."

"Would you like to be married?"

"Yes, I would certainly marry and see my own children."

It seemed to Beatrice that in the lamp's

shine he and she were released from their bodies and were talking to each other as spirits.

"You've saved my life," she said.

"Perhaps." He shrugged.

"Are you glad?" she asked.

Introspective, remote, his eyes regarded her. "Individually, yes," he answered, "because I love you . . . But when I see a sickness I must attend to it. It is my instinct. I doctor the natives about the coast—my brother's family. I have astonishing results. I would very much like to go further, but"—again he shrugged—"my place is here."

"Why? You'd do more good if you became a great doctor." She realised that he was still young.

"Good?" he repeated gently. "Good. Good!"

It was her answer; she sighed.

"I like to do these things," he said. "Bodies—minds . . ." The words in his ponderous gutturals floated in the dim quiet of the room like two round luminous bubbles. John slept outside and Jude scratched.

There commenced for Beatrice her time of happiness. No more did the heat, isolation, futility of her surroundings perturb her. Montony did not exist. Indeed, she had a vaster curiosity concerning him than for anyone she had known. The sight of such capacity, such delicacy of perception and such perfection of control, such brute strength allied to gentleness, affected her powerfully. Intensely she admired him, so that the humbleness she felt in his presence ran along her nerves like subdued ecstasy and made their companionship unbelievably sweet.

Bill was far away now, as if he had never been . . .

"Why," she asked him one night, "don't you go to Germany and take up what you want to do?" Though in some curious fashion she never contemplated a common future for them, Bill's ban of divorce always subconsciously present barring her from that, it nagged her to think that August should be condemning himself to futility.

August considered this. "I am not as important as my brother," he replied at length. "He has the family . . ."

"You wouldn't be doing them harm by going."

"No, no harm," he conceded.

"Well, why do you stay?"

"It is hard to tell you"—simply; "you would not understand it."

Again, there was the question of money. The great plantation of Mannheim, being practically self-supporting, could shelter in comfort double the souls it now contained, but with copra low there was a dearth of ready money, and what there was must be expended on the boys.

And here was the final impediment to August's going; August himself lacked motive. Eighteen years of Mannheim were in his blood. He was thirty-four. It was now too late.

**T**HE day following that on which Loveday had left the city, Bret arrived at the farm in the sedan car he had urged Loveday to buy. He drove himself out from Roaming and arrived at eleven o'clock. Loveday was having morning tea from a traymobile in the porch. It was a fragrant, light, spring morning; the first flowers of the cherry tree were unwrapped.



Bret drew up before the porch, alighted, walked up the two steps, and sat down opposite Loveday on the porch seat. He had brought no luggage. His squatty grey velvet hat sat beside him on the seat. He stared across at Loveday, eyes narrowed, mouth upturned.

"Well?" she asked, and waited.

"I came up yesterday from the city," his low voice ran smoothly along the level, and his eyes never left her face. "I got to Rose-ling before you did. I waited till I saw you drive away. Then I waited longer. At eleven o'clock (eleven-five, to be exact) I drove up this hill with a man from Gibbon's garage. We both saw Bill Kesteven up there." Bret jerked his head towards the row of high windows set in the northern gable.

"Well?"—impatiently from Loveday.

"What about it?" She still felt tired this morning: in no mood for Bret. She had put herself into the sunshine as one places an indoor plant to freshen in the air. She was empty of thought.

Loveday was waiting, her mind still quite empty. She had formed no plan of action. It's be at home was enough relief. To be loved by Bill was warmth after cold.

NOW that Bret had snapped the thread of his malice it was hard to begin again, so he said: "Have you left me for good?"

"I won't live with you again." The sunlight in which they both sat seemed to Loveday to sterilise and render innocuous the words as she spoke them. She abominated this sort of utterance as the stock-in-trade of melodrama. References such as these had always sounded indecent and indecorous. Any reference to keep personal feeling offended her inherent reticence.

Bret, eyes glinting malignantly, replied: "No, you won't live with me again—I'm going to divorce you!"

Loveday opened her eyes wide, then put down her empty teacup on the tray-table. "How can you do that?"—quietly.

"Because of what I saw last night."

"What do you mean?" She could not grasp his implications.

"You wouldn't do this," said Loveday very low. "You wouldn't."

"Wouldn't I? Watch me!" returned Bret. "Nothing could give me more pleasure. Nothing! I'll be getting my own back.... All these years I've been despised by your relations. Your mother treated me like dirt—and she cheated me over my pictures when I was too poor to have a say. And your stepfather—Bill's rich uncle—did he ever speak to me in his life except 'good-morning, Carlen,' and 'good-night, Carlen,' as if I'd been a servant? And Bill himself—he was the snob of them all. 'I went to Winchester'—well, I didn't. I went to a wretched little state-school in Tasmania. I didn't learn to be a gentleman."

"Stop, Bret!" Loveday had risen. "Will you come into the library, please? This is horrible."

Some element of command in Loveday made Bret obey. He followed her into the hall, and through it into the library and stood beside the bookcase shrunken, battered, and nervous, while Loveday took the high-backed chair at the writing-table.

"Now," said Loveday, mistress of herself, "tell me what you mean to do."

Bret had turned sulky. This room had always overpowered him with class-consciousness; he preferred the exquisite, sensuous appeal of the drawing-room.

"I've told you," answered Bret, "what I mean to do."

"I can't believe you—it's absolutely wrong. I do love Bill. I always have—that's true, but it's never been like you think, never. It wasn't, last night."

"You can't prove it."

Loveday would not listen. A flush strained her face and throat. "I am telling you the truth, Bret."

"And I'm telling you you can't prove it. Appearances are against you. No judge could give you a verdict."

Loveday lifted her face to the wall as if pleading with Sir Henry for aid.

"Bret," said Loveday, her eyes full upon him, "don't do this. It's horrible and degrading and untrue. You'll twist harmless things all against me. You probably can divorce me—I don't know anything about that—but I'm asking you not to do it."

"Do you think I want to be tied to you for life? Besides, any time you might come down on me for alimony."

"Oh, how little you understand!"

"I understand this: I don't want to be tied to anybody."

"But we married each other. Nothing's altered since we married."

"That's where you're mistaken. I was a pauper then—I'm not now. You and your relations will always despise me, of course, but—Maggie Bloom bought my pictures. You can't cheat me out of that! And some day this old place of yours you think so much of will be remembered because I painted here."

Loveday sighed. "Do these sorts of things—money and talents—matter like being fair to people?"

"My pictures matter."

"I think they do. I've always thought they did—years ago. If I hadn't believed in them I wouldn't have married you. I didn't love you, and you didn't love me."

"Love!" asserted Bret. "When you're my age you'll know it's all the same old round—you want it and then you're sick of it."

Loveday regarded him. "No," she refused. "No. If somebody came to you, Bret, and told you they were going to spoil your painting—run it for you so it wouldn't be so wonderful—what would you feel? Bill to me is like your painting is to you. I think we all of us—everybody alive—have a best thing. Bill is mine. I've never asked you for anything except—painfully—that sketch of yours of the haystack because Bill was in it. If you want to divorce me, couldn't you choose something else than last night?" Some quality of childishness and innocence which had survived his treatment of her moved her to speak. When he replied she knew him adamant.

"I MIGHTN'T get," he said, "another chance like this in a hundred years."

He went away soon after, driving off in the new car she had bought. She wondered idly if he intended keeping it; and then, closing the library door against the curiosity of the new housemaid, rang up Bill and asked him to come. He arrived, and they lunched together and afterwards walked up to the farm. In the spring sunlight Loveday recounted the morning, and Bill listened.

At length Bill said: "I'm glad you're going to be quit of him, little one; you're well out of it at any cost. But I hate"—as Loveday gazed down at the house—"to drag you into it."

And then smiling, since no circumstance had power over her while she was with Bill, Loveday returned: "That sounds like Lottie

when she gave me notice. She said, 'I've never been mixed up in things.' I'm sorry to mix you up."

"We're all mixed," said Bill; "the whole darn lot of us... like a Christmas pudding." He smiled, too. Loveday was the sunshine, the young grass, the springtime in his blood. "You're getting prettier and prettier," he told her. "Every time I see you I say, 'Ghost, is that my old Lady Jane?'"

She laughed. "Don't be silly, Bill! I'm the ugly duckling."

"I wish you were my duckling.... I'm glad about this divorce, though I could wring that beastly creature's neck for daring to annoy you. Yes, I'm glad, my dear."

"What about Beatrice?"

"What about her?"

"Will you write and tell her about the divorce?"

"No. I wrote to her a couple of months ago—no answer. It's her turn."

AT night sometimes, August would take Beatrice in the launch up and down the coast. They would be away for a few hours, and though John looked on the performance with disfavor he stood too much in awe of the German to object. Once or twice already August had rapped him over the knuckles, metaphorically; and John, for the first time in his life checked by a personality invulnerable, and ruthless, held his peace.

On a night such as this when Beatrice could see her lover's face by a kind of nether-region glare from the phosphorus, she said to him, relaxing closer to him as they sat in the stern cushions: he steering:

"Why can't we be married if Bill divorces me?" she asked.

"Where would we live?" said August. "At Mannheim I cannot see you—I have nowhere else."

Then she knew why she had been urging on him independence. She saw the bungalow on Karl Fod's plantation; saw the numerous self-confident, beautiful children; saw their mother passive as fertile wax; saw Karl himself in the centre, a great statue of a man, copper-colored, his grey, short moustache on his upper lip over his slightly prominent teeth, his eyelids half drooped over his prominent eyes, his attitude of vigilant, implacable, remorseless command.

She could not see herself there.

"Let us leave it for the present," August tightened his arm round her. "Let us have this together—if we have nothing else, my sweet."

Overhead the red stars burning in the water the green bursting, breaking, reforming like creation speeded up into a sullen fury.

By the beginning of January, 1935, it had become necessary for Beatrice to return to Australia. The malarial infection, together with the heat, were wearing her cruelly.

It was August who began to insist upon their separation, John who opposed it. John had a fine disregard for physical realities.

They had talked the situation over—August and Beatrice—she in his arms.

"You have to go," he said.

"I can't leave you!"

"Yes." He kissed her, his lips giving the lie to his words. "Yes. We have no future together—you and I. It is for you to see this. You must learn, as I have learned, to accept defeat of wishes."

She put her arms round his neck and pulled down his head. "Dearest, I can't leave you. We're doing no harm!"



"Yes, we are doing harm." He touched her. "We are."

"You have a place to go to?" he questioned, personal compassion uppermost at last for the girl who had been wife to him. "I know very little about you."

"Oh, yes, I have a place—a bit of money, too; you need never worry about me in that way. Worry because"—she began to cry—"I'll be so lonely."

And if said August to himself. Aloud he said: "Go back to your husband if he will have you. I cannot keep you. You have seen that I cannot. I am bound hand and foot. I am bound by my own self. . . . I have thought hour after hour—I can see no way."

"I suppose that's true." She acknowledged this, going on thinking, the tears drying. How queer it is—August is the heart of my life, and yet perhaps I'll live with Bill again and perhaps have children if he takes me back. I'll want to pay my way."

She could not give Bill love, but if he took her back (as she was convinced he would do, such tenacity was his) she would try to be a good wife to him. She had learned a great deal from August, who had been her love as she was his. She would live out the remainder of her days in the light of that love. It would enable her to be Bill's wife again.

None of this, spirit or letter, might be conveyed to John, so the pair were of necessity silent while he explained away the need for Beatrice leaving New Guinea. When, stung by their silence, he grew abusive, August laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Stop!" he commanded. "I will not have this. Remember—she goes and we stay." John looked up at August, distrustful, his face twitching. Then freeing himself from the hand that detained him, he rose from his chair, picked up his helmet and left the bungalow, striding along under the palms which snickered over his head in the rising wind.

WHEN August had returned to Mannheim, John approached Beatrice and said, leaning against the verandah wall: "Are you really going?"

She nodded. "I have to, John."

"We'll leave it at that," he returned, and, sullenly, eyes on the floor, he said: "At least you'll come back. Nobody else'll want you."

She scanned him sadly, wondering why in years before she had borne such weight of cold, cruel abuse from him. He was bitter. He had no roots. He was grinding himself so thin that his thoughts twitched his features, pulling nerves. His quick mind had become a torture-chamber; he had tolerated no kind of gentle image but one—his love for Jude. An so, thought Beatrice, I might have been if I'd never known August. She could be very kind to John because he would never hurt her again, and even if he did, she could still be kind. So she answered him gently:

"I don't think I'll be coming up here again."

"Where will you go?"

"That remains to be seen, but it won't be here."

Then John said a cruel thing, perhaps the worst of his life:

"So you're tired of August, have you, like you do of them all?"

Beatrice forced him by will-power to meet her eyes.

"Why are you so cruel, John? No one has ever hurt you."

"No one?" he stormed in rage. "Who hasn't?"

"No one," she repeated. "You get it out of yourself. At this rate you will lose everything."

He shivered. "What does it matter if I do?"

Beatrice dropped her glance to Jude, who, scrawny, with bleeding scratches under his poor ragged hair, dragged himself along the verandah in a barren search for comfort. John's glance dropped too, and his visage tightened as if he'd been hit with a whip.

"Oh, poor chap!" he said. "Poor, poor old chap!"

"You've got to let me take Jude down to Australia."

"No, I won't. I won't."

"You want him to die here?"

"He won't die."

"He will. You know he will—he's sores all over."

"They wouldn't let him into Australia."

"He can stay in quarantine, then. It's three months, I think. The only thing that's the matter with him is the tropics. He'll get better."

She allowed him to bend over Jude, pick up the terrier and try to smooth down its head; the sight inexpressibly pathetic to her.

"I'll get the ointment, old man," said John.

"The ointment's no good, John."

He turned on her. "Why do you stand there gazing me?"

"I want you to look things in the face. Come down to Australia when I go. Bring Jude with you. Look after him in quarantine and—leave this place behind you."

"What is the use of my going? All places are alike."

She cut him short. "This house has a ghost!"

"How do you know it has?" His eyes glowed dark in his white face.

"I've felt something here when I've been alone at night—when you'd leave me and go to Mannheim. Something lost and fretful. Come away, John. You're not intended any more than I am for lonely, miserable places. We're not strong enough."

"What gives you the right to criticise me?"

"Being so like you does. I know how you feel, because I feel the same myself. I'd go mad."

"Even if you don't go near Whitley, come to Sydney. All our friends are there—people who knew our people. Go on with the law."

"On whose money?"

"Oh, John, you still have some; back yourself for all you're worth! You'll come out all right if you do. Be brave, John!"

"I'll be brave enough," John lifted his head, "to stay here. And I'll let Jude go—and if you have a spark of humanity, be decent to him. Don't stick him into the first lethal-chamber or let loose your precious medical students on him!"

"Don't hurt yourself like this. Of course I'll look after him, and when he's through the quarantine he can go to Whitley. It's a lovely life there, for dogs."

"For dogs, yes. And as for me," said John, "it's not the slightest consequence what happens." He put on his helmet and went out and the subject was not reopened between them.

THE day before John would take Beatrice in the schooner to Witu to catch the steamer there, August came and the three spent yet another evening together, the men talking and smoking. Beatrice sat hand watching the moon rising out of the sea among clouds. Later August and Beatrice were alone.

He took her in his arms. "This is the last time," he murmured, "that we'll be together like this." He kissed her many times.

The schooner was rounding the green cape of Millipo Bay. The morning was still early. John, clutching Jude, sat on the gunwale. He had been bucketing seawater over Jude to allay the irritation. Beatrice, leaning against the cabin roof, stared behind her.

On the landing-stage beside the Mannheim launch stood August. Behind him curved the white beach, the palms ascending green in their rings. The jade-colored volcano on the side of which was the bungalow spired upward and the bungalow was invisible among palms.

The schooner was tacking, the boys tugging the brown sails. Beatrice looked behind her. The sun was dissolving the world, eating into it, through it, shining out again on to the other side. There were no shadows left save the great, tremendous shining shadow of the light. . . . It had pierced through the white figure that had been August. Light had swallowed him. She crumpled up into the stern-sheets, and lay crouched, sobbing and crying, knowing that after these tears she would shed no more; for nothing, she thought, will be worth crying for again.

THE first Loveday heard of Beatrice was her voice on the telephone, speaking from the city. She sounded friendly but casual. "My ship got in this morning," she was saying. "No, I didn't write. Can I come up to you by the evening train?"

Loveday was astounded. "Yes, of course," she said. "Of course."

"Right, Loveday. I'll see you then."

Greatly wondering, Loveday drove into Rossing to meet her. At nine o'clock the January twilight had thickened, the dust stationary in the motionless air, a dense saffron. The paddocks, as Loveday drove along, were whitish from drought and drifts of dry grass had banked up against fences. A moon like illuminated yolk of egg puckered slightly to one side, slowly rose from a bare round shoulder of hill. The dishevelled township of Rossing was for once made fair by the mingled orange twilight and pale moonlight. The big white convent stood on its rise with its avenue of elms and poplars towering. There were lights in all the windows, showing through the trees. They're going to bed, thought Loveday.

The train was late, and from the platform she watched the lights extinguished in the convent; now the moon flood-lit the building. The train came in; doors opened; people carrying golf-clubs and leather suit-cases got out.

Among this self-satisfied, self-contained babel walked Beatrice. She was dressed in filmy pink with a white hat and shoes and gloves. The diamond star which had been Bill's mother's, and which he had given Beatrice as a wedding present, scintillated at her breast. She looked cool and unconcerned, a match in self-satisfaction for any woman present. She had lost altogether that quality which had made her beauty pull at people like a magnet. She was merely an exceedingly pretty girl—presumably a bride—whose approaching motherhood was commencing to show. She saw Loveday and smiled, her small perfect teeth sparkling.

"You look very fit," she commended. "I feel an absolute wreck. I bought some clothes in town. Isn't it frightfully hard to find anything you like? And as for me, it's practically hopeless."



Loveday was nonplussed. This was scarcely the Beatrice she knew at all. There were at least twenty girls who had left Beatrice's school when she did who were at the moment, most likely, announcing to the world the difficulty they had in buying clothes—not in paying for them, but in securing them. And then—the baby?

"Have you a suitcase or something?" Loveday felt nervous. "Bob can come in to-morrow for your trunks."

"I gave everything I possessed to the stewardess, so my trunks are empty. I bought a few things to live in for the next few months and after that I can start all over again."

"Yes," said Loveday.

A porter followed them out to the car bearing Beatrice's suitcase, and they drove away from Rosling. On the outskirts of the township they turned in at a gate, through paddocks—the short cut to the farm—and by now the moonlight was heavy on the land. Away across the paddocks was the hill, its trees dark, the white stucco between the patterned beams of the house conspicuous. Beatrice drew a deep breath.

"I'm glad to see it again. I'm glad my baby will be born here. You realise I'm going to have one?—in May. I'm terribly glad, Loveday."

Loveday had never known her sister to be sincere; it took her by surprise.

Beatrice said: "I want to see Bill so much." Loveday's heart leapt. "I want to fit up everything—and then wait in peace." This was not the old Beatrice nor the Beatrice of the railway station. It was a woman talking to her sister about something which had been the subject of much thought.

"Do you think I can see him to-morrow?"

"Yes, I think so; he'll come if you ask him."

Beatrice sighed, and for the remainder of the drive the sisters kept silent.

**B**EATRICE lay on a lounge next morning under the oak which grew shading the lawn but extending its branches over the hedge beside the front gate. On the other side of the drive, matching the oak, was a lime, its lower boughs sweeping the grass. Under the oak throughout winter was a carpet of violets, and in spring every bee for miles visited the lime. Beatrice was waiting for Bill. He arrived, and, drawing up his car at the porch, skirted the central shrubbery, having seen her as he entered.

"Well, Bill?" she smiled, her head against a red-silk cushion. In daylight the alteration in her appearance was marked. Her skin was absolutely white, there were shadows under her eyes and she was thin, but perhaps because of all this that had deprived her of freshness and youth she was more womanly. She was not nymph-like any more. Her crystallinity had dulled.

"Well?" Bill took the wicker chair by her lounge, and looked at her, brows together, and critically they regarded each other. In Bill, Beatrice seemed to see an aspect of her lover: clearer, handsomer, younger, but with no appeal for her. In Beatrice Bill saw an utterly incalculable factor in his life.

It seemed a very long time since they had lived together. She had changed. She looked older. There was something about her....

The hot morning air brought them the scent of cut grass; Bob Simpson was mowing the tennis-court.

"Has Loveday told you, Bill?"

"Told me what?"

"That I'm going to have a baby in May."

He fixed her more steadily with his eyes; the blue of them burned. "No. Talking of Loveday, she's in on this. She ought to be here. Where is she?"

"In the garden down by the orchard."

"I'll fetch her."

Beatrice watched him down the pergola, his back straight. She heard the deep tones of his voice talking to Loveday. The two of them returned up the pergola together. (The roses were out again, Beatrice sighed, smiled.) Loveday and Bill sat side by side on the garden seat, facing Beatrice. They both appeared solemn and expressionless.

"Do you want me here?" Loveday was blunt.

**B**EATRICE nodded, still half smiling. "Yes, of course. As Bill says: you're in on it."

"It's between you and Bill," said Loveday.

"No," contradicted Bill. "Go on, Beatrice, please."

"Are you my judge, Master Kesteven?" Beatrice smiled wider, a languid mirth like her mother's in her eyes.

"I see nothing particularly funny in this," Bill was short.

Beatrice stopped smiling and sighed, the light dying out of her face. "It isn't really." A pause. "Oh, well, you're waiting. I fell in love with a man at Milipo. I really loved him, Bill."

"Who was he? What was his name?"

She told him. "He's a German."

"A German?"

She nodded. There ensued a long silence filled with the matter-of-fact clatter of the lawn-mower.

"What are you going to do now?" demanded Bill.

"That depends on you."

"On me?"

"Yes."

"You've heard about this divorce of Loveday's?" Bill looked hard as stone. "Bret got his divorce. It'll be absolute in May. We didn't defend it."

"Yes, I know. I read about it in the papers—on the ship of all places."

"Bret won, but it was a lie," said Bill, and again they stared at each other.

"Was it?" Beatrice's voice was little above a whisper.

"Yes," said Bill in his normal tone. "You can believe it or not."

"I believe it," said Beatrice. "Loveday was always strange...."

"It easily could have been true. If I'd had my way it would have been." With lowered look Bill challenged her. "I love Jane. You may as well know."

"I've always known," said Beatrice.

"And you married me, thinking that?"

"Yes."

Silence again. Loveday studiously looked away. Bill stooped and picked up an acorn and pulled the little embossed cap off it, stuck the cap on to the end of his finger.

"What do you want to do?" asked he finally.

"I want to come back to you."

Bill, perfectly expressionless, removed the cap to another finger. "Why?"

"I don't know—quite. I want us—to start again, Bill. I see things differently now. You said you'd give me a few years to learn in; I think I have. I'll do my best to do what you want."

"I don't know," said Bill slowly. "that you can; I'm not a saint. And doesn't it occur to you that you're asking for rather a lot—under the circumstances? By your own showing you've lied to me from the

beginning till now. I proposed to you in good faith—why did you marry me?"

"Weakness, I suppose," Beatrice observed him closely. "I wanted—security; I thought marriage would be."

"You left me," pursued Bill, absolutely blank as to voice; "you know—or you say you did—that I loved Jane. Do you think that was fair?"

"No, Bill. I don't think I've ever been fair to you."

"Or did you mean to throw us at each other?" Bill disregarded her interruption.

"I never thought of it at all—it's so long ago I can scarcely remember it."

"It's fourteen months," said Bill.

"It seems—," She broke off. Nothing was very real. Everything nowadays had a way of fading out: the mild, warm garden, the trees tranced in air, the two serious, fair, solid-looking faces of her judges....

"Go on," she said; "we're wandering from the point, aren't we?"

"I don't want you," said Bill suddenly. You as well as Bret can profit by a lie. Divorce me on the same score. I won't defend it. Jane and I don't care. All we care is that we're free to marry as we should have married years ago—if you hadn't lied to me."

Loveday lifted her head. "That's not true, Bill." Her voice was flat, as expressionless, but not so heavy, as his. "You didn't love me when you married Beatrice. Only afterwards—when I married Bret."

A pause. "It wasn't Beatrice's fault you didn't marry me. I don't think—it was anybody's fault. It—had to be."

"I don't want you," said Bill again. "Do you think I'd be a man if I did? Go to the German."

"This will never get us anywhere," said Loveday, and it was as if Sir Henry Findon had spoken from the Bench. "Couldn't this be left until the baby's born? Don't let's do anything! It's only four months."

"I like to know where I stand," said Bill.

"Loveday's right," Beatrice said. "It's the desire of my heart to stay here—in peace—till May. Then it'll be soon enough."

Bill got up. He wished to be alone, to quieten down so that he could see this thing clearly, unemotionally, in all its bearings—he detested emotion, but he had been tricked into it. "I'm going now," he said. "We'll leave it till May. Good-bye." He went to his car and drove away.

"Poor Bill!" Beatrice looked after him and then sank back luxuriously against her cushions. "And poor Loveday—do you hate me?" she asked, half serious, half amused.

"No," replied Loveday.

**A**PRIL came and the trees flared and flamed, then thinned and paled in the rich air. In the sunlight of the garden the sisters sat and talked, or, rather, Beatrice did. "I feel so extraordinarily peaceful," she said, "as if I'm old and have nothing to worry about ever again. And I'm happy. It's strange to be happy...."

All through the autumn, Loveday worked in the garden, telling herself tired at night. It was her early struggle re-enacted: she one fought out before Bill married Beatrice, only it was not being fought this time by Bill, but for her life itself—the peace and joy and purpose. She repeated to herself over and again: Bill and Beatrice are married—I've got to face it.

So April passed and May began, and this



three. Bill Kesteven, Beatrice his wife, and Loveday Carlon, waited for that event which must crystallise for them their life-histories.

**L**OVEDAY had given Beatrice the sunny north-eastern bedroom overlooking the cherry tree and had gone back herself into the room across the corridor which she had shared with Bret until he had returned to his own room with his canvases ranged around the walls.

It was an early winter that year, for May was cold, and when Beatrice went to bed at night there was a fire for her to watch in the open whitewashed fireplace. All preparations were completed.

On May 22 the nurse arrived and took up her abode in the small room over the porch that had been Loveday's, next door to Beatrice. Nurse Millar was a grim young woman of thirty, with a pale face, the skin of which seemed too tight over the bones. She had dark brown straight hair under a veil, dark hazel eyes, a good figure and good teeth. She smiled nearly all the time as if she knew things nobody else did. . . . Beatrice did not like her.

On the afternoon of the twenty-third, Beatrice stood by the window of her room looking out on the grey, wintry garden.

An unsettling sensation, more like a drag at her entrails than actual pain, made her sit down in the armchair by the window. She continued looking out. I'm excited, she thought, much more than I'm afraid.

The pain subsided and she called the nurse, who, coming in through the connecting door, said cheerfully when Beatrice had described the last minutes: "That's splendid, Mrs. Kesteven. The sooner it begins, the sooner it's over, isn't it?"

Dr. Tebbutt from Rossing had been at Whitley for hours. He was worried. He kept on saying to Nurse Millar: "This doesn't give me a fair chance. I should have seen Mrs. Kesteven before. I can't understand why she didn't call on me. She should have had treatment for months past."

And Nurse Millar would agree.

At midnight, Loveday had gone into her bedroom, but she did not undress. She lay on a box-ottoman by the fire. The house was quiet, waiting. No wind outside rattled the windows in their frames. After midnight, Loveday would hear from the room across the corridor long shuddering gasps and sometimes crying, but at three the sound for which the old house seemed waiting came.

A high, thin cry that ran along Loveday's nerves so that she could have traced the delicate frond-branches of them throughout her body. This was the child; it was crying, crying.

She went out into the corridor and a second time tapped on the door, and the doctor opened it, relief tempering his manner.

"It's a boy," he said. "Your sister's under anaesthetic; would you like to see her?" He was wiping his hands on a towel.

Loveday nodded and slipped in, shaken by a terrible sanctity in the room. She did not glance towards the cradle. She felt repugnance for the creature that had caused this night. It was so much energy, vital and remorseless, plastic and horrible. The fire burned very low. A shaded lamp by the bed cast all the light there was. Beatrice lay on the bed, her eyes closed, head with its plaits to one side weakly, as if her neck had been wrung. Her face was not

Beatrice's; it was whitish-blue, peaked, the hollows of the eyes as black as though they had been filled with ink and it had sunk into the skin. Some of the ink had spilled down one side of her mouth. Her lips were wide apart as if unconsciousness had come upon her as she cried aloud.

In the evening Beatrice died. She did not regain consciousness. After she was dead, Loveday saw her. She lay on the bed, covered but for her face by a sheet. Her face was still not Beatrice's, though it had altered from this morning. It had grown strange. Not young, not old; not beautiful, not ugly. There was nothing in it that humans might recognise; it had skirted human standards altogether. It showed no pain and no peace. Her dark eyebrows, fine as antennae, seemed very slightly worried, her closed mouth slightly sad as if what had befallen her had happened to somebody else and she had heard of it and was remotely sorry, but these expressions were only shadows left by events that had gone, as her body now was a shadow. Neither look nor body was in any sense Beatrice's own. She had left nothing of herself but her son.

**J**UDE, now through quarantine and enmeshed at Whitley, began to whine half-way through the night following Beatrice's death. Loveday tried to quiet him, but he would not be still. The wind was rising and the parentless child crying. Nurse Millar was looking after him, trying to feed him.

Loveday talked to Jude, and the dog would turn great reproachful eyes on her as if she were distracting him from a sacred duty. Next day—the day of Beatrice's burial—a cable arrived from New Guinea telling that John was dead of blackwater-fever.

What Loveday never knew was how John died. August Pedit interviewed the young District Officer sent to Milipo to report on the matter. "It was suicide," said August. "He shot himself!"

"Yes, like the one before him here. You can tell your Board that there should not be one man alone at Milipo."

The District Officer wrote in a book.

"But," pursued August, "it would be easier for Flindon's relatives if you did not tell them how he died. Flindon had malaria. I am the flk-lik doctor of these parts—I was treating him."

The District Officer frowned. "He had malaria, had he? It affects the brain?"

"Exactly," said August. "It affects the brain."

"We're all liable to it," said the District Officer.

"Exactly. Next time, my friend, it may be you—or me."

"I'll inform the relatives"—frowning harder—"it was malaria."

"Say blackwater," amended August. "It is—more definite."

"Right!" said the District Officer. "People keeping well over at your place?"

"Thank you," August bowed. "They are."

"They're lucky to have you; you're pretty lucky with illness, aren't you?" The District Officer peered curiously. He had heard rumors of strange cures.

"I do my best." Again August bowed.

"Oh, well, cheerio!" said the District Officer.

The afternoon of the day after her death Beatrice was buried in Seddon Forest

churchyard. There was a forlorn wind blowing. The coffin went down into the neat, deep hole dug in shape to receive it. Beatrice's body lay brittle inside the coffin; Bill and Loveday stood at the graveside in the wind.

Loveday read the words on her grandfather's headstone—an odd choice for such an indefatigable builder and planter as Henry Flindon:

"And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind."

Of his planting now there remained the Whitley trees, Loveday, and the two-days-old child at Whitley, destined to be a German doctor of medicine. No more remained.

After the funeral Bill went back to his home and Loveday to hers. Bill had spoken to her at the gate and then they had parted. As Loveday stood in the hall removing her warm gloves she heard aloft the baby crying, and that brought her to practical details. The wet-nurse, she thought; Mrs. Simpson's daughter. Fortunate for us she can nurse our baby. The child having no name as yet, Loveday called him that, though the plural possessive was wrong; but, then, she could not say "my baby."

She walked upstairs to tell Nurse Millar that the wet-nurse was on her way and would arrive immediately. She entered the "Soldiers' Room," now nursery. There were flannels alight by the fire on the brass fire-guard. Nurse Millar was "changing" the baby; he was crying, his little, red, ill-moulded, blotched face wizened; his bare scalp showing the gap where, beneath the puckered skin, the skull gaped. He was hideous and arresting.

He was ready to go back to his cot now, but Loveday took him from the nurse. He was still crying. She stooped her face over him, smelling the baby-smell. "Look!" she said with emphasis. "I'm going to call you Felix. Felix is Latin for happy. It's a German name—you've got to be happy. I'm going to see you are whether you want to be or not!"

**L**OVEDAY went outside, and in the grim, aching day stood beneath the cherry tree and looked up through the winnowed branches.

Loveday thought of Bill as she had left him outside the churchyard in the wind, looking white and saying, "I want you so; I can't help it, but I do." And how his back had been much straighter than the old gravestones.

If she had married Bill as a girl, she would not be as she was now. It was strange—all that torment had to be.

Behind her was Whitley, the old house. It had held the worst things of her life—it would not hold the best. She knew that she and Bill would not be together there. She remembered thinking that some day they would all leave Whitley. Well, they had gone, all but she. Her grandfather and father, John and Beatrice—they had travelled furthest from it, but she was going. Another family would come and bring their peculiar utterances of joy and sorrow, good and evil, to knock against the solid-seeming walls, and over another family the cherry tree would spread its shadow.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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